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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *George Farquhar.*

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

I. *The* INCONSTANT: *Or, The Way to win him.*

II. *The* TWIN-RIVALS.

III. *The* RECRUITING-OFFICER.

IV. *The* BEAUX-STRATAGEM.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

inted for J. and P. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, CLARK, and H. LINTOT. 1742.

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THE

INCONSTANT:

OR,

The Way to win him.

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora —— Ovid. Met

LONDON:

Printed for J. and P. Knapton, G. Strahan, and H. Lintot. 1742.

TO

Richard Tighe, *Eſq;*

SIR,

DEdications are the only Faſhions in the World that are moſt diſlik'd for being univerſal; and the Reaſon is, that they very ſeldom fit the Perſons they were made for: But I hope to avoid the common Obliquy in this Addreſs, by laying aſide the Poet in every thing but the Dramatick Decorum *of ſuiting my Character to the Perſon.*

From the Part of Mirabel *in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to compliment my Performance in drawing a gay, ſplendid, generous, eaſy, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I muſt confeſs, has a bent to that kind of Deſcription; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may paſs for unqueſtionable, ſince in all theſe happy Accompliſhments you come ſo near to my darling Character, abating his Inconſtancy.*

What an unſpeakable Bleſſing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Underſtanding comes in, to moderate the Deſires of the firſt, and to refine upon the Advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Maſter of all Pleaſures, but a Slave to none; who has travell'd, not for the Curioſity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himſelf? — An Author might ſay a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy muſt allow you this.

I ſhall here, Sir, meet with two Obſtacles, your Modeſty, and your Senſe; the firſt, as a Cenſor upon the Subject, the ſecond, as a Critick upon the Style: But I am obſtinate in my Purpoſe, and will maintain what I ſay to the laſt drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly under-

take, having all the World on my Side; nay, I have your very ſelf againſt you; for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authoriz'd the more to proclain it.

Your Generoſity and Eaſineſs of Temper is not only ob vious in your common Affairs and Converſation, but mor plainly evident in your darling Amuſement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Muſick: ——— From you Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce th pleaſing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions and be aſſur'd, Sir, that a Perſon muſt be poſſeſs'd of very divine Soul, who is ſo much in love with the Enter tainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Muſick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, t your Favour and Affection. You were pleas'd to honour the Repreſentation of this Play with your Appearance a ſeveral times, which flatter'd my Hopes that there migh be ſomething in it which your Good-nature might excuſe With the Honour I here intend for myſelf, I likewiſe con ſult the Intereſt of my Nation, by ſhewing a Perſon tha is ſo much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Be ſides all this, I was willing to make a handſome Comple ment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing th World that ſo fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Edu cation in the ſame Univerſity, and at the ſame tim with,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful, and

Moſt humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PREFACE.

TO give you the Hiſtory of this Play, would but cauſe the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no Purpoſe; I ſhall only ſay, that I took the Hint from *Fletcher*'s *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe*; and to thoſe who ſay that I have ſpoil'd the Original, I wiſh no other Injury but that they would ſay it again.

As to the Succeſs of it, I think 'tis but a kind of *Cremona* Buſineſs, I have neither Loſt, nor Won. I puſhed fairly, but the *French* were prepoſſeſs'd, and the Charms of *Gallick* Heels were too hard for an *Engliſh* Brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable, for we are a Nation ſo very fond of improving our Underſtanding, that the Inſtruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in Competition with the Moral of a *Minute*. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural Hiſtory*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a Number of *Subſcriptions* might be had to bring the Great *Mogul* out of *Fleet-ſtreet*, and make him dance between the Acts!

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* * that brought the Play-houſe ſome fifty Audiences in five Months; then why ſhould I be ſurpriz'd to find a *French* Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettieſt way in the World of deſpiſing the *French* King, to let him ſee what we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhauſted

all his Stock, in buying ſome pitiful Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis.* What can be a greater Complement to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *Re-tour* to *Paris*, boaſt of her ſplendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaiſance, Liberty, and Good-nature of a People, that thronged her Houſe ſo full, that ſhe had not room to ſtick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themſelves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment?

There were ſome Gentlemen in the Pit the firſt Night, that took the Hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they made ſuch a Noiſe in the Execution, that the People took the Outcry for a Reprieve; ſo that the darling Miſchief was over-laid by their over-fondneſs of the Changeling: 'Tis ſomewhat hard, that Gentlemen ſhould debaſe themſelves into a Faction of a dozen, to ſtab a ſingle Perſon, who never had the Reſolution to face two Men at a time; if he has had the Misfortune of any Miſunderſtanding with a particular Perſon, he has had a particular Perſon to anſwer it: But theſe Sparks wou'd be remarkable in their Reſentment; and if any body falls under their Diſpleaſure, they ſcorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his Houſe, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-Houſe* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my ſixth Night: For to be Friends, and reveng'd at the ſame time, I muſt give them a Play, that is, —— when I write another. For Faction runs ſo high, that I cou'd wiſh the Senate wou'd ſuppreſs the Houſes, or put in force the Act againſt bribing Elections; that Houſe which has the moſt Favours to beſtow, will certainly carry it, 'ſpight of all poetical Juſtice that wou'd ſupport t'other.

I have heard ſome People ſo extravagantly angry at this Play, that one would think they had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed at all; whilſt ſome (otherwiſe Men of good Senſe) have commended it ſo much, that I was afraid

afraid they ridicul'd me; ſo that between both, I am abſolutely at a loſs what to think on't: For tho' the Cauſe has come on ſix Days ſucceſſively, yet the Trial, I fancy, is not determined. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Buſineſs will be brought on again, and then we ſhall have fair Play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the firſt Underſtanding, and a very good Critick, who ſaid of Mr. *Wilks*, that in this Part he out-acted himſelf, and all Men that he ever ſaw. I wou'd not rob Mr. *Wilks*, by a worſe Expreſſion of mine, of a Complement that he ſo much deſerves.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that the Turn of Plot in the laſt Act, is an Adventure of *Chevelier de Chaſtillon* at *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the thing is ſo univerſally known, that I think this Advice might have been ſpar'd, as well as all the reſt of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE,

That was ſpoken the firſt Night, receiv'd ſuch Additions from Mr. ——— who ſpoke it, that they are beſt if bury'd and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the ſame that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. *Motteux*.

LIKE hungry Gueſts, a ſitting Audience looks;
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders You: The Table is this Place:
The Carvers we: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Courſe; each Scene a different Diſh:
Tho' we're in Lent, *I doubt you're ſtill for Fleſh.*
Satyr's the Sauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp and rough;
Kind Maſques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof
Wit is the Wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce the tryc,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodſhed join,
Are Butcher's Meat, a Battle's a Sirloin:
Your Scenes of Love, ſo flowing, ſoft and chaſte,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taſte.
Bawdy's fat Veniſon, which tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your Rakes love Hogoes, like your damn'd French *Cheeſe.*
Your Rarity for the fair Gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice Squeaker, *or* Italian *Capon;*
Or your French *Virgin-Pullet, garniſh'd round,*
And dreſs'd with Sauce of ſome——Four hundred Pound

An Op'ra, *like an* Oglio, *nicks the Age;*
Farce *is the Haſty Pudding of the Stage.*
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
You can diſpenſe with ſlender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Paſtoral's whipt Cream; Stage-Whims, mere Traſh;
And Tragi-Comedy, half Fiſh and Fleſh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer,
This Night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear:
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-houſe all the Year.
Yet ſince each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taſte,
And every Diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry Gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Muſick ſtrike:
You're welcome all——Now fall to, where you like.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged Gent. of an odd Compound, between the Peeviſhneſs incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondeſs towards his Son.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Young *Mirabel*, his Son.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Captain *Duretete*, an honeſt good-natur'd Fellow, that thinks himſelf a greater Fool than he is.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Dugard, Brother to *Oriana*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Petit, Servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his Siſter.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who wou'd bring him to Reaſon.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Biſarre, a whimſical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admir'd by *Dar*.	Mrs. *Verbrugben*.
Lamorte, a Woman of Contrivance.	Mrs. *Kent*.

Four Bravo's, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT:

The Way to win him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit *in Riding Habits.*

Sirrah, What's a Clock?

Pet. Turn'd of Eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more? We have rid a ſwinging Pace from *Nemours* ſince Two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rouſſeau*'s and beſpeak a Dinner at a Lewis d'Or a Head, to be ready by One.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me ſee; *Mirabel* one, *Duretete* two, my ſelf three ——

Pet. And I four.

Dug.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had ſome Freedom for want of better Company; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Diſtance. —— Be gone, Sir. —— [*Exit* Petit.] This Fellow's Wit was neceſſary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domeſtick; I muſt diſpoſe of him ſome way elſe. —— Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Siſter! my deareſt Siſter!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monſieur *Mirabel!* I'm heartily glad to ſee you.

Old. Mir. Honeſt Mr. *Dugard*, by the blood of the *Mirabels* I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've caſt your Skin ſure, you're brisk and gay, luſty Health about you, no ſign of Age but your Silver Hairs.

Old Mir. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick-ſilver Hairs, Sir. Whilſt I have golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver an they will. Adsbud Sir, I can dance, and ſing, and drink, and —— no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old Mir. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what ſay ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir.

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may ſee him within this Hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. *Dugard*, preſently ſwear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnieurs*, being a little diſorder'd after riding, and I ſhall ſee him again preſently.

Old. Mir. What! And he was aſham'd to ask Bleſſing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Meſſenger.

Old

Old. Mir. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as moſt modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old Mir. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes, Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Eſtate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honeſt Companion, *Duretete?*

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only *French-man* I ever knew that cou'd not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that Fellow's Compoſition, than for his own: for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as Finger and Thumb; but the firſt Inſtance in the World, I believe, of Oppoſition in Friendſhip.

Old Mir. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a Dinner for us at *Rouſſeau*'s at a Lewidore a Head.

Old Mir. A Lewidore a Head! Well ſaid, *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob*'s improv'd. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it ſo civil of *Bob* to viſit Monſieur *Rouſſeau* before his own natural Father? Eh! Hearke *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewidore at a ſitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as *Hercules*, Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at theſe Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't ſerve 'em. A Lewidore a head! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole Nation with Baſtards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Siſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, Siſter, I need not ask you how you do, your Look reſolve me; fair, tall, well-ſhap'd; you're almoſt grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet; I have ſcap'd the Jaundice, Green ſickneſs, and the Small-pox; I eat three Meals a Day, am very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Siſter, you remember that upon my going abroad you wou'd chuſe this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family, than *Peeſter John*, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my Management of your Fortune: Therefore pray be ſo kind as to tell me without Reſervation the true Cauſe of making ſuch a Choice.

Ori. Look'e Brother, you were going a Rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhould go a Rambling too, that ſome-body ſhou'd take care of me. Old Monſieur *Mirabel* is an honeſt Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and has a young Lady in his Houſe, whoſe Company I like, and who has choſen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Madamoſelle *Biſarre?*

Ori. The ſame; we live merrily together, without Scandal, or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we pleaſe, riſe when we will, all the Week we dance and ſing, and upon *Sundays* go firſt to Church, and then to the Play.—— Now, Brother, beſides theſe Motives for chuſing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had ſome private Reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, Siſter; your Love to young *Mirabel*'s no Secret, I can aſſure you, but ſo publick that all your Friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very baſhful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that thoſe People are not aſham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have ſo many Bluſhes to ſpare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, the People ſay——

Ori. Pſhaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treaſon, nd profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer, that

that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern, and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and ſwallow Reputations like Loches; a Lady's Health goes briskly round with the Glaſs, but her Honour is loſt in the Toaſt.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, there is ſtill ſomething——

Ori. If there be ſomething, Brother, 'tis none of the People's ſomething; Marriage is my thing, and I'll ſtick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches ſooner. Take heed, Siſter, tho' your Honour ſtood proof to his home-bred Aſſaults; you muſt keep a ſtricter Guard for the future: He has now got the foreign Air, and the *Italian* Softneſs; his Wit's improv'd by Converſe, his Behaviour finiſh'd by Obſervation, and his Aſſurance confirm'd by *Succeſs*. Siſter, I can aſſure you he has made his Conqueſts; and the a Plague upon your Sex, to be the ſooneſt deceiv'd by thoſe very Men that you know have been falſe to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conqueſts? for I muſt confeſs there is no Title to a Woman's Favour ſo engaging as the Repute of a handſome Diſſimulation; there is ſomething of a Pride to ſee a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over ſo many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he muſt have ſomething extraordinary about him to pleaſe us, and that we have ſomething engaging about us to ſecure him; ſo we can't be quiet 'till we put our ſelves upon the lay of being both diſappointed.

Dug. But then, Siſter, he's as fickle——

Ori. For God's ſake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults, for if you do, I ſhall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll ſpoil his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his Buſineſs that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Siſter, I won't pretend to underſtand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counſel or Aſſiſtance,

ſiſtance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Intereſt can reach, you may command me to the Furtherance of your Happineſs: In the mean time, Siſter, I have a great mind to make you a Preſent of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has ſerv'd me honeſtly ever ſince.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. he has gain'd ſo inſufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be ſerviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Roſſeau*'s?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who ſhould I find there but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a Diſh of Tea, as two Hen-Pheaſants over a Brood ——, They wou'd not let me beſpeak any thing, for they had din'd before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you ſhall ſerve my Siſter, I ſhall ſtill continue kind to you, and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Trial, I'll uſe my Intereſt to advance you; you have Senſe enough to expect Preferment. —— Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guineas for thee, get thy ſelf a Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and ſo —— I dub thee Gentleman-Uſher. —— Siſter, I muſt put my ſelf in repair, you may expect me in the Evening. —— Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*.

Exit Dug.

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next Door.

Exeunt.

SCENE *a Tavern, diſcovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *riſing from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every thing but our Women, they look'd ſo lean and tawdry,

poor

poor Creatures! 'Tis a ſure ſign the Army is not paid. —— Give me the plump *Venetian*, brisk and ſanguine, that ſmiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like ſparkling Wine, her Perſon ſhining as the Glaſs, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

Dur. Ah, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are ſuch thin Brawn-fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane-Chair.

Mir. France! A light unſeaſon'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery and Faſhions: We're fine indeed, ſo are our Coach-Horſes; Men ſay we're Courtiers, Men abuſe us; that we are wiſe and politick, *non credo Seigneur:* That our Women have Wit; Parrots, mere Parrots, Aſſurance and a good Memory, ſets them up; —— There's nothing on this ſide the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye —— Ha *Roma la Santa! Italy* for my Money; their Cuſtoms, Gardens, Buildings, Painting, Muſick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradiſe of the World; —— not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe old gouty Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the Senſe of: commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity: Here, Son, there's fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your Fathers for you, that underſtand the Neceſſities of young Men; not like our muſty Dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the Water, and ſpoil the Sport of them that can. But now you talk of the Plump, what d'ye think of a *Dutch* Woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman's too compact; nay, every thing among 'em is ſo; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is ſquab, a *Dutch* Horſe is round, a *Dutch* Dog is ſhort, a *Dutch* Ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole Product of the Country were caſt in the ſame Mould with their Cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Mir.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take ſuch unſufferable Pains to ruin what Nature has made ſo incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but throughly arrive at the *French* Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only ſpoil a very good Air of their own, by an aukward Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the Buſineſs in hand; Miſtreſſes, we muſt have, and muſt take up with the Manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent Diligence we ſhall find thoſe in *Paris* ſhall match the *Italians* from Top to Toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend; you know I am ſo plaguy baſhful, ſo naturally an Aſs upon theſe Occaſions, that——

Mir. Pſhaw, you muſt be bolder, Man: Travel three Years, and bring home ſuch a Baby as Baſhfulneſs! A great luſty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can viſit, and I can ogle a little, —— as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiſs abundantly, and make a ſhift to——but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as ſome Women, you know, have a deviliſh Caſt with their Eyes, —— or if they cry,——what d'ye mean; what d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir——A Perſon of Quality to be us'd at this rate! I-gad I'm ſtruck as flat as a Frying pan.

Mir. Words o' courſe! never mind 'em: Turn you about upon your Heel with a jante Air; hum out the End of an old Song; cut a-croſs Caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*imitates him*] No hang it, 'twill never do. —— Oons, what did my Father mean by ſticking me up in an Univerſity, or to think that I ſhou'd gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whoſe Genius lies all in their Heels! —— Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they ſhall have the Education

of

of the Country, they ſhall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to ſing before they can ſpeak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childiſh Humour, put on Aſſurance, there's no avoiding it; ſtand all Hazards, thou'rt a ſtout luſty Fellow, and haſt a good Eſtate, look bluff, hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face; ſo, that's pretty well. ——— This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Dur. Let me ſee now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glaſs, and looks on't.*] A Side-box Face, ſay you! ——— 'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel.* ——Fye, Sir, don't abuſe your Friends, I cou'd not wear ſuch a Face for the beſt Counteſs in Chriſtendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou haſt Impudence to ſet a good Face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Braſs, with all my Heart. Who comes here? Odſo, *Mirabel*, your Father!

Enter Old Miral

Old. Mir. Where's *Bob?* dear *Bob?*

Mir. Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Old Mir. My Bleſſing! Dam ye, ye young Rogue; why did not you come to ſee your Father firſt, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee, my dear Child, faith —— Capt. *Duretete*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, I'm yours: Well, my Lads, ye look bravely 'faith. ——*Bob*, haſt got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi' thee a Souſe.

Mir. I did but jeſt, here's ten Piſtoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to thoſe that don't want it: ——Well, and how d'ye like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thouſand others —— all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, ſay you ſo! And they ſay, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very ſcurvy Air, the moſt unwholeſome to a *French* Conſtitution in the World.

Mir. Pſhaw, nothing on't; theſe raſcally *Gazetteers* have miſinform'd you.

Old Mir. Miſinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray ſweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son ſaw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker-on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to over-hear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you muſt know, that we march'd up a Body of the fineſt, braveſt, well-dreſs'd Fellows in the Univerſe; our Commanders at the Head of us, all Lace and Feather, like ſo many Beaux at a Ball —— I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morbleu.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there ſaw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd, Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. I-gad, I ſhall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were ſo civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the reſt, we found 'em ſuch unmannerly, rude, unſociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and ſo we e'en danc'd back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thouſand of us ſtay'd behind.

Old Mir. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pſhaw —— becauſe they cou'd not come that Night.——But come, Sir, we were talking of ſomething

thing elſe; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana?*

Old Mir. Ripe, Sir, juſt ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you. —— And what wou'd you ſay, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Gueſt too, you ſhall command the Houſe between ye, and I'll be as merry as the beſt of you.

Mir. Bravely ſaid, Father.
Let Miſers beard their Age with niggard Cares,
And ſtarve themſelves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, ſtint their Sons what Youth may crave,
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave.
The Stock on which I grew does ſtill diſpenſe
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore ſooths thoſe Paſſions once his own.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Oriana *and* Biſarre.

Biſ. AND you love this young Rake, d'ye?
Ori. Yes.
Biſ. In ſpight of all his ill Uſage.
Ori. I can't help it.
Biſ. What's the Matter wi'ye?
Ori. Phaw!
Biſ. Um! —— before that any young, lying, ſwearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow ſhou'd play ſuch Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the Stumps with Lime

Lime and Chalk.—O, the Devil take all your *Caſſandra's* and *Cleopatra's* for me. —— Prithee mind your Airs, Modes and Faſhions; your Stays, Gowns and Furbelows. Hark'e, my Dear, have you got home your furbelow'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Biſarre*; you know I can be as mad as you when this *Mirabel* is out of my Head.

Biſ. Pſhaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſy. —— I warrant now, you'll play the Fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!

Ori. Moſt certainly, —I can't diſſemble, *Biſarre*:— beſides, 'tis paſt that, we're contracted.

Biſ. Contracted! alack a day, poor thing. What you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Hark'e, Child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.

Biſ. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my Power, I wou'd make a Fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little Coquetting with all my heart! my Buſineſs ſhou'd be to break Gold with my Lover one Hour, and crack my Promiſe the next; he ſhou'd find me one Day with a Prayer-book in my Hand, and with a Play-book another. He ſhou'd have my Conſent to buy the Wedding-Ring, and the next Moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the Contract out o' doors; but the Miſchief on't is, I am ſo fond of being ty'd that I'm forc'd to be juſt, and the Strength of my Paſſion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex. But here's the old Gentleman.

Enter Old Mirabel

Old. Mir. Where's my Wenches? where's my two little Girls: Eh! Have a care, look to your ſelves, faith,

faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter-in-Law now? *Biſarre, Biſarre,* what ſay you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Biſ. I like him the worſe.

Old Mir. You lye, Huſſey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What ſay you, my t'other little Filbert? he!

Ori. I ſuppoſe the Gentleman will chuſe for himſelf, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's diſcreetly ſaid; and ſo he ſhall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete, *they ſalute the Ladies.*

Bob. Heark'e, you ſhall marry one of theſe Girls, Sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you pleaſe.

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] He'll find that one may ſerve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me? —— Come, Sir, take your Choice —— *Duretete,* you ſhall have your Choice too; but *Robin* ſhall chuſe firſt. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I an't the firſt Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Bawdy-houſe —— let me ſee.

Old Mir. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither —— Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry. —— Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I ſhall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old Mir. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou ſhouldſt make me a Beaſt?

Mir. Your Pardon, Sir, I only meant your Expreſſion.

Old Mir. Heark'e, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before Strangers: I won't be angry this time. —— But Cons, if ever you do't again, you Raſcal, remember what I ſay.

Mir. Pſhaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you ha'n't forgot ——

Mir. No, no, Madam, I ha'n't forgot, I have brought you a thouſand little *Italian* Curioſities; I aſſure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Piſtoles, you'd reach, I ha'n't forgot the leaſt Circumſtance.

Ori. Sir, you miſunderſtand me.

Mir. Odſo, the Relicks, Madam from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chaſtity before my Departure; a Vow of Chaſtity, or ſomething like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm anſwer'd at preſent. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her Contract —— Wou'd I might diſpatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel —— that Lady there, obſerve her, ſhe's wondrous pretty, faith, and ſeems to have but few Words; like her mainly; ſpeak to her, Man, pirthee ſpeak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares ——

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing —— What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir. He ſays, Madam, that your are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd Lye, Madam; I ſay no ſuch thing: Are you mad, *Mirabel?* Why, I ſhall drop down with Shame.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyſhip may like him as well he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going.* Duretete *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold, —— why *Mirabel*, Friend, ſure you won't be ſo barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee ſpeak to her for your ſelf, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a *Frenchman* ſhould want Impudence!

Mir.

Mir. Your look mighty demure, Madam, —— She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promiſes ſome extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with a Curioſity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Contemplation. Not a Word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord ſhe's ſpeechleſs; if ſhe be, ſhe's mine this Moment. —— *Mirabel*, d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural?

Bif. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from ſimple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon Admittance ——

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a Plague have we here? *Plato* in Petticoats.

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man; ſhe talks in my own Mother-Tongue.

Bif. 'Tis expos'd to Invalidity from a contradictory Inſtance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident Principles.

Bif. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is preoccupate. —— O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philoſophy; but I ſhall diſcuſs it ſomewhere elſe, being ſatisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to your Sparks, that profeſs the Vanity of the Times.

(*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias*: Do you hear, *Duretete*? Doſt hear this ſtarch'd piece of Auſterity?

Dur. She's mine, Man; ſhe's mine: My own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialects, faith. I was ſeven Years at the Univerſity, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara*, *Celarunt*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*. Did you ever know, Man, that 'twas Metaphyſicks made me an Aſs? It was, faith. Had ſhe talk'd a Word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Faſhions, or the like, I had founder'd at the firſt Step; but as ſhe is —— *Mirabel*, wiſh me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely reſolv'd, Captain, now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conqueſt above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promiſe to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all Occaſions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you ſhall ſee me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and ſo conclude in her Bed, *Categorematice.*

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd.——But here comes one to ſpoil my Sport; now ſhall I be teiz'd to death with this old-faſhion'd Contract. I ſhou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but ſhe'll do nothing without Witneſſes forſooth. I wonder Women can be ſo immodeſt.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you ſhun me?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally ſway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made ſome three Years ago, and that's enough in Conſcience to forget the reſt on't.

Ori. 'Tis ſufficient, Sir, to recollect the paſſing of it; for in that Circumſtance, I preſume, lies the Force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will, are no tye upon the Conſcience; I was a Slave to my Paſſion when I paſs'd the Inſtrument; but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulſion which was your own Choice; Beſides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Deſires has not the Virtue of a forcible Conſtraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead your Paſſion for the killing of a Man, will hardly exempt you from the Juſtice of the Puniſhment.

Mir. And ſo, Madam, you make the Sin of Murther and the Crime of a Contract the very ſame, becauſe that Hanging and Matrimony are ſo much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, theſe Expreſſions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generoſity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generoſity, 'tis at your Service, with all my Heart: I'll keep you a Coach and ſix Horſes, if you pleaſe, only permit me to keep my Honour to my ſelf; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that the Thing call'd Honour is a Circumſtance abſolutely unneceſſary in a natural Correſpondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, conſidering its Scarcity, upon any ſuch trivial Occaſions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that cou'd ever get the leaſt Account on't. — Conſider, Madam, you have no ſuch thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates — thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and to get the about thy Buſineſs.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the Gaiety of your Temper; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of Force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now — I tell thee, Child, there is not the leaſt Occaſion for Morals in any Buſineſs between you and I — Don't you know, that of all Commerce in the World there is no ſuch Cozenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we ſtudy all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another — What is your Buſineſs now, from the Time you throw away your artificial Babies, but how to get natural ones with the moſt Advantage! — No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than

you do to catch poor innocent Men——Why do you ſit three or four Hours at your Toylet in a Morning? only with a villanous Deſign to make ſome poor Fellow a Fool before Night. What are your languiſhing Looks, your ſtudy'd Airs and Affectations, but ſo many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom?—— What d'ye ſigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why for a Husband: That is, you implore Providence to aſſiſt you in the juſt and pious Deſign of making the wiſeſt of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am reſolv'd to uſe it.

Mir. Hold, Hold, Madam, not ſo faſt——As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; ſo we have Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations of all Sorts and Sizes to make Fools of you. As you are very ſtrange and whimſical Creatures, ſo we are allow'd as unaccountable Ways of managing you. And this, in ſhort, my dear Creature, is our preſent Condition. I have ſworn and ly'd briskly to gain my Ends of you; your Ladyſhip has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Eſteem——But, ſince we are both diſappointed, let us make a drawn Battle, and part clear on both Sides.

Ori. With all my Heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never ſee your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you ſhall die a Maid, unleſs you pleaſe to be otherwiſe upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to ſtarve you into Compliance; look'e, you ſhall never marry any Man; and you had as good let me do you a Kindneſs as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, Miſtreſs?

Ori. A Villain, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. I'm glad on't —— I never knew an honeſt Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon theſe Occaſions. —— Ha'n't you drawn your ſelf now into a very pretty Dilemma? Ha, ha, ha; the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when ſhe thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman ſo cheated into Chaſtity?

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both ſhall be put to the Teſt, to do me Juſtice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law ſhall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any thing elſe, can it?

Ori. Pſhaw, I deſpiſe thee, —— Monſter.

Mir. Kiſs and be Friends then — Don't cry, Child, and you ſhall have your Sugar-plumb —— Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be ſo unreaſonable as to make you faſt all your Life long? No, I did but jeſt, you ſhall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the Girl a mad?

Ori. No, Sir, you ſhall find me cunning enough to do my ſelf Juſtice; and ſince I muſt not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of ſpight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of ſpight; and make a moſt confounded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I ſhall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in Debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toylet ſhall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Periwig ſhall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Clothes, and

when you ſwoon for Vexation, you ſha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have Harts-horn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Miſtreſſes as I have Coach-Horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your Back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a thing as Alimony, ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeparate Maintenance is the Devil — there's their Refuge — o' my Conſcience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, becauſe the Women are ſo handſomely rewarded for't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh, you ſay?

Pet. O Sir, ſhe has a Tongue as long as my Leg, and talks ſo crabbedly, you wou'd think ſhe always ſpoke *Welſh*.

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a Day without ſpeaking a Word, and talk Oracles all the while by the Wrinckles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in philoſophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet. Why ſhe's a Critick, Sir, ſhe hates a Jeſt, for fear it ſhould pleaſe her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know ———

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practiſing hard Words, and no Senſe, this Hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place your ſelf behind this Screen, that you may have a View of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, leſt I ſhou'd forget my Leſſon.

Pet. Here ſhe comes, Sir, I muſt fly.

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *ſtands peeping behind the Curtain.*

Enter Biſarre *and Maid.*

Biſ. [*With a Book*] Pſhaw, hang Books, they ſour our Temper, ſpoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh! The Devil ſuch a Word there is in all *Ariſtotle.*

Biſ. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fiddler

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Biſ. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker Time; ha—wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You ſhall have the Devil ſooner, my dear dancing Philoſopher.

Biſ. Uds my Life!——Here's one.

[*Runs to* Dur. *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learn'd Preparation come to this?

Biſ. Come, Sir, don't be aſham'd, that's my good Boy —— you're very welcome, we wanted ſuch a one —— Come, ſtrike up —— I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely ſhap'd for't —— Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miſs the Time elſe.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bif. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Bif. Hang Dialecticks — Mind the Time — quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler*] Come, —— and how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Bif. All the better, Patient, all the better; —— Come, Sir, ſing now, ſing, I know you ſing well; I ſee you have a ſinging Face; a heavy full Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I ſing?

Bif. O you're modeſt, Sir —— but come, ſit down, cloſer, cloſer. Here, a Bottle of Wine —; Come, Sir, ſa, la, lay; ſing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bif. O Sir, you ſhall drink firſt. Come, fill me a Bumper —— here, Sir, bleſs the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions. —— By this Light, ſhe'll make me drunk too.

Bif. O pardon me, Sir, you ſhall do me right, fill it higher. —— Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Ra[illegible]ſophy that, Faith.

Bif. Come, off with it to the Bottom. —— Now, how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Bif. You ſee how a Woman's Fancy varies, ſometimes ſplenetick and heavy, then gay and frolickſome. —— And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. God Madam, let me ſit down to anſwer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Bif. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for ſhame, and walk about, Action becomes us — a little faſter, Sir —— What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet*, the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk Laſſes? Then there is black Mrs. *Bellair*, and brown Mrs. *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam

Bif. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always deſpicable —— O Laid, Sir, if young Mrs. *Batatell* had kept her ſelf ſingle 'till this time o'Day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of St. *Germain's*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Bif. And then you muſt have heard of the *Engliſh* Beau, *Splenamore*, how unlike a Geetleman ——

Dur. Hey —— not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be ſaved, Madam.

Bif. No? Why then play me a Jig. Come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have ſprain'd my Leg.

Bif. Then ſit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Buſineſs with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, diſpatch — Odſo, may be you are ſome Gentleman's Servant, that has brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Veniſon.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Bif. O; cry you Mercy, I ſaw you juſt now, I miſtook you, upon my Word; you are one of the travelling Gentlemen — and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy?*

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more ſerious Intention than your Entertainment has anſwer'd.

Bif. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greateſt Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expreſſions may turn to a Complement. Your Viſit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very ſcurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you ſo handſomely laid the Plot —— *Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great Mind to kick you —— Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon —— But I muſt have you to know Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Virtue is ſufficiently approv'd to thoſe whoſe Opinion is my

my Intereſt: And for the reſt, let them talk what they will; for when I pleaſe I'll be what I pleaſe, in ſpight of you and all Mankind; and ſo my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this Leſſon, and ſit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings*] Ha, ha, ha! *Adod my Life: I have a great Mind to kick you!* — Oons and Confuſion! [*Starts up*] Was ever Man ſo abus'd — Ay, *Mirabel* ſet me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find your ſelf?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuſe me? I'll kick you with a Vengeance, you Dog. [Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old Mir. Bob, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehenſion, Sir, for I've heard ſay, that I reſemble my Father.

Old Mir. Your Father is your very humble Slave — I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I muſt be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any Paſſage of my Life that I'm aſham'd of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear Friend; don't ſee this Picture? [*Shews him a little Picture.*

Mir.

Mir. Oriana's? Pſhaw!

Old. Mir. What, Sir, won't you look upon 'em? —— *Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now ——— Doſt want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old Mir. Why then here's ſome for thee; come here now ———How canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Raſcal (don't miſtake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuſe this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue? ———Why, ſhe ſighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and ſnubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burſt———— Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your own Father, be now ——— and then ſee here, read this ———the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thouſand Pound to her Portion —— ten thouſand Pound you Dog; ten thouſand Pound you Rogue; how dare your refuſe a Lady with ten thouſand Pound, you impudent Raſcal?

Mir. Will you hear me ſpeak, Sir?

Old Mir. Hear you ſpeak, Sir! If you had ten thouſand Tongues, you could not out-talk ten thouſand Pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Poſt for *Italy* this Moment.

Old Mir. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Mir. The univerſal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a publick Good, and to draw every body into the Common Cauſe; but there are ſome Conſtitutions like ſome Inſtruments, ſo peculiarly ſingular, that they make tolerable Muſick by themſelves, but never do well in a Conſort.

Old Mir. Why this is Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, but yet 'tis Non-ſenſe too; for tho' you ſhou'd reaſon like an Angel, if you argue your ſelf out of a good Eſtate, you talk like a Fool.

Mir.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Cræſus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever ſuch a perverſe Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? was it to diſpute me out of my Senſes? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll ſay 'tis white, and, ten to one make me believe it too ——— I thought that young Fellows ſtudy'd to get Money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old Mir. There he has me agen now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what reſpect pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old. Mir. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the Hour I was born.

Old Mir. Look'e, Friend, you may perſuade me out of my Deſigns, but I command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reaſon that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty-three, call'd Poſitiveneſs, which you nor all the Wits in *Italy* ſhall ever be able to ſhake; ſo, Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they firſt give us Breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of Doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little afore-hand with the old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to ſettle a thouſand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved Son ſhall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himſelf. So dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Runs off.*

Old

Old Mir. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old Mir. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it: what have you to ſay againſt my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own Words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my Words? I have ſwallow'd my Words already, I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old Mir. Sir, your Siſter was a fooliſh young Flirt to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rake-helly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you Mercy, old Gentleman, I thought we ſhou'd have the Words again.

Old Mir. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to ſlight old Gentlemen's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought. —— I ſay, that *Bob*'s an honeſt Fellow, and who dare deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. That dare I, Sir: —— I ſay, that your Son is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Siſter is, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poiſon the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Siſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old Mir. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go farthеſt. I will do your Siſter Juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate, no body muſt abuſe my Son but my ſelf. For tho' *Robin* be a ſad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Biſ. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman —— [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young Baggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty three?

Bif. A Plot that Sixty three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir; a *Spaniſh* Plot leſs dangerous than that of Eighty eight, and you muſt act the *Spaniard* 'cauſe your Son will leaſt ſuſpect you; and if he ſhou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expoſe her Brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the Buſineſs, Madam?

Bif. Myſelf, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling: theſe fooliſh Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads preſently; the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am ſtill myſelf, and he may expect the moſt ſevere Uſage from me, 'cauſe I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old Mir. Well ſaid, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who muſt open the Matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer General. And here he comes.

Petit.

Pet. O Sir, mor[illegible] coveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, ſpeak freely.

Pet. You muſt know, Sir——od's my Life, I'm out of Breath; you muſt know, Sir——you muſt know——

Old Mir. What the Devil muſt we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd——your Son's Secretary of State.

Old. Mir. Secretary of State!——who's that, for Heav'n's ſake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir? You muſt know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Maſter's Clothes, and when he went to duſt the Embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole ſwarm of your Crambo Songs, ſhort-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old Mir. Impoſſible!

Pet.

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage: Now, Sir, this Plot will ſtir up his Jealouſy, and we ſhall know by the Strength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, lets about it with ſpeed.

'Tis Expedition gives our King the Sway;
For Expedition too the *French* give way;
Swift to attack, or ſwift — to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing careleſly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this Fellow to like him?

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my Friend can ſee in this Girl to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant Rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent Mad-Cap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam!

Biſ. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a human Creature, but a prudent Reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a Way, Madam, to force me to that Reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my Heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill Uſage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the abſent; for I'm reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that ſhall mortify your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your Trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little Foundation you have for your dear Sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir.

Mir. And what Piece will you chuſe?

Bif. Your Heart, to be ſure; 'cauſe I ſhou'd get preſently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Phyſicians, and your Soul to its Maſter.

Mir. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt Night of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*; methought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up ſo high behind, that I cou'd not ſee her Head for her Tail.

Bif. The Creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humourous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleaſure that you can give, but that of ſeeing you miſerable. And mark me, Sir, my Friend, my injur'd Friend ſhall yet be doubly happy, and you ſhall be a Husband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you.

[*Here* Mir. *pulls out a* Virgil, *and reads to himſelf while ſhe ſpeaks.*]

Mir. [Reading] *At Regina adverſo (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)*
Diſſimulare etiam ſperâſti, perfide tantum [Very true.] *Eſſe neſas.*

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a raſcally Trick of your Hero to forſake poor Pug ſo inhumanly.

Bif. I don't know what to ſay to him. The Devil —— what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the moſt appropo in the World —— for what ſhou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forſaking Lady are batteling it Tooth and Nail. Come, Madam, ſpend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an eaſier Method: I'll be *Æneas* now, and you ſhall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for it, Madam *Dido*.

Nec

Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido ——
Ah, poor *Dido!* [*Looking at her.*

Bif. Rudeneſs, Affronts, Impatience! I cou'd almoſt ſtart out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the Spot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno:

Bif. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was ſpirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Bif. And ſome pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with humane Shape to palliate growing Miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their Voices by Degrees.*

Mir. *Perfide, ſed [illegible] genuit te Caucaſibus horrens*
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt [illegible] Tigres.

Bif. Go, Sir, fly to your Midnight Revel.

Mir. [Excellent.] *I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt.
[*Together again.*

Bif. Converſe with Imps of Darkneſs of your Make, your Nature ſtarts at Juſtice, and ſhivers at the Touch of Virtue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Libyan*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you ſhall act the Part: But you [illegible] nothing at all, unleſs you fret yourſelf into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is ſtifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the

cruel

cruel, barbarous, deceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas.* ——— There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* ſtood
To ſee her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himſelf, who ne'er thought good
To ſtay a ſecond Bout,
Commands him off with all his Crew,
And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Bif. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conſcience I muſt excuſe *Oriana.*

That Lover ſoon his angry Fair diſarms,
Whoſe Slighting pleaſes, and whoſe Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel!* Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the Matter, *Petit?*

Pet. Moſt critically met. ——— Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game ſo long, and brought the poor Hare juſt under his Paws, ſhould let a Mungrel Cur chop in, and run away with the Puſs.

Mir. If your Worſhip can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Miſtreſs and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit.* Marry'd, ſay you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no Matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I ſhall take Care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thouſand Pardons. [*Drawing low.*

Pet,

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir,——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this Moment to be ſacrific'd; marry'd paſt Redemption.

Mir. I underſtand her, ſhe'll take a Husband out of Spight to me, and then out of Love to me ſhe will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Perſon for the Sake of another, and to throw themſelves into the Arms of one they hate, to ſecure their Pleaſure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Pet. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! Room for my Lady's Coach, a Front-row in the Box for her Ladyſhip; Lights, Lights for her Honour.——Now muſt I be a conſtant Attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my Way to my Lady's Couchee——a Counteſs, I preſume, Sir.——

Pet. A *Spaniſh* Count, Sir, that Mr. *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to [illegible] Miſtreſs Yeſterday, marries her To-day, and whips [illegible] into *Spain* To-morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it ſo? and muſt I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees?* Had ſhe marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet-deux, I wou'd be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a Care, Sir, he's a rough croſs-grain'd Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. *Dugard*, or the Lady her ſelf, ſomething might be done, for it is in Deſpight to you, that the Buſineſs is carry'd ſo haſtily. Odio, Sir, here he comes. I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old [illegible] *dreſs'd in a* Spaniſh *Habit, leading* Oriana.

Ori. Go, my Lord, a nobler Choice had better ſuited your Lordſhip's Merit. My Perſon, Rank, and Circumſtance, expoſe me as the publick Theme of Raillery, and ſubject me to ſo injurious Uſage, my Lord,

Lord, that I can lay no Claim to any Part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital Air, that dares preſume
With rude Behaviour to profane ſuch Excellence?
Shew me the Man——
And you ſhall ſee how my ſudden Revenge
Shall fall upon the Head of ſuch Preſumption.
Is this Thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a Stranger.

Old Mir. O your Pardon, Sir—— but if you had—— remember, Sir—— the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you underſtand me—— Come, Madam. [*Leads* Oriana *to the Door, ſhe goes off,* Mir. *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Mir. E coute, Monſieur Le Coux——

Old Mir. Your Buſineſs, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spaniſh, my Lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old Mir. A very conciſe Quarrel, truly——I'll bully him.——*Trinidado Seigneur*, give me fair Play. [*Offering to riſe.*

Mir. By all Means, Sir, [*Takes away his Sword.*] Now *Seigneur*, where's that bombaſt Look, and fuſtian Face your Countſhip wore juſt now? [*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right!—But hold, Sirrah, no more Jeſting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! Then by this Light I could find in my Heart to pay thee. [*Aſide.*] Is the Fellow mad? Why ſure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your Senſes?

Old Mir. But you have, Sir.

Mir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to ſtrike him.*

Old Mir. Why Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright diſtracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence! wou'dſt thou make me believe that ſuch a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Maſquerading thus? That a Perſon of threeſcore and three wou'd run about in a Fool's Coat to diſgrace himſelf and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will ſuffer ſuch an Affront to paſs upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll ſend your Soul to thy Grandfather this Minute! [*Offering to ſtab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the ſaucy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll uſe you accordingly.

Old Mir. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir, we have all got nothing by Plundering ſince we began to take their Part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the reſt to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me Way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither? let me be gone, pray.

[*Offering to go.*

Mir. My Father!

Old Mir. Ay, you Dog's Face! I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O how! then this was a Trick; it ſeems a Deſign, a Contrivance, a Stratagem——Oh! how my Bones ake!

Old Mir. Your Bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, ha'n't I been beating my own Fleſh and Blood all this while? O Madam, [*To* Oriana.] I wiſh

wiſh your Ladyſhip Joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed.

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixot* battel for you bravely? My Father will anſwer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't inſult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I ſtand tamely now.—— [*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his Siſter.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord-face at me?

Dug. On what Preſumption, Sir, dare you aſſume thus? [*Draws.*

Old Mir. What's that to you, Sir. [*Draws.*

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints.

[*Orinda falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! ſhe'll come to her ſelf; If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Aſſa Fœtida*—— If Jealouſy, Hart's-horn in Water—— If the Mother, burnt Feathers—— If Grief, *Ratifia*—— If it be ſtrait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy. [*Exit.*

Ori. Hold off, give me Air—— O my Brother, wou'd you preſerve my Life, endanger not your own; wou'd you defend my Reputation, leave it to it ſelf; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion prove victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another Thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my Indiſpoſition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taſte of your Sex, excuſes this Artifice in ours.

For

For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with fooliſh Men prevail. [*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way ſtill left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any Relation to *Spain*.

Dug. I ſcorn all Artifice whatſoever; my Sword ſhall do her Juſtice.

Pet. Pretty Juſtice, truly! Suppoſe you run him thro' the Body, you run her thro' the Heart at the ſame time.

Old Mir. And me thro' the Head — rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if ſhe pretended to go into a Nunnery, and ſo bring him about to declare himſelf?

Dug. That I muſt confeſs has a Face.

Old Mir. Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the moſt beautiful Plot in *Chriſtendom*. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Duretete *and* Mirabel.

Dur. [*In a Paſſion.*] And tho' I can't dance, nor ſing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know I can, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canſt, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me ſee the proudeſt Man alive make a Jeſt of me!

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threaten'd to be kick'd! Confuſion! Sir, you ſet me on, and I will have Satisfaction; all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I muſt give this Thunderbolt ſome Paſſage, or 'twill break upon my own Head —— Look'e, *Duretete*, what do theſe Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me, to be ſure —— Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 *Gen.* You're miſtaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had a private Reaſon.

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and obſerve me, I won't be nam'd; it ſhan't be mention'd, not even whiſper'd in your Prayers at Church. S'death, Sir, d'ye ſmile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my Word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryer with his Crown a ſhaving.

Mir. [*Aſide to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll ſtand by you.

1 *Gen.* I-gad and ſo we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murther ye. [*Fights, and beats them off,* Mir. *runs over to his ſide.*

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, bravely done, *Duretete,* there you had him, noble Captain; hey, they run, they run, *Victoria, Victoria* —— Ha, ha, ha —— how happy am I in an excellent Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoſo's and Men of Senſe, a parcel of four-fac'd ſplenetick Rogues —— a Man of my thin Conſtitution ſhou'd never want a Fool in his Company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the Underſtanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcaſe: And in my Conſcience, a Man of Senſe is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lion without a Jackall; he hunts for our Diverſion, ſtarts Game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with Pleaſure.

I hate the man who makes acquaintance nice
And ſtill diſcreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And muſt give Reaſons for whate'er he ſays.

The

The Man, indeed, whoſe Converſe is ſo full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careleſs Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who ſtill is merry, but does ne'er deſign it;
And ſtill is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
Who when he's moſt in earneſt, is the beſt;
And his moſt grave Expreſſion is a Jeſt. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbeſs is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: Your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Siſter refus'd to ſee him. He went off more nettled at his Repulſe, than I thought his Gaiety cou'd admit.

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all? —— O! Mr. *Mirabel*, you have done fine things for your Poſterity —— And you, Mr. *Dugard*, may come to anſwer this —— I come to demand my Friend at your Hands; reſtore him, Sir, or —— [*To Old* Mir.

Old Mir. Reſtore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cauſe on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by ſhutting up your Siſter yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage? —— Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, becauſe ſhe has deſerted him, he has forſaken the World; and in three Words, has ——

Old Mir. Hang'd himſelf!

Dur. The very ſame, turn'd Fryer.

Old Mir. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worſe. *Bob* turn'd Fryer! —— Why ſhou'd the Fellow ſhave his fooliſh Crown when the ſame Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Intereſt over him, loſe not a Minute: He has thrown himſelf into the next Monaſtery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and diſcharge his Equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll ſacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the moſt Right to the Child. —— But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Eſtate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old Mir. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches —— Ten thouſand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege. —— Come, Gentlemen, all Hands to work; for half that Sum, one of theſe Monaſteries ſhall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Diſobedient Son from his own Father. [*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye perſuade me that he's gone to a Monaſtery?

Dur. Is your Siſter gone to the *Filles Repenties?* I tell you, Sir, ſhe's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why ſo, Sir?

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*; Dug. *after him.*

SCENE, *the Inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, *Biſarre*, there is no harm in jeſting with this Religious Habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt Jeſt in the Habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning People with the Keys of *Paradiſe*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Conſtraint. ——— Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt Company when among ourſelves; for our private Thoughts run us into thoſe Deſires, which our Pride reſiſts from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the firſt Woman met the Devil when ſhe retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; becauſe I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe did before! ——— Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dreſs, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we ſhou'd all be Canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit in dedicating a beautiful Face and Perſon to the Service of Religion?

Biſ. Not half ſo much as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no Buſineſs in this World, why was it ſent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handſome Perſons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Viciſſitude of Fortune, the Inconſtancy of Man, with other Diſappointments of Life, require

ſome Place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Perſecution.

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know that Religion conſiſts in Charity with all Mankind; and that you ſhould never think of being Friends with Heaven, 'till you have quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Buſineſs, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give freſh Orders that he ſhan't ſee you: We get more by hiding our Faces ſometimes, than by expoſing them; a very Mask, you ſee, whets Deſire; but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Grate fire double upon 'em, with View and Diſguiſe. But I muſt be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourſelf with that Coxcomb?

Bif. Becauſe he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Aſs of, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Meſſage from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou charming Nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the News? *Runs to her.*]

Bif. Don't you ſee who's below?

Ori. I ſee no body but a Fryer.

Bif. Ah! Thou poor blind *Cupid!* O my Conſcience, theſe Hearts of ours ſpoil our Heads inſtantly! the Fellows no ſooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Fryer! Don't you ſee a villainous genteel Mein under that Cloak of Hypocriſy, the looſe careleſs Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Fryer! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earneſt.

Bif. In earneſt: Ha, ha, ha, are you in earneſt? Now's your time; this Diſguiſe has he certainly taken for a Paſſport, to get in and try your Reſolutions; ſtick to your Habit, to be ſure; treat him with Diſ-

dain,

dain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more than Paſſion: Remember what I ſay, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be ſure.

The cunning Gameſters never gain too faſt,
But loſe at firſt, to win the more at laſt. [*Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into ſome Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I miſtruſt myſelf; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to ſee him tho'.

What a ſtrange Power has this fantaſtick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we moſt deſire!

Enter Mirabel *in Fryer's Habit.*

Mir. Save you, Siſter —— Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard for your Soul's Health, has ſent me to prepare you for the ſacred Habit by Confeſſion.

Ori. That's falſe, the cloven Foot already — [*Aſide.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, ſacred Sir, I confeſs, that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Muſings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My preſent Peace, my future Bliſs, the Joy of Earth, and Hopes of Heaven! I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright ſtark mad in earneſt; Death and Confuſion, I have loſt her! [*Aſide.*] You confeſs your Fault, Madam, in ſuch moving Terms, that I could almoſt be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards, my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whoſe Breaſt I thought my Heart ſecure, turn'd Robber, and deſpoil'd the Treaſure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treaſure he eſteems ſo much, that like the Miſer, tho' afraid to uſe it, he reſerves it ſafe.

Ori. No, holy Father; who can be Miſer in another's Wealth, that's Prodigal of his own? His Heart was open, ſhar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! muſt then become of mine! But the ſame Eyes that drew this Paſſion in, ſhall ſend it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow.——

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on my Knees behold the Criminal that vows Repentance his. Ha! No Concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the Time has been, that ſuch a ſudden Change wou'd have ſurpriz'd me into ſome Confuſion.

Mir. Reſtore that happy Time, for I am now return'd to myſelf, for I want but Pardon to deſerve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, ſordid Man; why wou'd you act a thing to make you kneel, Monarch in your Pleaſures to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conqueſts of your wandring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the baſe cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor! Pray Heav'n this Change be real. [*Aſide.*

Mir. I come not here to juſtify my Fault but my Submiſſion, for tho' there be a meanneſs in this humble Poſture, 'tis nobler ſtill to bend when Juſtice calls, than to reſiſt Conviction.

Ori. No more —— thy oft repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the ſevereſt Calumny to hear thee ſpeak that humble Poſture which once cou'd raiſe, now mortifies my Pride; how canſt thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. [*Riſes.*] In my own Cauſe I'll plead no more, but give me leave to intercede for you againſt the harſh Injunctions of that Habit, which for my Fault you wear.

Ori. Surprizing Inſolence! My greateſt Foe pretends to give me Counſel; but I am too warm upon ſo cool,

a Subject. My Reſolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, ſo I ſhall ſpare ſome Tears to the Separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewel.

Mir. And muſt I loſe her? No. [*Runs, and catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll uſe the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Juſtice you refuſe; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow to face'd to diſannul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cauſe 'gainſt all Monaſtick Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Raviſher! Wou'd you prophane theſe holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my paſt Diſgrace now offers, thy Life ſhou'd anſwer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old. Mir. Where, where's this Counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madneſs! Confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you ſay, Sir!

Old Mir. I ſay ſhe's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have loſt my Child by theſe Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to Reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him and a thouſand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] My dear Father, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Old Mir. My dear Boy, [*Runs and kiſſes him.*] Welcome *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy, 'tis all a Trick; ſhe's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No!

Old Mir. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my deaf Dad, for the moſt happy News. —— And now moſt venerable holy Siſter. [*Kneels.*

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of asking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earneſt; Women make the beſt Nuns always when they can't do otherwiſe. Ah, my dear Father, there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think; the free Deportment of ſuch Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you deſtroy'd what was ſo near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you.

Old Mir. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant, ſhe is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryer this Moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old Fool ſo banter'd by a Brace o'young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's ſpoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confuſion, Love, Anger, and Diſappointment, will work my Brain to Madneſs.

[*Throws off her Habit.* Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have ſerv'd a turn for us both, and they ſhall e'en go off together.

[*Takes off his Habit.*

Thus the ſick Wretch, who tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Eſſays for Life are vain;
When the Phyſician can no more deſign,
Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.
What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven reſtore his Health!
Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth:
But if reſtor'd to Vigour as before,
His Health refuſes what his Sickneſs ſwore.
The Body's no ſooner Eaſe'd and Well,
But the weak Soul relapſes into Ill;
To all its former Swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promiſes in Bed.

Exit. *throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *House:* Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. [*Reads,*]

MY Rudeneſs was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found ſo agreeable, that I own myſelf penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your firſt Appearance to

BISARRE.

Mirabel ſwears ſhe loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel Gallantry, and welcome Revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Biſarre.

Well, Miſtreſs, do you love me!

Biſ. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modeſty of ——

Dur. Of what? of a Dancing Devil! —— Do you love me, I ſay?

Biſ. Perhaps I

Dur. What?

Biſ. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll ——

Biſ. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, ſtand there; and ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes —— Firſt, the direct Surpriſe (*She looks full upon him.*) Right; next the *Deux yeux par obliques.* (*She gives him the ſide Glance.*) Right; now deſpair and languiſh. (*She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.*) Very well; now ſigh. (*She ſighs.*) Now drop your Fan a purpoſe. (*She drops her Fan.*) Now take it up again: Come now, confeſs your Faults; are not you a proud —— ſay after me.

Biſ. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Biſ.

Bif. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bif. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flurt.

Bif. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Miſchief; ask my Pardon immediately.

Bif. I do, Sir, I only miſtook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Bif. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handſomly; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, burſts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha.

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Hell broke looſe upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again!

Bif. That you are upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1 *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to ſee him angry; come begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the beſt natur'd Fellow in the World.

2 *Lady.* A Man! We're miſtaken, a Man has Manners; the aukward Creature is ſome Tinker's Trull in a Periwig.

Bif. Come, Ladies, let's examine him.

They lay hold on him.

Dur. Examine! the Devil you will!

Bif. I'm by my Life, ſome great Dairy-Maid in Man's Clothes.

Dur. They will do't; —— look'e, dear Chriſtian Women, pray hear me.

Bif. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur.

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my Honour, I'll do any thing in the World.

Bif. Will you perſuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. Yes, to be ſure.

Bif. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coaſt be clear.

(*Runs out.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, the Viſit, Ladies, was critical for our Diverſion; we'll go make an end of our Tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you ſend all the Biſhops in *France* to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their Doctrine againſt their Practice.

Old Mir. But will you diſobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Would my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make ſport to a Woman, ſubject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours and Caprices, to have her one day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh, the next day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succeſſion of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Fleſh and Blood.

Old Mir. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think that Marriage, like Treaſon, ſhould attaint the whole Body; pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable because you throw yourſelf down from one Story, that I muſt dam myſelf headlong from the Garret Windows? You would compel me to that State, which I have heard you curſe yourſelf, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then ſhe was breeding of you, which ſhew'd what an expenſive Dog I ſhould have of you.

Enter

Enter Petit.

Well *Petit*, how does ſhe now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos* ——— Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I ſpeak truth, now when I confeſs that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lyes; our Jeſting is come to a ſad Earneſt, ſhe's downright diſtracted.

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. Where is this mighty Victor! ——— The great Exploit is done; go triumph in the Glory of your Conqueſt, inhumane, barbarous Man! O Sir, (*To the old Gentleman*) your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you, where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has ſhe found her Ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the Fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting ſuch another diſobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. (*Cries.*

Enter Dugard *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old Mir. Patience, Patience, Sir.

(*Old* Mirabel *holds him*; *Bob*, draw. (*Aſide.*

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's Failing, when thus provok'd ——— Villain!

Mir. Your Siſter's Frenzy (that) excuſe your Madneſs; and to ſhew my Concern for what ſhe ſuffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother. ——— Put up your Anger with your Sword: I have a Heart like yours, that ſwells at an Affront receiv'd, but melts at an Injury given: and if the lovely *Oriana*'s Grief be ſuch a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breaſt, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that ſoft Compaſſion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it. ——— There, there, behold an Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as ſhe: (*Enter* Oriana *mad, held by two Maids, who*

two put her in a Chair.) A Sister that my dying Parents left, with their last Words and Blessing to my Care. Sister, dearest Sister. (*Goes to her.*

Old Mir. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul,* Sir; ——Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in Love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens? —I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantick Sights. Take heed, it comes now ——What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that Face sure. ——How light my Head is!

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madness! these sudden Starts of undigested Words shoot thro' my Soul, with more persuasive Force than all the study'd Art of labour'd Eloquence. ——Come, Madam, try to compose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to Church, and I must dress me, put on my new Gown, and be so fine, to meet my Love. Hey ho! ——Will not you tell me where my Heart lies bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd ——Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your Fortune. Friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flattering Face; but 'tis a fine one ——I warrant you have five hundred Mistresses —— Ay, to be sure, a Mistress for every Guinea in his Pocket ——Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow ——And will you sing my Passing-Bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, O Artifice created! whose Nature, even distracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Sense, his Learning boast, when Woman's Madness over-rules his Reason. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Ori. No, ——but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance ——in the Grave. (*Weeps*

Mir. Oh Tears, I muſt believe you; ſure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madneſs; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul ſo toſs'd with Storms of Paſſion, that I could cry for help as well as ſhe. —— [*Wipes his eyes.*

Ori. What have you loſt your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love ſo loud, that I may call your Senſes to their Place, reſtore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and reinſtate myſelf into your Favour.

Biſ. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; ſhe trembles, hold her, her Fits grow ſtronger by her talking; don't trouble her, ſhe don't know you, Sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! what then? ſhe loves to ſee him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye ſad, and ſuch a ridiculous Subject, I'll a very good Jeſt among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, deſtroy'd a Lady, and now deſire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, ſhe's mad.

Dur. Mad! doſt wonder at that? By this Light, they're all ſo; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad; I juſt now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almoſt —— What, is ſhe dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for if they be as cold as a Key, there's no truſting them; you're never ſure that a Woman's in earneſt, 'till ſhe is nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, Miſtreſs?

Biſ. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [*Runs off: Mir.*

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here diſclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has reſtor'd my Senſes, and was ſhe perfect now, as once ſhe was (before ye Gods I ſpeak it) ſhe ſhould be mine; and as ſhe is, my Tears and Prayers ſhall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this Declaration been ſome Hours ago.

Bif. Sir, ſhe beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. Sir.

Mir. Speak my charming Angel, if your dear Senſes have reſum'd their Order; ſpeak, Fair, and bleſs me with the Laws.

Ori. Firſt, let me bleſs the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has reſtor'd to my poor labouring Breaſt the deareſt, beſt belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all ye Spheres, your Inſtruments of Joy, and carry round your Spacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana*'s Health; her Soul, whoſe Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was ſo mad to counterfeit for me;
I was ſo mad to pawn my Liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir, Free?

Mir. As Air, ad dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lunatick! Look ye, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madneſs ſo very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long——Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monſter! you won't diſgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in Gentlemen.——A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's diſpoſſeſs'd, the Devil's vaniſh'd.

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old Mir. Bleſs us, was ſhe poſſeſs'd?

Mir. With the worſt of Dæmons, Sir, a Marriage-Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard*, don't be ſurpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Siſter; no mad Doctor in Chriſtendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care ſhe don't relapſe; if ſhe ſhould, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure ſometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, moſt barbarous Man, will prove the greateſt Poiſon to my Health; for tho' my former Frenzy was but counterfeit, I now ſhall run into a real Madneſs. [*Exit*; Old Mir. *after.*

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm ſo confus'd, I know not how to reſent it. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'ſcap'd? Was not I juſt now upon the Brink of Deſtruction?

Enter Duretete.

O, my Friend, let me run into thy Boſom; no Lark, eſcap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal Apprehenſion.

Dur. The matter, Man!

Mir. Marriage, Hanging; I was juſt at the Gallows-foot, the running Nooſe about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me.——Oh ——— can't be my myſelf this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you ſo? They are all alike, Saints or Devils; their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit; for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay: There's no living here with Security; this Houſe is ſo full of Stratagem and Deſign, that I muſt abroad again.

Dur. With all my Heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad; I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll ſet out for *Italy* to-morrow Morning.

Mir.

Mir. A Match; I'll go pay my Complement of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thousand Pound a Year upon me! No, no, he has pass'd away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and croud the Great?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependence, make their State:
Behold the Anti-Chamber fill'd with Beaux,
A Herald's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' gambling Subjects make the Crown their sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependance, ev'n a Father's Sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Play-house; Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I like the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-box had my Attention: These impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to support Them; and to kill every body else.

For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:

The Poet's Hero ſhould not move their Pain,
But they ſhou'd weep for thoſe their Eyes have ſlain.

Dur. Hoity, toity; did *Phyllis* inſpire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-houſe is the Element of Poetry, becauſe the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inſpiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where elſe, they ſit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject-ſlaves about them: Their beſt Clothes, beſt Looks, ſhining Jewels, ſparkling Eyes, the Treaſure of the World in a Ring. Then there's ſuch a hurry of Pleaſure to tranſport us; the Buſtle, Noiſe, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Muſick, and Applauſe: I cou'd wiſh that my whole Life long were the firſt Night of a new P[illegible].

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you beſpoke Poſt-Horſes?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to diſcover the Lady, one to unfold myſelf, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the World's end.

Dur. Haſt thou the Impudence to promiſe thy ſelf a Lady of her Figure and Quality in ſo ſhort a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir —— I have a confident Addreſs, no diſagreeable Perſon, and five hundred *Lewidores* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores*! Are you n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, ſhe's worth fifty thouſand; one of her black Brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head. I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out-ſparkled the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me that abating *Oriano*'s Pretenſions to Marriage, you lov'd her paſſionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other Day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, becauſe I cou'd not have it, I muſt eat nothing.

Dur. Prithee, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow 'ſcapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Curteſan*'s Window at *Bologna*, to ſave your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we poſſeſs comparable to what we deſire —— be ſhy of a Lady bareſac'd in the Front-Box with a thouſand Pound in jewels about her Neck! For ſhame, no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Clothes with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your Name, *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy*.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Proteſtant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of his Youth, [a pretty Boy.] *He's fond of ſome handſome Service that may afford him Opportunity of Improvement; your Care of him will oblige*

Yours.

Has't a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Deſire, Sir; I ſhould be pleas'd to ſerve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you ſhall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it ſafe; the Rogue's [*Noiſe without*] too handſom —— The Play's done, and ſome of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train born up by a Page.*

Mir. Duretete, the very Dear, Identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis ſhe.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why, —— Look'e, Sirrah, the firſt piece of Service I put upon you, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where ſhe lives. [*To Oriana.*

Or. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of loſing myſelf.

Mir. Pſhaw.

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can ſee no ſign of your Ladyſhip's Coach.

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk ſomewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. Theſe Servants are the Plague of our Lives, what ſhall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes, Fortune pimps for me; now *Duretete* for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't ſure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servants Neglect, Madam, put *your Ladyſhip to any Inconvenience*, for you can't be diſappointed of an Equipage whilſt mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the Maſter ſo far, he would be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Sir, I won't preſume to be troubleſome, for my Habitation is a great Way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd, beſides, Madam, a Hackney-Coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Beaſt, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more occaſion you have for a Guard —— pray, Madam ——

Lam. Lard, Sir. —— [*He ſeems to preſs, ſhe to decline it in dumb ſhew.*

Dur. Ah! the Devil's in his Impudence; how he wheedles, ſhe ſmiles; he flatters, ſhe ſimpers; he ſwears, ſhe believes; he's a Rogue, and ſhe's a W—— in a Moment.

Mir.

Mir. Without there! my Coach; *Durcete*, wish me Joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard*, go follow your Master, and he'll lead you ——

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy, Child: 'tis the Fashion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exercises —— go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir; that Woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now Mr. *Page*, do you start up to give Laws of a sudden; do you pretend to rise at Court, and disapprove the Pleasure of your Betters: Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd rise by a great Man, be sure to be with him in his little Actions, and, as a Step to your Advancement, follow your Master immediately, and make it your Hope that he goes to a Bawdy-House

Ori. Heav'ns forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I sooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a strange Antipathy have I taken against these Creatures; a Woman to me is Aversion upon Aversion, a Cheese, a Cat, a Breast of Mutton, the squalling of Children, the grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle.

SCENE, *a handsome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was something more than good Breeding, please to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Desire, as you have already upon my Necessity.

Mir. Your Desire, Madam, has only prevented my Request: my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam. Eleven, Twelve, One, Two, Three, and all that belong to those happy Minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, Sir, to dismiss your Retinue, because an Equipage at my Door, at this time

time of Night, will not be conſiſtent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy — Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you ſtay; 'tis a fooliſh Country Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir! I ſhould be ſorry if you made any ſiniſter Conſtructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I muſt not pretend to remark upon any body's Freedom, having ſo entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our eaſy Correſpondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another. —— Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam, —— I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pound in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is ——

Mir. Muſtapha. —— Now, Madam, the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, ſullen, imperious Fellow; the Husband ſpoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face, 'till at laſt I took Heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, ſu'd my Tyrant, and recover'd my Fortune —— I liv'd from fifteen to twenty to pleaſe a Husband; from twenty to forty I'm reſolv'd to pleaſe myſelf; and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage.

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and ſomething I ſaw of a well-furniſh'd, careleſs, agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly Demands with ſuch an arch Modeſty, that I don't know how —— but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha, I'm elop'd.

Mir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoice in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Muſtapha*, you have got the firſt Ring there, I cou'd ſcarcely believe it right; pray let me ſee it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right —— but, but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family Ring, Madam, an old-faſhion'd Family-Ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir —— If you can entertain yourſelf with a Song for a Moment, I'll wait on you immediately; come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you pleaſe, Sir.

Mir. The new Song —— *Prithee*, Phillis, *&c.*

SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a ſtrange intriguing Humour when I was born — Ay, this Night ſhou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I ſhou'd like well enough: But what ſhou'd I have to-morrow Night? The ſame. And what next Night? The ſame. And what next Night? The very ſame: Soop for Breakfaſt, Soop for Dinner, Soop for Supper, and Soop for Breakfaſt again —— But here's Variety.

I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modeſt for a Hypocrite.

[Lamorce *appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes ſtep in before her. He ſtarts back.*

She comes, ſhe comes —— Hum, hum — Bitch —— Murder'd, murder'd to be ſure! The curſed Strumpet! To make me ſend away my Servants —— no Body near me! Theſe Cut-throats always make ſure Work.

What ſhall I do? I have but one way. Are theſe Gentlemen your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen your moſt humble Servant; Sir, your moſt faithful, yours, Sir, with all my Heart; your moſt obedient —— come, Gentlemen, [*Salutes all round*] pleaſe to ſit —— no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how d'ye like my Friends?

[*They all ſit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the moſt finiſh'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have travell'd?

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I preſume:

1 *Bra.* In a Weſtern Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha; Sir, you have got the prettieſt Ring upon your Finger there ——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart. [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no Means, Sir, a Family-Ring!

[*Takes it.*

Mir. No Matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound by this Light. [*Aſide.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's a Clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my Watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I ſaw the String of it juſt now ——

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is —— but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear Sir, an *Engliſh* Watch! *Tompion*'s, I preſume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam —— no Ceremony —— 'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul —— *Tompion*'s! Hang ye. [*Aſide.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all Things, I admire the Faſhion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. Sir, I won't ſell it.

1 *Bra.* Not ſell it, Sir!

Mir. No, Gentlemen, —— but I'll beſtow it with all my Heart. [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O, Sir, we ſhall rob you.

Mir. That you do I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir, —— Gentlemen you're too modeſt, have I any thing elſe that you fancy? —— Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the* 1 *Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the Favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a Family-Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it ——

Mir. Sir you moſt humble Servant.

[*They change Wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your moſt humble Slave.

[*Goes up foppiſhly to the Lady, ſalutes her.*

2 *Bra.* The Fellow's very liberal; ſhall we murder him?

1 *Bra.* What! Let him 'ſcape to hang us all! And I to loſe *my* Wig; no, no! I want but a handſome Pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we muſt act like Gentlemen. Here, ſome Wine —— [*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health.

[*Pulls* Mirabel *by the Noſe.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your moſt humble Servant; a pleaſant Frolick enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Noſe; ha, ha, ha, the pleaſanteſt pretty-humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glaſs. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir: But I tell ye what; I find we're all inclin'd to be frolickſome, and l'gad, for my own part, I was never more diſpoſed to be merry; let's make a Night on't, ha! —— This Wine is pretty, but I have ſuch *Burgundy* at home. —— Look'e, Gentlemen, let me ſend for half a dozen Flasks of my *Burgundy*, I defy *France* to match it; —— 'Twill make us all Life, all Air, pray, Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy!*

1 *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here call up the Gentleman's Servant —— What think you, *Lamorce?*

Lam. Yes, yes, —— your Servant is a fooliſh Country Boy, Sir, he underſtands nothing but Innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam. —— Here, Page, [*Enter* Oriana] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to ſend half a dozen Flasks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thouſand; and be ſure you make haſte, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear, Sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, Child, take a Glaſs of Wine —— Your Maſter and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolick. —— Where had you this pretty Boy, honeſt *Muſtapha?*

Ori. Muſtapha!

Mir. Out of *Picardy* —— this is the firſt Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir.

Mir. The red, mark'd a thouſand, and be ſure you make haſte.

Ori. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any Fancy for my Coat? —— Look'e, Sir, it has ſerv'd a great many honeſt Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not ſo faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a ſcurvy Trick of leaving all its Maſters in Neceſſity.—The Inſolence of theſe Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. [*Aſide.*

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I ſhou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy —— he'll make ſome confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't, I wou'd not be diſappointed of my Wine for the Univerſe.

Lam-

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir; but Supper's ready, will you pleaſe to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O, Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then, —— we have nothing but a Plate of Soop.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-Soop I cou'd diſpenſe with now. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit, handing the Lady.*

2 *Bra.* That Wig won't fall to your Share.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll ſettle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman ſhall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we diſpatch him?

3 *Bra.* I'll be ſure. I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *Engliſh* Rogues, that will hazard the Meeting a Man at the Bar that they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *Houſe.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forſaken me, I have abandon'd my Miſtreſs, my Time lies heavy on my Hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket —— But now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon Duty to-night; I'll fairly ſtrole down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honeſt Lieutenant over a Flask of Wine, a Rakehelly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco.

[*Going off.* Bif. *meets him.*

Bif. Who comes there? ſtand!

Dur. Hey day, now the's turn'd Dragoon.

Bif. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again. ——I deſign to wait on you as far as *Italy*.

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales*.

Bif. Wales! What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cauſe there's no ſuch thing as a High Road.

Bif. Rather always in a High-Road, 'cauſe you travel all upon Hills; —— but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to ſail to the *Eaſt Indies.*

Bif. Eaſt and *Weſt*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for ſailing.

Dur. But ſuppoſe we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Bif. Suppoſe I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppoſe I go to a Baudy-houſe.

Bif. Suppoſe I ſhew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and ſmoak a Pipe?

Bif. Allons donc!

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman; —— ſuppoſe I hang myſelf.

Bif. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Bif. Hold, hold, Sir [*Catches him by the Arm going*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam, —— or I ſhall think that you're a Man; and perhaps may examine you.

Bif. Stir if you dare; I have ſtill Spirits to attend me; and can raiſe ſuch a muſter of Fairies as ſhall puniſh you to death —— Come, Sir, ſtand there now and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languiſhing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take my Fan, —— faſter. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handſomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bif. Hold, hold, dear humorous Coxcomb; Captain, ſpare my Fan, and I'll —— Why, you rude, inhuman Monſter, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve Pence; for that is the Price on't.

Bif. Sir, it coſt a Guinea.

Dur. Well, Madam, you ſhall have the Sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Bif. Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous below my Concern. I muſt follow him however, to know if he can give me any News of *Oriana*. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel *Solus.*

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you: —— Was not I two Hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing ——*Mirabel?* How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming Proſpect of a long Scene of Years? Life coured me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promiſed Joys is more than Death; the Manner too, by Villains. —— O my *Oriana*, this very Moment might have bleſs'd me in thy Arms! and my poor Boy, the innocent Boy! —— Confuſion! — But huſh, they come: I muſt diſſemble ſtill —— No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your Country-Booby has loſt himſelf, and we can wait no longer for't. ——— True, Sir, you're a pleaſant Gentleman, but I ſuppoſe you underſtand our Buſineſs.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to gueſs at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I preſume, you a Phyſician, you a Scrivener, and you a Stock-jobber. —— All Cut-throats, I-gad. [*Aſide.*

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a Broken Officer; I was caſhier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a Soldier too, and wou'd ſerve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more Honour than to fight in a bad Cauſe.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Eſtate, but I muſt have my Whore and my Bottle, thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1 *Bra.* I am a Ruffian too, by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In ſhort, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. ——— Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

Mir. I ſcorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O there's the Wine: ——— this Moment for (*knocking*) my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Loſt, for ever loſt! ——— Where's the Wine, Child? [*faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir. [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete *with his Sword drawn, and ſix of the grand Muſqueteers with their Pieces preſented, the Ruffians drop their Swords.* [Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine. Youth, Pleaſure, Fortune, Days and Years, are now my own again. ——— Ah, my dear Friends, did not I tell you this Wine you'd make me merry? ——— Dear Captain, theſe Gentlemen are the beſt-natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the Wine is come — ſee there! (*Pointing to the Soldiers.*) Your Ladyſhip has got a very fine Ring upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it ſo? Then dear Seven hundred Pound, thou art welcome home again, with all my Heart. ——— Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the fineſt built Watch there! *Tompion*'s, I preſume.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much—— Rob you of all!—— (*Taking it from her*) Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing. I'm glad I have retriev'd thee: (*Putting it up.*) What my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady.——— How now ——is it civil to be so out of humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you're surpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolicks, you must know.——— Some Wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health. [*Sweaks the first* Bravo *by the Nose; he roars.* But now, where,——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our Crew below-stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? Dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy.———Here, Page! Page! Page! (*Runs out.*)

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be sure you secure those Fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam; ——— He, he, he.——— I'm so pleas'd to think that I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die ——Well, Mistress *Snap-dragon*, which of these honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife?

1 *Bra.* Sir, She shou'd have been mine to-night, 'cause *Sampre* here had her last Night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Justice. [*The Guards carry off the Bravoes.*

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Bisarre.

Old Mir. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob?* where's my Boy?———

What, is this the Lady? a pretty Whore, faith?—Hearkʼ Child, becauſe my Son was ſo civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, Madam,—— and you ſhall have a ſwinging Equipage, three or four thouſand Footmen at your Heels at leaſt.

Dur. No leſs becomes her Quality.

Bif. Faugh! the Monſter!

Dur. Monſter! ay, you're all a little monſtrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou ſafe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I'm ruin'd, the Saver of my Life is loſt.

Old Mir. No, no, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he?—— [*Enter* Oriana.] Ha (*Runs and embraces her.*) My dear Preſerver, what ſhall I do to recompence your Truſt?—— Father, Friends Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the moſt ignominious Death, from the ſcandalous Poinards of theſe bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n would have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach ——My Life, Eſtate, my All, is due to ſuch a Favour.—— Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, ſo kind indulgent Stars, I ſwear to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the ſame Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Juſtice of my Claim; I ſhall demand but what was mine before——the juſt Performance of your Contract to *Oriana.*

[*Diſcovering herſelf.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this Diſguiſe I reſolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited that Letter that got me into your Service; and ſo, by this ſtrange Turn of Fate, I became the Inſtrument of your Preſervation; few common Servants would have had ſuch cunning; My Love inſtructed me with the meaning of your Meſſage, 'cauſe my Concern for your Safety made me ſuſpect your Company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the Thought of Impoſition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have deſpis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no human Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, deſign'd to ſhew the Dangers wandring Youth incurs by the Purſuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to free me by the Hands of Virtue: Here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preſerver's Pardon; my Thanks are needleſs, for myſelf I owe. And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dall. (*Sings*) Kiſs me, Daughter —— ſo, you ſhall kiſs me firſt, (*To* Lamorce) for you're the Cauſe on't. Well, *Biſarre*, what ſay you to the Captain?

Biſ. I like the Beaſt well enough, but I don't underſtand his Paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange Road.

Old Mir. But Marriage is ſo beaten a Path that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the Way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy Husband —— I cou'd marry thee to-day for the Privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this: Mr. *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might ſecure your Son's Affection to my Siſter, I wou'd double her Fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has not ſhe given me mine? my Life, Eſtate, my All, and what is more, her virtuous ſelf. —— Virtue, in this ſo advantageous Light, has her own ſparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil (*Pointing to* Lamorce) that ſets this Brightneſs off! (*To* Oriana.) Here view the Pride (*To* Oriana) and Scandal of the Sex. (*To* Lam.) There (*To* Lam.) the falſe Meteor, whoſe deluding Light leads Mankind to Deſtruction. Here (*To* Oriana) the bright ſhining Star that guides to a Security of Happineſs, a Garden and a ſingle She

(*To*

(*To* Oriana) was our firſt Father's Bliſs; the Tempter
(*To* Lam.) and to wander, was his Curſe.

What Liberty can be ſo tempting there, (*To* Lam.)
As a ſoft, virtuous, am'rous Bondage here? (*To* Oriana.)

The End of the fifth ACT.

SONG: By Mr. G

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

I.

SInce, Cœlia, *'tis not in our Power*
To tell how long our Lives may laſt,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've loſt too much in what is paſt.

For ſince the Pow'r we all obey,
Has in your Breaſt my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.

EPILOGUE.

Written by *Nathaniel Rowe*, Eſq;

And ſpoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

From Fletcher's *great Original, to-day*
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free Gallant:
With a gay Soul, with Senſe, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softneſs fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning-Slumbers wait,
When Fancy firſt inſtructs their Hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by ſome unguarded Way:
Let Villeroy's *Misfortune make you wiſe,*
There's Danger ſtill in Darkneſs and Surprize:
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene *found an Aqueduct below.*
With eaſy Freedom, and a gay Addreſs,
A preſſing Lover ſeldom wants Succeſs:
While the Reſpectful, like the Greek, *ſits down,*
And waſtes a ten Year's Siege before one Town.
For her own ſake, let no forſaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid;

Since 'tis a Secret, none ſhou'd e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy Pow'r to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a Week
As Princes, when they reſty Stateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave Uſes may be made,
And much even for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good Man for Marriage-Rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every Page of Womankind;
Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And, when he knows the worſt on't, —— let him marry

THE

TWIN-RIVALS

A

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Sic vos non vobis.

LONDON:

Printed for Henry Lintot. 1742.

TO

HENRY BRETT, Esq;

THE Commons of England *have a Right of Petitioning; and ſince by your Place in the Senate you are oblig'd to hear and redreſs the Subject, I preſume upon the Privilege of the People, to give you the following Trouble.*

As Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, ſo Dedications uſher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we chuſe ſome ſtanch Actor to addreſs the Audience, *ſo we pitch upon ſome Gentleman of undiſputed Ingenuity to recommend us to the* Reader. *Books, like Metals, require to be ſtampt with ſome valuable Effigies before they become popular and current.*

To eſcape the Criticks, I reſolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the beſt; one who differs from the Fraternity in this, That his Good-nature is ever predominant; can diſcover an Author's ſmalleſt Faults, and pardon the greateſt.

Your generous Approbation, Sir, *has done this Play ſervice, but has injur'd the Author; for it has made him inſufferably vain, and he thinks himſelf authoriz'd to ſtand up for the Merit of his Performance, when ſo great a Maſter of Wit has declar'd in his Favour.*

The Muſes are the moſt Coquetiſh of their Sex, fond of being admir'd, and always putting on their beſt Airs to the fineſt Gentleman: But alas, Sir! *Their Addreſſes are ſtale, and their fine Things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Converſation.*

Cou'd I write by the help of Study, as you talk without it, I wou'd venture to ſay ſomething in the uſual Strain of Dedication; but as you have too much Wit to ſuffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will excuſe my Deficiency, and you will pardon the Preſumption of,

SIR,

Your moſt Oblig'd, and
Moſt humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

December 23,
1702.

THE PREFACE

THE Succeſs and Countenance that *Debauchery* has met with in Plays, was the moſt ſevere and reaſonable Charge againſt their Authors in Mr. *Collier*'s *Short View*; and indeed this Gentleman had done the *Drama* conſiderable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to puniſh its Miſdemeanors, and not to take away its Life; but there is an Advantage to be made ſometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only Way to diſappoint his Deſigns, is to improve upon his Invectives, and to make the Stage flouriſh, by the Virtue of that Satyr by which he thought to ſuppreſs it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to ſhew, that an *Engliſh* Comedy may anſwer the Strictneſs of Poetical Juſtice: but indeed the greater Share of the *Engliſh* Audience, (I mean that part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language) have imbib'd other Principles, and ſtand up as vigorouſly for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations for Grievances; and let a Project be never ſo well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to ſuffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to ſome Palates, as their *Sunday*'s Dinner would be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reaſon that the Galleries were ſo thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have ſooth'd the

the ſplenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and puniſhing their great Grievance —— A *Whoremaſter*; but a certain Virtuoſo of that Fraternity has told me ſince, that the Citizens were never more diſappointed in any Entertainment; for *(ſaid he)* however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town but with an Intention to be lewd.

There was an *Odium* caſt upon this Play, before it appear'd, by ſome Perſons who thought it their Intereſt to have it ſuppreſs'd. The Ladies were frighted from ſeeing it, by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they muſt expect no leſs than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aſperſion will be enough to wipe it off, ſince the Character of the Midwife is only ſo far touch'd as is neceſſary for carrying on the Plot, ſhe being principally decypher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies ſo far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the expoſing of a Bawd.

Some Criticks complain, that the Deſign is defective for want of *Cælia*'s Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they ſhould find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by ſhewing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reaſon I made her only Nominal, and chuſe to expoſe the Perſon that injur'd her: And if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Juſtice in the End, I'm very ſorry for't.

Some People are apt to ſay, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Perſon; tho' I muſt confeſs, I ſee nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Miſtreſs; which by the way he never did, for he was no ſooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his Mind, and the poor Lady is ſtill *in ſtatu Quo*. But upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Aſs; and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Clothes, not

hung

hung out for the Uſe of any particular People, but to be bought by only thoſe they happen to fit.

The moſt material Objection againſt this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which neceſſarily leads into Sentiments too great for Diverſion, and ſuppoſes Vices too great for Comedy to puniſh. 'Tis ſaid, I muſt own, that the Buſineſs of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly, and that the Puniſhment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle Sort of Wickedneſs, too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buskin*, is there any Reaſon that it ſhou'd go unpuniſh'd? What are more obnoxious to Humane Society, than the Villains expos'd in this Play, the Frauds, Plots and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Virtue of Women? but the Perſons are too mean for Heroick; then what muſt we do with them? Why, they muſt of neceſſity drop into Comedy: For it is unreaſonable to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themſelves up from executing that Juſtice which is the Foundation of their Conſtitution; or to ſay, that expoſing Vice is the Buſineſs of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to ſcreen it from Perſecution.

Some have ask'd the Queſtion, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, ſhou'd counterfeit Madneſs in his Confinement? Don't miſtake, there was no ſuch thing in his Head; and the Judicious cou'd eaſily perceive that it was only a Start of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy; and when Gaiety is ſtrain'd to cover Misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and riſe to a Semblance of Madneſs, ſufficient to impoſe on the Conſtable, and perhaps on ſome of the Audience; who taking every thing at Sight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to ſtand up for, as one of the moſt maſterly Strokes of the whole Piece.

This I think ſufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made; but there was no great Occaſion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of ſome of the greateſt Perſons in *England*, both for Quality

Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found; and I think their Approbation ſufficient to excuſe ſome Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I muſt own myſelf oblig'd to Mr. *Longueville* for ſome Lines in the Part of *Teague*, and ſomething of the Lawyer; but above all for his Hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot: But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I muſt do myſelf the Juſtice to believe, that few of our modern Writers have been leſs beholden to foreign Aſſiſtance in their Plays, than I have been in the following Scenes.

PRO-

PROLOGUE: By Mr. *Motteux*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

An ALARM ſounded.

WITH Drums and Trumpets in this Warring Age
A Martial Prologue ſhou'd Alarm the Stage.
New Plays —— e'er Acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns inveſted, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Fore-lorn-Hope ſent out
Before the Play, to Skirmiſh and to Scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Criticks, when they ſpy,
They cock, they charge, they fire, —— then back they fly.
The Siege is laid —— their gallant Chiefs abound,
Here — Foes intrench'd, there — glittering Troops around,
And the loud Bat'ries roar — from yonder riſing Ground.
In the firſt Act, briſk Sallies, (miſs or hit)
With Vollies of Small-Shot, or ſnip ſnap Wit,
Attack, and gall the Trenches of the Pit.
The next — the Fire continues, but at length
Grows leſs, and ſlackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound,
Your Critick Engineers ſafe under-ground,
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound.
The Fourth — brings on moſt Action, and 'tis ſharp,
Freſh Foes crowd on, at your Remiſſneſs carp.
And deſp'rate, tho' unſkill'd, inſult our counterſcarp.
Then comes the laſt; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Poet-Governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And wou'd give all he's plunder'd —— to get off.

So ——Don, *and* Monſieur —Bluff, *before the Siege,*
Were quickly tam'd — *at* Venlo, *and at* Leige:
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! *before;*
Now, Quartier: Monſieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor.
But what your Reſolution can withſtand?
You maſter all, and awe the Sea and Land.
In War —— *your Valour makes the Strong ſubmit;*
Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Aſſaults, and always be ſecure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous Terms who dare to write,
Since now — *that ſeems as deſp'rate as to fight,*
If we muſt yield —— *yet e'er the Day be fixt,*
Let us hold out the Third—and, if we may, the Sixth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Elder *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Young *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Richmore.	Mr. *Huſband*.
Trueman,	Mr. *Mills*.
Subtleman,	Mr. *Pinket*
Balderdaſh and *Alderman*.	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Clear-Account, a Steward,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Fair-bank, a Goldſmith,	Mr. *Minns*.
Teague.	Mr. *Bowen*.

WOMEN.

Conſtance	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Aurelia,	Mrs. *Hook*.
Midnight,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Steward's Wife,	Mrs. *Moor*.

Conſtable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE TWIN-RIVALS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain drawn up, diſcovers Young Wou'dbe *a dreſſing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.*

HERE is ſuch a Plague every Morning with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering ——— Pſhaw! ceaſe thy Impertinence, I'll dreſs no more to-day ——— Were I an honeſt Brute, that riſes from his Litter, ſhakes himſelf, and ſo is dreſt. I cou'd bear it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe!* 'Tis almoſt One.

Y. *W.* Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it ſo; —— Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry, go to Bed when he's ſleepy, riſe when he wakes, dreſs when he pleaſes, without the Conſinement of Hours to enſlave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I underſtand your Stoiciſm ——You have loſt your Money laſt Night.

Y. *W.* No, no, Fortune took care of me there—— I had gone to loſe.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. *W.* Yes, I have got the Spleen and ſomething elſe —— Heark'e ——

Rich. How! [*Whiſpers.*

Y. *W.* Poſitively. The Lady's kind Reception was the moſt ſevere Uſage I ever met with —— Sha'n't I break her Windows —— *Richmore?*

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, that breaking the Windows of ſuch Houſes are no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland* —— *Vin te koop.* 'Tis no more than a Buſh to the Tavern, a Decoy to the Trade, and to draw in Cuſtomers; but upon the whole Matter, I think a Gentleman ſhou'd put up an Affront got in ſuch little Company; for the Pleaſure, the Pain, and the Reſentment, are all alike ſcandalous.

Y. *W.* Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning with the *Flying-Poſt* in your Hand, hunting for Phyſical Advertiſements?

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the Days of dirty Linen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Steaks: But now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet's* and the *Park*. I deſpiſe all Women that I apprehend any Danger from, leſs than the having my Throat cut; and ſhould ſcruple to converſe even with a Lady of Fortune, unleſs her Virtue were loud enough to give me Pride in expoſing it ——Here's a Letter I receiv'd this Morning; you may read it. [*Gives a Letter.*

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* [*Reads.*]

IF there be Solemnity in Proteſtations, Juſtice in Heaven, or Fidelity on Earth, I may ſtill depend on the Faith of my Richmore —— *Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer can hide the Effects on't from the World—— Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the Diſconſolate*

Clelia.

The Fair, the Courted, Blooming *Clelia?*

Rich. The credulous, troubleſome, fooliſh *Clelia.* Did you ever read ſuch a fulſome Harangue —— Lard, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Aſſiſtance —— Does the ſilly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in thoſe Circumſtances, unleſs it were Doctor *Chamberlain*——You may keep the Letter.

Y. *W.* But why wou'd you truſt it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that reaſon I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and will ſpread the News all over the Town: For you muſt underſtand that I am now beſieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conqueſt upon the Wing, that the Town may ſurrender the ſooner.

Y. *W.* But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garriſon of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, the Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My beſt Pretence to my Succeſs with the Fair, is my uſing 'em ill; 'tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the moſt ſucceſsful Battery to aſſail one Reputation by ſacrificing another.

Y. *W.* I cou'd love thee for thy Miſchief, did I not envy thee for thy Succeſs in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. *W.* How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is ſuch a Burthen at my Back, that it preſſes me down here in the Dirt and Diſeaſes of *Covent-Gar-*

den, the low Suburbs of Pleaſure —— Curſt Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd o my Birth-right, a handſome Perſon; ſeven thouſanc a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have ſtraiten'd my Back to ſome Purpoſe ———— But I look, in my preſen Circumſtances, like a Branch of another kind, graft ed only upon the Stock, which makes me grow ſ crooked.

Rich. Come; come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Fathe is ſo as well as you.

Y. *W.* Then why ſhou'd not I be a Lord as well a he? Had I the ſame Title to the Deformity, I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Abſence o your Twin-Brother?

Y. *W.* My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his croudin me that ſpoil'd my Shape, and his coming half a Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune —— My Father expell'd me his Houſe ſome two Years ago becauſe I would have perſuaded him that my Twin Brother was a Baſtard —— He gave me my Portion which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have ſpent two thouſand of it already. As for my Brother he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why ſo pray?

Y. *W.* A very odd Reaſon —— Becauſe I hate him.

Rich. How ſhould he know that?

Y. *W.* Becauſe he thinks it reaſonable it ſhou'd be ſo.

Rich. But did your Actions ever expreſs any Malice to him?

Y. *W.* Yes: I would fain have kept him company but being aware of my Kindneſs, he went abroad. He has travell'd theſe five Years, and I am told, is a grave, ſober Fellow, and in danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and eſtate, the Nobility will ſoon kill him by drinking him up to his Dignity. —— But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-ſores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou

thou art ſtill laying 'em in my way: Let us aſſume an Argument of leſs Severity —— Can'ſt thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'em?

Y. *W.* Do with 'em! — There's a Queſtion indeed; —— Do you think I wou'd eat 'em.

Rich. Yes, o' my troth wou'd you, and drink 'em together. —— Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, whilſt you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guineas. —— But 'as the Caſe ſtands, I can aſſure you, I have lately paid off my Siſters Fortunes, and ——

Y. *W.* Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to take ſuch things.

Rich. Sir, your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to give ſuch things.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. *W.* 'Sdeath, Sir —— [*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, —— ſuppoſe I put an End to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. *W.* How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magiſtrate, and ſwear you wou'd have robb'd me of Two hundred Pounds —— Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance wou'd ſome time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. *W.* This Uſage is the height of Ingratitude from you, in whoſe Company I have ſpent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witneſs, that it was very ill ſpent — Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Eſtate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; mine was my Health, becauſe I cou'd pay for it; yours a Diſeaſe, becauſe you cou'd not.

Y. *W.* And is this all I muſt expect from our Friendſhip?

Rich. Friendſhip! Sir, there can be no ſuch thing without an Equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no ſuch thing when there is occaſion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir, —— our Friendſhip was over a Bottle only; and whilſt you can pay your Club of Friendſhip, I'm that way your humble Servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way —— your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice ſick of the ſame Love, and thrice cur'd by the ſame Phyſick, and now he drops me for a Trifle —— That an honeſt Fellow in his Cups, ſhou'd be ſuch a Rogue when he's ſober! —— The narrow-hearted Raſcal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear ſolitary Half-Crown, adieu! —— Here, *Jack*, [*Enter* Servant] take this, pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderaſh* bring it himſelf. [*Exit* Servant.] How melancholy are my poor Breeches; not one Chink! —— Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou haſt pick'd my Pocket. —— This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honeſt Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a ſtrutting Belly, and a jolly Mien. I have brought him above three Pound a Night for theſe two Years ſucceſſively. The Rogue has Money, I'm ſure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderaſh *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Oh, Mr. *Balderaſh*, good Morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your moſt humble Servant. —— I have brought you a Whetting-Glaſs, the beſt *Old Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your Drink in a Morning.

Y. W. I'll pledge you, Mr. *Balderaſh*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Y. W. Pray, Mr. *Balderaſh*, tell me one thing, but firſt ſit down. Now tell me plainly what you think of me.

Bald.

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honeſteſt, nobleſt Gentleman, that ever drank a Glaſs of Wine; and the beſt Cuſtomer that ever came into my Houſe.

Y. *W.* And you really think as you ſpeak.

Bald. May this Wine be my Poiſon, Sir, if I don't ſpeak from the bottom of my Heart. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* And how much Money do you think I have ſpent in your Houſe?

Bald. Why, truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the beſt Part of Five hundred Pounds within theſe two Years.

Y. *W.* Very well! And do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your Advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, pray command me to the utmoſt of my Ability.

Y. *W.* Well! thanks to my Stars, there is ſtill ſome honeſty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdaſh*, I embrace you and your Kindneſs: I am at preſent a little low in Caſh, and muſt beg you to lend me a hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. *Would be*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head ſeveral times to caution you upon your Expences. But you were ſo very genteel in my Houſe, and your Liberality became you ſo very well, that I was unwilling to ſay any thing that might check your Diſpoſition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. *W.* But ſince you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, conſider my Neceſſity.

Bald. Conſider your Neceſſity! I do with all my Heart, and muſt tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer acceſſary to it: I deſire you, Sir, to frequent my Houſe no more.

Y. *W.* How, Sir!

Bald. I ſay, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not ſuffer his Son

to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I ſhall order my Drawers not to ſerve you with a drop of Wine. —— Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Deſtruction?

Y. *W.* But methinks, Sir, that a Perſon of your nice Conſcience ſhould have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Buſineſs: Wou'd you have me be ſawcy to a Gentleman that was my beſt Cuſtomer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it ſtill, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you —— But truly, Sir, when a Man is ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Chriſtian to tell him of it.

Y. *W.* Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. *W.* Lend me the Hundred Pound, and I'll pay the Bill. ——

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will — not lend you the Hundred Pound, Sir. —— But pray conſider with yourſelf, now, Sir; wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to truſt a Perſon with Money that has always been ſo extravagant under my Eye? whoſe Profuſeneſs I have ſeen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Partridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you, have made my Houſe an ill Houſe: My very Chairs will bear you no longer. —— In ſhort, Sir, I deſire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. *W.* Thou ſophiſticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fatned your Carcaſs, and ſwell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus ſawcy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Diſtance. [*Kicks him.*

Ser. Welcome, Sir!

Y. *W.* Well ſaid, *Jack.* [*Kicks him again.*

Ser. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we ſhall have your Company another time. Welcome, Sir.

[*He's kick'd off.*

Y. *W.* Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a Welcome at the Door too. [*Exit* Servant.

This

This is the Puniſhment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to Sin, now upbraids me with the Crime. —— I have villainouſly murder'd my Fortune, and now its Ghoſt, in the lank Shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, here's ſad News.

Y. *W.* Then keep it to thyſelf, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too ſoon.

Y. *W.* What! is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better twenty ſuch as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. *W.* My Father! —— Good night, my Lord: has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. *W.* Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me ſee, —— My Father dead! and my elder Brother abroad! —— If Neceſſity be the Mother of Invention, ſhe was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauſes.*] Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Midnight*; and bid her come hither preſently. [*Exit* Servant.] That Woman was my Mother's Midwife when I was born, and has been my Bawd theſe ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Miſtreſs; and now her Aſſiſtance will be neceſſary to cheat him of his Eſtate; for ſhe's famous for underſtanding the right-ſide of a Woman, and the wrong-ſide of the Law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Midnight's *Houſe.*

Midnight *and* Maid.

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any Meſſage been left for me to-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that deſir'd you not to be out of the Way, for ſhe expected to cry out every Minute.

Mid. How! every Minute! —— Let me ſee —— [*Takes out her Pocket-book.*] *Silborn* —— Ay —— ſhe reckons with her Husband from the firſt of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the firſt of *March*. —— Ay, ſhe's always a Month before her time. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Go ſee who's at the Door. ——

Maid. Yes, Madam. [*Exit* Maid.

Mid. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the World ſo willing to oblige Mankind as myſelf; and really I have been ſo ever ſince the Age of Twelve, as I can remember.— I have deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and help'd as many to 'em as any Perſon in *England*; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite, I am not the ſame Woman I was forty Years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore!* you're a ſad Man, a barbarous Man, ſo you are —— What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore?* The poor Creature is ſo big with her Misfortunes, that they are not to be born. [*Weeps.*

Rich. You, Mrs. *Midnight*, are the fitteſt Perſon in the World to eaſe her of 'em.

Mid. And won't you marry her, Mr. *Richmore?*

Rich. My Conſcience won't allow it; for I have ſworn ſince to marry another.

Mid. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia?*

Rich. Why not, when ſhe has broke hers to me?

Mid. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, ſhe ſwore a hundred times never to grant me the Favour, and yet, you know, ſhe broke her Word.

Mid. But ſhe lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the reaſon ſhe forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that is the reaſon I forgot mine —— Why ſhou'd ſhe be angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very ſame thing from the very ſame Motive?

Mid.

Mid. Well, well I take my Word, you'll never thrive. —— I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the witneſs of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above-ſtairs ſhould fall down upon your Head? —— Yes, yes, I was acceſſary, I was ſo!. but if ever you involve my Honour in ſuch a Villainy the ſecond time. —— Ah poor *Clelia!* I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter——you ſeducing Man. ——

[*Weeps.*

Rich. Hey, ho! my *Aurelia.*

Mid. Hey, ho! ſhe's very pretty.

Rich. Doſt thou know her, my dear *Midnight?*

Mid. Hey, ho! ſhe's very pretty. —— Ah, you're a ſad Man. —— Poor *Clelia* was handſome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing, has broken her much. —'Tis a hard Caſe, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to ſee a thouſand Things, and long for a thouſand Things, and yet not dare to own that ſhe longs for one. —She had like to have miſcarried t'other Day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal. —— Ah, you barbarous Man!

Rich. But, my *Aurelia!* confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Mid. You wou'd fling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World—I have had her ſprawling in my Lap. Ah! ſhe was plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think ſhe has no great Portion to value herſelf upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market. We muſt firſt make that cheap, by crying it down, and then ſhe'll part with it at an eaſy rate.

Mid. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia?*

Rich. Provide! Why han't I taught her a Trade? Let her ſet up when ſhe will. I'll engage her Cuſtomers enough, becauſe I can anſwer for the Goodneſs of her Ware.

Mid.

Mid. Nay, but you ought to ſet her up with Credit, and take a Shop; that is, get her a Husband. Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handſome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has ſpent his Eſtate in the Study of the Law, and ſtarves by the Practice? No ſpruce Officer that wants a handſome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of theſe, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam—you have tir'd me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me ſo much trouble before Poſſeſſion, ſhall ever give me any after it? — No, no, had ſhe been more obliging to me when I was in her Power, I ſhou'd be more civil to her now ſhe's in mine: My Aſſiduity before-hand was an over-price; had ſhe made a Merit of the Matter, ſhe ſhou'd have yielded ſooner.

Mid. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you ſhall protect mine: How d'ye think I have ſecur'd my Reputation ſo long among the People of the beſt Figure, but by keeping all Mouths ſtopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me. — Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my Door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In ſhort, Sir, a Husband for *Cletia*, or I baniſh you my Preſence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a neceſſary Devil, and I can't want thee. [*Aſide.*

Mid. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Eſtate into the Hands of a Truſtee; and tho' you don't abſolutely command the Premiſſes, yet you may exact enough out of 'em for Neceſſaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam! — I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horſe: He mortgag'd the laſt Morſel of his Eſtate to me, to make up his Equipage for the laſt Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a briſk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Trueman*.

Mid.

Mid. Trueman! Adſmylife, he's one of my Babies; — I can tell you the very Minute he was born —— preciſely at Three o'Clock next St. *George*'s Day, *Trueman* will be two and twenty; a Stripling, the prettieſt good-natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He muſt be the Man; and ſhall be the Man; I have a Kindneſs for him.

Rich. But we muſt have a care; the Fellow wants neither Senſe nor Courage.

Mid. Phu, phu, never fear her Part, ſhe ſha'n't want Inſtructions; and then for her Lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my Buſineſs to reconcile Matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuſes that: Lard, Sir, I do theſe things every Day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* ſhall have a Husband.

Mid. Spoke like a Man of Honour. —— And now I'll ſerve you again. This *Aurelia*, you ſay ——

Rich. O ſhe diſtracts me! her Beauty, Family, and Virtue make her a noble Pleaſure.

Mid. And you have a Mind, for that reaſon, to get her a Husband.

Rich. Yes, faith: I have another young Relation at *Cambridge*, he's juſt going into Orders; and I think ſuch a fine Woman, with fifteen hundred Pound, is a better Preſentation than any Living in my Gift; and why ſhou'd he like the Cure the worſe, that an Incumbent was there before?

Mid. Thou art a pretty Fellow —— At the ſame Moment you wou'd perſuade me that you love a Woman to Madneſs, you are contriving how to part with her?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madneſs, I ſhou'd not run into theſe Contradictions —— Here, my dear Mother, *Aurelia*'s the Word —— [*Offering her Money.*

Mid. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refuſing the Money*] Did you ever know me mercenary? —— No, no, Sir; Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth-Powder you ſent me.

Mid.

Mid. O, that's another Matter, Sir; [*Takes the Money.*] I hope you like it, Sir?

Rich. Extremely, Madam. But it was ſomewhat dear of twenty Guineas. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe*'s Footman below with a Meſſage from his Maſter.

Mid. I come to him preſently: Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia*'s Couſin and Companion, Mrs. *Conſtance* with the great Fortune, and that I ſollicit for him?

Rich. Why, ſhe's engag'd to his elder Brother: Beſides, young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to proſecute an Affair of ſuch Conſequence ——— You can have no hopes of Succeſs there, I'm ſure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great Hopes; but an induſtrious Body, you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be idle: The Aunt is very near her time, and I have acceſs to the Family when I pleaſe.

Rich. Now I think on't; Prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him juſt now; it wou'd be proper to our Deſigns upon *Trueman*, that it ſhou'd not be expos'd.

Mid. And you ſhew'd *Clelia*'s Letter to *Wou'dbe*?

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous Man——Who the Devil wou'd oblige you ——— What Pleaſure can you take in expoſing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Meſſenger waits below; ſo I'll take my Leave. [*Exit.*

Mid. Ah, you're a ſad Man. [*Exit.*

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Aur. PRithee, Couſin *Conſtance*, be chearful; let the dead Lord ſleep in Peace, and look up to the Living; take Pen, Ink and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and you long to be a Baroneſs.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is ſome regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Reſpect I bear the Son; beſides, I don't know how I cou'd wiſh my young Lord were at home in this Juncture: This Brother of his ——— Some Miſchief will happen —— I had a very ugly Dream laſt Night ——— In ſhort, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little —— When did you ſee *Cleli[illegible]*?

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; don't you obſerve her Gaiety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't fit ſo eaſy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can aſſure you.

Con. Did you obſerve how ſhe devour'd the Pomegranates yeſterday?

Aur. She talks of viſiting a Relation in *Leiceſterſhire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur. *Richmore* ſhun'd her in the Walk laſt Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her ſleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia!* What will ſhe do, Couſin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am poſitive ſhe was no eaſy Conqueſt; ſome ſingular Villainy has been practiſ'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow wou'd be practiſing upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Couſin, he has a promiſing Perſon.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promiſing Perſon may as ſoon be broke as his promiſing Vows: Nature indeed has made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven like the Giants of old ——

Con. Then why will you admit his Viſits?

Aur. I never did —— But all the Servants are more his than your own; he has a Golden Key to every Door in the Houſe; beſides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has ſaid nothing yet to diſprove it. —— But, Couſin, do you ſee who comes yonder, ſliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I proteſt the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well finiſh'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, eaſy, and good-natur'd; I could wiſh he would know it.

Con. Are you ſure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Deſire to be eaſy and agreeable to whatever Converſation we fall into; and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Maſter.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Perſon.

Con.

Con. How, how, Couſin? You never told me that.

Aur. How ſhou'd I? He never told it me, but I have diſcover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than ten thouſand Vows and Promiſes.

Con. He's *Richmore*'s Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too——He's a pretty Fellow——But then he's a Soldier, and muſt ſhare his Time with his Miſtreſs, *Honour*, in *Flanders*.——No, No, I'm reſolv'd againſt a Man that diſappears all the Summer like a Woodcock.

[*As theſe Words are ſpoken,* Trueman *enters behind them, as paſſing over the Stage.*

True. That's for me, whoever ſpoke it. *Aurelia!* (*ſurpriz'd*)

[*The Ladies turn about.*

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy!

True. I have reaſon, Ladies, to be moſt apprehenſive where there is moſt Danger: The Enemy is ſatisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of loſing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no body here deſigns to attack it.

True. But ſuppoſe it be aſſaulted, and taken already, Madam?

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ranſom.

True. But ſuppoſe, Madam, the Priſoner chuſe to ſtay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deſerter, [illegible] you know, Captain, what ſuch deſerve.

True. The Puniſhment it undergoes this Moment——Shot to Death——

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in——Pray, Sir, have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themſelves. (*To* Conſtance.) Do you conſider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park? [*To* Aurel.

Aur.

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Buſineſs of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Couſin have her Share; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more reſpectful; not ſo much upon the Declaration, I beſeech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Paſſion; I have had hard Strugglings with my Fear before I durſt engage, and now perhaps behave but too deſperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very ſorry you have ſaid ſo much; for I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination.——— Come Couſin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming Creature!——— *I muſt puniſh you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination* ——Hope and Deſpair in a Breath. But I'll think the beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Young* Wou'dbe's *Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Midnight *meeting.*

Y. *W.* Thou Life and Soul of ſecret Dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear Child, bleſs thee———Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I proteſt——— But adſo, my Child, I forgot; I'm ſorry for the Loſs of your Father, ſo [illegible] at my Heart, poor Man, [*Weeps.*] Mr. *Wou'dbe* [illegible]ve you got a Drop of Brandy in your Cloſet? I [illegible]very well to-day.

Y. *W.* That you ſhan't want: but be pleas'd to ſit, my dear Mother——Here, *Jack*, the Brandy-Bottle ——Now, Madam—I have occaſion to uſe you in dreſſing up a handſome Cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any Chamber-Maid in *England* to do it better——I have dreſs'd up a hundred and [illegible] Cheats in my time. [*Enter* Jack *with the Brandy-Bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glaſs is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Right, Madam ——And my Buſineſs being very urgent ——— In three Words, 'tis this ——

Mid. Hold, Sir, till I take Advice of my Council. *(Drinks.)* There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive waſting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy; I a'n't for your hot Spirits, your *Roſa Solis*, your *Ratifia's*, your Orange-Waters, and the like ———A moderate Glaſs of cool *Nants* is the beſt thing ——

Y. *W.* But to our Buſineſs, Madam ——My Father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his Eſtate.

Mid. You put the Caſe very well.

Y. *W.* One of two things I muſt chuſe—Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Mid. Be a Lord to chuſe ——Tho' I have known ſome that have choſen both.

Y. *W.* I have a Brother that I love very well; but ſince one of us muſt want, I had rather he ſhou'd ſtarve than I.

Mid. Upon my Conſcience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y. *W.* Now your Advice upon theſe Heads.

Mid. They be Matters of Weight, and I muſt conſider, *(Drinks)* Is there a Will in the Caſe?

Y. *W.* There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Eſtate.

Mid. That's bad ——Where's your Brother?

Y. *W.* He's now in *Germany*, in his way to *England*, and is expected very ſoon.

Mid. How ſoon?

Y. *W.* In a Month, or leſs.

Mid. O ho! A Month is a great while: our Buſineſs muſt be done in an Hour or two ——We muſt ſuppoſe your Brother to be dead; nay, he ſhall be actually dead ——and my Lord, my humble Service t'ye ——

(Drinks.

Y. *W.* O Madam, I'm your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted ——Make your Words good, and I'll——

Mid. Say no more, Sir; you ſhall have it, you ſhall have it.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Ay, but how, dear Mrs. *Midnight?*

Mid. Mrs. *Midnight!* Is that all? —— Why, not Mother, Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y. *W.* Let me hear it.

Mid. By the Strength of this potent Inſpiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with ſeven thouſand Pound a Year. —— My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

(*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* The Woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter preſently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel: Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by. What ſort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y. *W.* Why, a timorous half-honeſt Man, that a little Perſuaſion will make a whole Knave — He wants Courage to be throughly Juſt, or entirely a Villain — but good backing will make him either.

Mid. And he ſha'n't want that! I tell you the Letter muſt come into his Hands when you are by; upon this you muſt take immediate Poſſeſſion, and ſo you have the beſt part of the Law of your ſide.

Y. *W.* But ſuppoſe my Brother comes in the mean time?

Mid. This muſt be done this very Moment: Let him come when you're in Poſſeſſion, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out ——

Y. *W.* But how, my dear Contriver?

Mid. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will —— That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him —— I'll ſend you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that ſhall do the Buſineſs; go, get into Poſſeſſion, Poſſeſſion, I ſay; let us have but the Eſtate to back the Suit, and you'l find the Law too ſtrong for Juſtice, I warrant you.

Y. *W.* My Oracle! How ſhall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accompliſh'd —— But one thing

thing yet remains, my Brother's Miſtreſs, the charming *Conſtance* —— Let her be mine. ——

Mid. Pho, pho, ſhe's your's o'courſe; ſhe's contracted to you; for ſhe's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Son and Heir; now you being the Perſon, ſhe's recoverable by Law.

Y. *W.* Marry her! No, no, ſhe's contracted to him, 'twere Injuſtice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an eaſier Favour will ſatisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you ſay, that Favour is ſo eaſy, that I wonder they make ſuch a Buſtle about it —— But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I muſt about mine ——— Oh —— I had forgot ——— Where's that fooliſh Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore?*

Y. *W.* I have poſted it up in the *Chocolate-Houſe.*

Mid. Yaw, (*Shrieks*) I ſhall fall into Fits; hold me ——

Y. *W.* No, no, I did but jeſt; here it is ——— But be aſſur'd, Madam, I wanted only time to have expos'd it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous Man, why ſo?

Y. *W.* Becauſe when Knaves of our Sex and Fools of yours meet, they make the beſt Jeſt in the World.

Mid. Sir, the World has better ſhare in the Jeſt when we are the Knaves, and you the Fools ——— But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick —— I'll diſcover all your Tricks; therefore Silence and Safety on both Sides.

Y. *W.* Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at preſent, becauſe my own Affairs will employ me ſufficiently; ſo there's your Letter. [*Gives the Letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit*

Mid. Adieu, my Lord —— Let me ſee? [*Opens the Letter and reads*] *If there be Solemnity in Proteſtations* ——— That's fooliſh, very fooliſh ——— Why ſhou'd ſhe expect Solemnity in Proteſtations? Um um, um, *I may ſtill depend on the Faith of my* Richmore —— Ah, poor *Clelia!* ——— Um, um, um, *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World.* ———

Th

The Effects on't! How modeſtly is that expreſt? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.——

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and* Exit.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, Husband, in being ſo ſcrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This fooliſh Conſcience of mine has been the greateſt Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be ſo. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll ſhew you a hundred that ſtarve by it——Do you think 'tis fourſcore Pound a Year makes my Lord *Gouty*'s Steward's Wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as ſhe, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conſcience, I warrant, that buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Necklace?——Was it Conſcience that bought her the fine Houſe in *Jermain-ſtreet?* Is it Conſcience that enables the Steward to buy, when the Lord is forced to ſell?

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now's your time; that ſmall Morſel of an Eſtate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly*'s Portion——What's two hundred a year? 'twill never be miſs'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a ſmall Matter, I muſt confeſs; and as a Reward for my paſt faithful Service, I think it but reaſonable I ſhould cheat a little now.

Wife. Reaſonable! All the Reaſon that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honeſt Man, why let an honeſt Man reward himſelf——There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aſide——you may eaſily ſink it in the Charge of the Funeral——Do my Dear now, kiſs me, and do it.

Stew.

Stew. Well, you have ſuch a winning way with you! But, my Dear, I'm ſo much afraid of my young Lord's coming home; he's a cunning cloſe Man, they ſay, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleas'd ——— I ſee him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and ſeem to mourn.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have all loſt a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y. *W.* Ay, Mr. *Steward,* we muſt ſubmit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no ſmall Addition to my Grief, honeſt Mr. *Clearaccount,* that it is not in my Power to ſupply my Father's Place to you and yours ——— Your Sincerity and Juſtice to the Dead merits the greateſt Regard from thoſe that ſurvive him ——— Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations, ——— I'll aſſure you, Mrs. *Clearaccount,* you ſhould not have ſuch cauſe to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear is a very ſevere Man.

Y. *W.* He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. *Steward;* I have often heard him very ſevere upon Men of your Buſineſs, and has declar'd, That for Form's ſake indeed he would keep a Steward, but that he would inſpect into all his Accounts himſelf.

Wife. Aye, Mr. *Wou'dbe,* you have more Senſe than to do theſe Things; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs ——— Wou'd to Heavens we were to ſerve you.

Y. *W.* Wou'd I cou'd ſerve you, Madam, — without Injuſtice to my Brother

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord *Wou'dbe.*

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his Perusal; let me see it. (*Opens, and reads.*

Frankfort, Octob. 10. *New Style.*

Frankfort! Where's *Frankfort,* Sir!

Y. *W.* In *Germany:* This Letter must be from my Brother! I suppose he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see. (*Reads.*

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was Yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German *Count* ——

I shall love a *German* Count as long as I live. —— My Lord, My Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder Brother's — dead.

Y. *W.* and *Wife.* How!

Stew. Read there. (*Gives the Letter,* Wou'dbe *peruses it.*

Y. *W.* Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much —— Where is the fatal Messenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir, who said he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualify my Lord for Company, so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. *W.* Nay, then 'tis true; and there is truth in Dreams: Last Night I dreamt ——

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I saw your Brother dress'd in a long Minister's Gown, (Lord bless us!) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. *W.* Well, Mr. *Clearaccount,* get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made?

Y. *W.* A new one —— The old Coach, with the Grey Horſes, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here; 'tis not fit ſhe ſhould walk the Streets.

Wife. Heav'ns bleſs the *German* Count, I ſay —— But, my Lord ——

Y. *W.* No Reply, Madam, you ſhall have it. —— And receive it but as the Earneſt of my Favours —— Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servants Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Loſſes — Pray, Sir, take order about theſe Affairs.

Stew. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt* Stew. *and* Wife.

Y. *W.* So! I have got Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, and if I had but a little Law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my Attorney. —— Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant. ——

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy; my Aunt *Midnight* has ſent me to receive your Commands.

Y. *W.* Has ſhe told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Why then —— come nearer. —— Can you make a Man right Heir to an Eſtate during the Life of an Elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldeſt.

Y. *W.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you muſt know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to diſpute the Seniority with me — For look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily ſow'd Diſcord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins: My Brother, 'tis true, was Firſt-born; but I believe from the bottom of my Heart, I was the firſt begotten.

Sub. I underſtand —— you are come to an Eſtate and Dignity, that by Juſtice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. *W.* I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Juſtice, and mine by Law; for I wou'd have the ſtrongeſt Title, if poſſible.

Sub. I am very ſorry there ſhould happen any Breach between Brethren: — So I think it wou'd be but a Chriſtian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Diſputes, by making you true Heir to the Eſtate by the Laſt Will of your Father. — Look'e I'll divide Stakes; —— you ſhall yield the Elderſhip and Honour to him, and he ſhall quit his Eſtate to you.

Y. *W.* Why, as you ſay, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldeſt, half an Hour is but a Trifle: But how ſhall we do about his Will? Who ſhall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble yourſelf for that: I expect a Cargoe of Witneſſes and Uſquebaugh by the firſt fair Wind.

Y. *W.* But we can't ſtay for them; it muſt be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find ſome body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his laſt Words.

Y. *W.* That's impoſſible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not ſpeak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir: He's not the firſt dead Man that I have made to ſpeak.

Y. *W.* You're a great Maſter of Speech, I don't queſtion, Sir; and I can aſſure you there will be ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my Favour.

Sub. O, Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather ſpeak.

Y. *W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward; he ſhall give you the Names of the Manors, and the true Titles and Denominations of the Eſtate, and then you ſhall go to Work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Park.*

Richmore *and* Trueman *meeting.*

Rich. O brave Cuz! you're very happy with the Fair, I find. Pray, which of theſe two Ladies you encounter'd juſt now has your Adoration?

True.

True. She that commands by forbidding it: And ſince I had Courage to declare to herſelf, I dare now own it to the World: *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! [*A long Pauſe.*] Sir, I find you're of every Body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at firſt: Do you think your Captain's Pay will ſtake againſt ſo high a Gameſter?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bleſs me, Sir, mean! ——You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know. ——But I'll tell you a Secret. ——The thing is publick already.

True. I ſhou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I ſhou'd deſpiſe the Paſſion that cou'd make me either aſham'd, or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Prithee, dear Captain, no more of theſe Rhodomontado's; you may as ſoon put a Standing-Army upon us. —— I'll tell you another Secret ——Five hundred Pound is the leaſt Penny.

True. Nay, to my Knowledge, ſhe has fifteen hundred.

Rich. Nay, to my Knowledge, ſhe took five.

True. Took five! How! Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; where ſhou'd it be?

True. I'm amaz'd!

Rich. So am I, that ſhe cou'd be ſo unreaſonable—Fifteen hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had ſhe that Price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipſy for her Cunning ——A young, eaſy, amorous, credulous Fellow of two and twenty, was juſt the Game ſhe wanted; I find ſhe preſently ſingled you out from the Herd.

True. You diſtract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that muſt follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True. Death and Furies! I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was ſpotleſs when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Mareſchal *Bouffers*; but d'ye think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home? —— No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrenders, and all that. —— We have cut ourſelves out good Winter Quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billetted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very truſty to a Secret, that has ſav'd you from Deſtruction? —— In plain terms, I have buried Five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I ſhou'd think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Leaſe for Life, I can aſſure you: But I ſhall ——

Rich. What! you ha'n't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, ſince you can make no Sport, ſpoil none. In a Year or two ſhe dwindles to a perfect Baſſet-Bank; every body may play at it that pleaſes, and then you may put in for a Piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I cou'd worſhip you for this.

Rich. Not for this Nephew; for I did not intend it, but I came to ſeek you upon another Affair. —— Were not you at Court laſt Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to *Clelia*, my Lady *Taper*'s Niece?

True. A fine Woman!

Rich. Well; I met her upon the Stairs; and handing her to her Coach, ſhe asked me, if you were not my Nephew? And ſaid two or three warm things, that perſuade me ſhe likes you: Her Relations have Intereſt at Court, and ſhe has Money in her Pocket.

True. But —— this Devil *Aurelia* ſtill ſticks with me.

Rich.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one Place with Succeſs, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four thouſand Pound; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love, or Advancement, will go a great way: And for her Virtue, and Conduct, be aſſur'd that no body can give a better Account of it than myſelf.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you conſult my Honour and Intereſt in what you propoſe; and therefore I am ſatisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I ſee the very Lady in the Walk. —We'll about it.

True. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, *and* Steward.

Y. W. Well, Mr. *Subtleman,* you are ſure the Will is firm and good in Law.

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the laſt Words to prove it, here they are. ——Look'e Mr. *Clearaccount* ——Yes ——that is an Anſwer to the Queſtion that was put to him, (you know) by thoſe about him when he was a dying ——Yes, or No, he muſt have ſaid; ſo we have choſen Yes —— *Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Cuſtody of Mr.* Clearaccount *my Steward; and I deſire it may ſtand as my Laſt Will and Teſtament.* —— Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the Purpoſe? An Apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the laſt.

Stew. Ay, but how ſhall theſe Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord ſhall ſpeak 'em now.

Y. W. Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now——if the Corps ben't bury'd —— Look'e, Sir, theſe Words muſt be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all: And if they won't be his laſt Words then ——I'll be perjur'd.

Y. *W.* What! violate the Dead! it muſt not be, Mr. *Subtleman.*

Sub. With all my Heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or ſo, than violate the Living of ſeven Thouſand Pound a Year.

Y. *W.* But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir: Why, d'ye think Mr. *Clearaccount* here will hazard Soul and Body to ſwear they are his laſt Words, unleſs they be made his laſt Words? For my part, Sir, I'll ſwear to nothing but what I ſee with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. *W.* But it looks ſo unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a bit of Paper! —— this is all.

Y. *W.* But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got aſunder.

Sub. But what Occaſion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what, — I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand ſet to his Laſt Will, (unleſs ſome body made him ſign another afterwards) and I know the Eſtate to be held by that Tenure to this Day: And a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds faſteſt; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will faſten as hard.

Y. *W.* Well, well, uſe your Pleaſure, you underſtand the Law beſt. ——— [*Exit* Subtleman *and* Steward. What a mighty Confuſion is brought in Families by ſudden Death? Men ſhould do well to ſettle their Affairs in time —— Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he ſav'd us? But he was taken ſuddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father ſtill bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much Struggling he conſented; I never knew a Man ſo loth to ſpeak in my Life.

Y. *W.* He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may ſafely bear Witneſs myſelf, as the Scrivener there preſent: —— I love to do things with a clear Conſcience. [*Subſcribes.*

Y. *W.*

Y. W. But the Law requires three Witneſſes.

Sub. O! I ſhall pick a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't: —— But is not Mr. *Clear-account* in your Intereſt?

Y. W. I hope ſo.

Sub. Then he ſhall be one; a Witneſs in the Family goes a great way! Beſides, theſe foreign Evidences are riſen confoundedly ſince the Wars. I hope, if mine eſcape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of 'em ——But the Steward is an honeſt Man, and ſhall ſave you the Charges. [*Exit.*

Y. W. Solus.] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are ſtrong Temptations to Injuſtice. ——But why Injuſtice? —— The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldeſt State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning firſt created Right. I cannot ſay I ever knew a Father: —'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was poſthumous born, and liv'd not till he died—My Hours indeed I numbred, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, 'till this Moment. —— My Brother! what is Brother? We are all ſo; and the firſt two were Enemies.—He ſtands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleaſures. —— My Senſes, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd. —— My Sight, my Hearing, Taſte and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they ſhall be ſatisfy'd. [*Exit.*

The End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe *dreſſing, and ſeveral Gentlemen whiſpering him by turns.*

SUrely the greateſt Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee; ſuch a Croud

of Attendants for the cheap Reward of Words and Promiſes, diſtinguiſhes the Nobility from thoſe that pay Wages to their Servants.

[*A Gentleman whiſpers.*]

Sir, I ſhall ſpeak to the Commiſſioners, and uſe all my Intereſt, I can aſſure you, Sir.

[*Another whiſpers.*]

Sir, I ſhall meet ſome of your Board this Evening; let me ſee you to-morrow.

[*A Third whiſpers.*]

Sir, I'll conſider of it. —— That Fellow's Breath ſtinks of Tobacco. [*Aſide*] O, Mr. *Comick*, your Servant.

Com. My, Lord, I wiſh you Joy; I have ſomething to ſhew your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the living one; *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. *Comick*. —— But pray, Mr. *Comick*, why don't you write Plays? it would give one an Opportunity of ſerving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. *W.* Was it ever acted?

Com. No, my Lord; but it has been a rehearſing theſe three Years and a half.

Y. *W.* A long time. There muſt be a great deal of Buſineſs in it ſurely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all. —— I have another Play juſt finiſh'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. *W.* A Plot! you ſhou'd read the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Plays, Mr. *Comick* —— I like your Verſes here mightily. —— Here, Mr. *Clearaccount*.

Com. Now for five Guineas at leaſt. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* Here, give Mr. *Comick*, give him —— give him the *Spaniſh* Play that lies in the Cloſet Window. —— Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, uſe your Intereſt with the General for that vacant Commiſſion: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already loſt, may intitle me to ſpill the Remainder in my Country's Cauſe.

Y. *W.* All the reaſon in the World ——— Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordſhip won't forget to ſpeak to the General about that vacant Commiſſion: altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet my Lord, my Intereſt in the Country can raiſe me Men, which, I think, ſhou'd prefer me to that Gentleman, whoſe ſullen Diſpoſition frightens the poor People from liſting.

Y. *W.* All the reaſon in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my Power. —— Captain, I'll do your Buſineſs for you —— Sir, I'll ſpeak to the General, I ſhall ſee him at the Houſe —— [*To the Gentlemen.*

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. *Alderman*, —— your Servant —— Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt* Levee. Mr. *Alderman*, have you any Service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordſhip's humble Servant. —— I have a Favour to beg: You muſt know, I have a graceleſs Son, a Fellow that drinks and ſwears eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town; in ſhort, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier —— I'm ſo tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y. *W.* I commend your paternal Care, Sir! —— can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: There is a vacant Company in Colonel What d'yecalum's Regiment, and if your Lordſhip wou'd but ſpeak to the General ——

Y. *W.* Has your Son ever ſerv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Enſign in the Train-Bands now.

Y. *W.* Has he ever ſignaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particular, you muſt know, his Captain was ſo buſy ſhipping off a Cargo of Cheeſe, that he left my Son

to command in his Place —— Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up *Cheapſide* in the Front of the Buff Coats, with ſuch Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wiſhing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thouſand ſuch Officers upon the *Rhine* ——Ah! my Lord, we muſt employ ſuch Fellows as he, or we ſhall never humble the *French* King —— Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a convenient Time to hint theſe things to the General——

Y. W. All the reaſon in the World, Mr. *Alderman*, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardſhip. —— He ſleeps every other Night in the *Round-houſe.*

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. Then, my Lord, he ſalutes with his Pike ſo very handſomely, it went to his Miſtreſs's Heart t'other Day ——and he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can ——

[*Not taking the leaſt Notice of the* Alderman *all this while, but dreſſing himſelf in the Glaſs.*

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordſhip's Affairs may put my Buſineſs out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll preſume to leave you ſome *Memorandum.*

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can——

[*Not minding him.*

Ald. Pray, my Lord, [*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*] give me leave for a *Memorandum*; my Glove, I ſuppoſe, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me. —— [*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*

Y. W. I'll do you all the Service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the moſt rude familiar Fellow——Faugh, what a greaſy Gauntlet is here —— [*A Purſe drops out of the Glove.*] Oh! No, the Glove is a clean well-made Glove, and the Owner of it the moſt reſpectful Perſon I have ſeen this Morning, he knows what Diſtance [*Chinking the Purſe*] is due to a Man of Quality,—but what muſt I do for this? *Friſure* [*To*

his Valet,] do you remember what the Alderman ſaid to me?

Friſ. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordſhip had.

Y. W. This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People *ſay* — when they *do* ſomething, 'tis another caſe. Here, call him back. [*Exit* Friſure.] he talk'd ſomething of the General, and his Son, and Train-bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Ald. *and* Friſure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *Memorandum* in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. W. But, Mr. Alderman, the Buſineſs you were talking of, it ſhall be done; but if you gave a ſhort Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiſs — but, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well, [*Putting on the Glove.*] it looks ſo like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove — and I wou'd have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a *Memorandum* to the Colonel, but ſince your Lordſhip has a Mind to't — [*Gives the Glove.*

Y. W. Here, *Friſure*, lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Buſineſs.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can now.

Y. W. Well, I *won't* do you all the Service I can — theſe Citizens have a ſtrange Capacity of ſoliciting ſometimes. [*Exit* Ald.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookſeller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they deſire their Money.

Y. W. Tell 'em, Mr. *Clearaccount*, that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing elſe to do but to run

run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm ſo very buſy I can't pay it —— as for that clamourous Rogue of a Taylor, ſpeak him fair, till he has made up my Liveries —— then about a Year and a Half hence I ſhall be at leiſure to put him off for a Year and a Half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himſelf Mr. *Baſſet*, he ſays that your Lordſhip owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. W. Look'e, Sir —— the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and muſt be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwiſe, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradeſmen ſatisfy'd, whoſe only Subſiſtence lay in the Uſe of their Money, and was uſed to ſay, That nothing was honourable but what was honeſt.

Y. W. My Father might ſay what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of very ſingular Humours ——— but in my Notion, there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honeſty ——— now your Honeſty is a little Mechanick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law —— but your Honour flies a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and ſpontaneous, but ſcorns to level itſelf to what is only juſt.

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have theſe poor People ſtarve for want of their Money, and yet pay this ſharping Raſcal fifty Guineas.

Y. W. Sharping Raſcal! What a Barbariſm that is? Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White*'s; and between you and I, Sir, this ſharping Raſcal, as you are pleaſed to call him, ſhall make more Intereſt among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier ſhall with his Sword and Piſtol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately. [*Exeu.*

SCENE *the Street*; *Elder* Wou'dbe *writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding-Habit.*

E. *W.* Monday *the* 14*th of* December, 1702. *I arriv'd ſafe in* London, *and ſo concluding my Travels* —— [*Putting up his Book.*

Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends :)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Conſtant*.
Through all the Mazes of my wand'ring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadſtone of my Courſe,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart entire poſſeſs'd,
Who knows what *Circe*'s artful Voice and Look
Might have enſnar'd my travelling Youth,
And fixt me to Enchantment?

Enter Teague *with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down and ſits on it.*

Here comes my Fellow Traveller. What makes you ſit upon the Port-Manteau, *Teague!* you'll rumple the Things.

Te. Be me Shoule, Maiſhter, I did carry the Port-Mantel til it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel ſhall carry me till I tire him.

E. *W.* And how d'ye like *London*, *Teague*, after our Travels?

Te. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the braveſt Plaaſe I have ſheen in my Peregrinations, exſhepting my own brave Shitty of *Carick Vergus* —— Uf, uf, dere iſh a very fragrant Shmell hereabouts —— Maiſhter, ſhall I run to the Paiſhtery-Cooks for ſhix Pennyworths of boil'd Beef?

E. *W.* Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over, he would never loſe his Brogue nor his Stomach. —— Why, you Cormorant! ſo hungry and ſo early?

Te. Early! Deel taake me Maiſhter, 'tiſh a great deal more than almoſt paſht Twelve a-Clock.

E. *W.* Thou art never happy unleſs thy Guts be ſtuft up to thy Eyes.

Te. Oh Maiſhter, dere iſh a dam way of Diſtance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter Young Wou'dbe *in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and paſſes over the Stage.*

E. *W.* Hey day —— who comes here? With one, two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow juſt taſting the ſweet Vanity of Fortune. —— Run, *Teague,* inquire who that is.

Te. Yes, Maiſhter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervice to your Maiſhter, and tell him to ſend me Word fat Naam iſh upon him?

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam iſh upon him?

Te. Yeſh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Te. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere iſh my Maiſhter.

Foot. Then your Maſter would know it?

Te. Arah, you Fool, iſh it not the ſaam ting?

Foot. Then tell your Maſter 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe,* juſt come to his Eſtate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother. [Exit *Footman.*

E. *W.* What do I hear?

Te. You hear that you are dead, Maiſhter; fere vil you pleaſe to be buried?

E. *W.* But art thou ſure it was my Brother?

Te. Be me Shoul it was him nown ſelf; I know'd him very well, after his Man told me.

E. *W.* The Buſineſs requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him, and know the Bottom on't——Stay here till I return.

Te. Dear Maiſhter, have a care upon your Life: Now they know you are dead, by my ſhoul they may kill you.

E. *W.* Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his Sight. It concerns me to conceal myſelf, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance. —— Be ſure you ſtay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to. [*Exit*

Te. Oh, ho, hon, poor *Teague* is left alone.

[*Sits on the Port-Manteau.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Steward.

Sub. And you won't ſwear to the Will?

Stew. My Conſcience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what ſhou'd we fear? We now think nothing againſt Conſcience, 'till the Cauſe be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin, becauſe 'tis the Principle of your Profeſſion: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed. —— You can't want Witneſſes enough, ſince Money won't be wanting —— and you muſt loſe no Time; for I heard juſt now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was ſeen in Town, or his Ghoſt.

Sub. It was his Ghoſt, to be ſure; for a Nobleman without an Eſtate is but the Shadow of a Lord —— Well; take no care: Leave me to my ſelf; I'm near the *Friers*, and ten to one ſhall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. [*Exit*

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like one for my Purpoſe — How now, honeſt Friend, what have you got under you there?

Te. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Te. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Te. Fait am I! My Grandfather was an *Iriſh* Poet He did write a great Book of Verſes concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Te. Be me Shoul, my ſole Generation iſh ſo —— I have noting but thiſh Port-Manteau, and dat ſhelf iſh not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Te. To my Maiſhter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Maſter?

Te. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right! —— And how do you intend to live?

Te. By eating, dear Joy, ſen I can get it, and by ſleeping ſen I can get none —— 'Tiſh the Faſhion of *Ireland*.

Sub. What was your Maſter's Name, pray?

Te. [*Aſide.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it ſhall be a true one. —— *Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over vith King *Jamiſh* into *France* —— He was my Maiſhter once. —— Deere iſh de true Lee, noo. [*Aſide.*

Sub. What Employment had he?

Te. Je ne ſçay pas.

Sub. What, can you ſpeak *French*?

Te. Ouy Monſieur, —— I did travel *France* and *Spain*, and *Italy* —— Dear Joy, I did kiſh the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuſe me all the Sins of my Life; and ſen I am dead, St. *Patrick* will excuſe the reſt.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my Purpoſe. [*Aſide.*] Thou look'ſt like an honeſt Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner and a Glaſs of Wine.

Te. Be me Shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you.

[*Runs out before* Subtleman *with the Port-Manteau on his Back.* *Exit* Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. *W.* My Father dead! my Birth-right loſt! How have my drowſy Stars ſlept over my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about*] my Servant gone! The ſimple, poor, ungrateful Wretch has left me —— I took him up

from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me juſt as I found him. ——My Cloaths and Money too? ——But why ſhould I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has paſt, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has ſecur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickneſs, is ſtill the ſame; ſtill kind whilſt I am juſt. ——My Death I find, is firmly believ'd; but how it gain'd ſo general Credit, I fain wou'd learn ——Who comes here? ——honeſt Mr. *Fairbank!* My Father's Goldſmith, a Man of Subſtance and Integrity. The Alteration of five Years Abſence, with the Report of my Death, may ſhade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire ſome News. (*Enter* Fairbank.) Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. (*Shunning him.*

E. *W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but ſeeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Houſe, I would aſk you a Queſtion or two——Pray what Diſtemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E. *W.* And pray, Sir, what does the World ſay? Is his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Queſtion ſhou'd reſolve: Friend, ——Thou knew'ſt him not; elſe thy own Heart had anſwer'd thee.

E. *W.* His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. (*Aſide.*) But I hope, Sir, his Loſs is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Succeſſor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldeſt Son, Heir to his Virtue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in *Germany*.

E. *W.* How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us.——I do remember him ——He was the mildeſt, humbleſt, ſweeteſt Youth.

E. *W.* Happy indeed had been my Part in Life, if I had left this Humane Stage, whilſt his ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fair Applauſe, had crown'd my going off. (*Aſide.*) Well, Sir.

Fair. But thoſe that ſaw him in his Travels, told ſuch Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft wou'd break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with Strength of greeneſt Youth, cry, *My* Hermes *is myſelf; Methinks I live my ſprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. *W.* Spite of all Modeſty, a Man muſt own a Pleaſure in the hearing of his Praiſe. (*Aſide.*

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir——Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. *W.* None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loſs——But pray, Sir, what Character does he preſent Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a ſtrong Incloſure of the Law. There's a thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. *W.* I commend your Caution, Sir; but be aſſur'd I intend not to entrap you——I am a poor Gentleman, and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'dbe*, I had a mind to apply to his Son, and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, things are chang'd: That Houſe was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to ſeek, and have its Pains rewarded——The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Eſtate, his Honour, and his Houſe, as if they were only lent upon the Intereſt of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but ſerve the Poor. No Creditor was ſeen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of ſmiling Gratitude.——But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds:——Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noiſy Creditors without, a Train of Servants inſolently

proud ——— Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in juſt now, the rude Porter puſh'd me back with his Staff ——— I am at this preſent (thanks to Providence and my Induſtry) worth twenty thouſand Pound ——— I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, this impudent *Swiſs* Slave, offer'd to ſtrike me.

E. *W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard: ——— And if they us'd a Man of your Subſtance ſo roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen. ——— If you can drink and ſwear, perhaps ———

E. *W.* I ſhall not pay that Price for his Lordſhip's Bounty, wou'd it extend to half he's worth. ——— Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and ſhall ſteer another Courſe.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honeſt, modeſt Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you ſhall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day, till you are better provided.

E. *W.* Good Man. [*Aſide.*] Sir, I muſt beg you to excuſe me to-day: But I ſhall find a time to accept of your Favours, or at leaſt to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you ſhall be very welcome whenever you pleaſe. [*Exit.*

E. *W.* Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Juſtice were an Herald, ſhe would give this Tradeſman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother. ——— But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to diſplace this bold Uſurper: ——— But one Concern, methinks, is nearer ſtill, my *Conſtance!* Should ſhe upon the Rumour of my Death have fix'd her Heart elſewhere, ——— then I were dead indeed; but if ſhe ſtill prove true, ——— Brother, ſit faſt:

I'll ſhake your Strength, all Obſtacles remove,
Suſtain'd by Juſtice, and inſpir'd by Love. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE, *an Apartment.* Conſtance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heav'n's ſake, Couſin, ceaſe your impertinent Conſolation: It but makes me angry, and raiſes two Paſſions in me inſtead of one. You ſee I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is ſilent enough; my Tears make no Noiſe to diſturb any body. I deſire no Companion in my Sorrows; leave me to myſelf, and your comfort me. ———

Aur. But, Couſin, have you no regard to your Reputation? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World ſay? You lament him like a Husband. ———

Con. No; you miſtake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Viſits on my Bed. I am content with the ſlight Mourning of a broken Heart; and all my Form is Tears.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't diſturb her. ——— Every thing muſt have its vent. 'Tis a hard Caſe to be croſs'd in one's firſt Love. — But you ſhou'd conſider, Madam, (*To* Conſtance) that we are all born to die, ſome young, ſome old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other Folks Years are as troubleſome to us as our own.

Mid. You have Reaſon, you have Cauſe to mourn. He was the handſomeſt Man, and the ſweeteſt Babe, that I know; tho' I muſt confeſs too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complexion when he was born: But then *Hermes*, yes *Hermes*, had the Shape, that he had ——— But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the fineſt Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did ſo ſputter at the Breaſt! ——— His Nurſe was a hale, well-complexioned, ſprightly Jade, as ever I ſaw; but her Milk was a little too

too ſtale, tho' at the ſame time 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Conſolation to my Couſin?

Wid. No, no, Madam, that's to come. —— I tell you, fair Lady, you have only loſt the Man; the Eſtate and Title are ſtill your own; and this very Moment I Wou'd ſalute you Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Propoſal is very tempting, let me but conſider till to-morrow, and I'll give you an Anſwer.

Wid. I knew it, I knew it; I ſaid, when you were born, you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you ſay. My Lord ſhall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Couſin?

Con. To go into the Country this Moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condolence, the Perſecution of that Monſter of a Man, and that Devil of a Woman. ——— O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become ſo fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *unperceiv'd*

E. *W.* In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try ——

[*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and liſtens.*

Aur. If there be aught in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a ſhare.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll engroſs it all. I lov'd him ſo, methinks I ſhou'd be jealous if any mourned his Death beſides myſelf. What's here! [*Takes up the Picture.*] Ha! ſee Couſin! — the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure ſome officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude — Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll ſigh, with this converſe, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with Weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here?

Con. Whether by Miracle or humane Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor ſhall it ever ſeparate from my Breaſt——it's the only thing cou'd give me Joy, becauſe it will encreaſe my Grief.

E. *W.* [*Entring.*] Moſt glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Buſineſs, pray——

E. *W.* With this Lady. [*Goes to* Conſtance, *takes her Hand, and kneels.*] Here let me worſhip that Perfection, whoſe Virtue might attract the liſtning Angels, and make 'em ſmile to ſee ſuch Purity, ſo like themſelves, in humane Shape.

Con. Hermes?

E. *W.* Your living *Hermes*, who ſhall die yours too.

Con. Now Paſſion, powerful Paſſion, would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms——But my Sex has Bounds——'Tis wondrous, Sir!

E. *W.* Moſt wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and moſt cloſely laid is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happineſs!——that hidden Power which did permit thoſe Arts to cheat me of my Birth-right, and this Surprize of Happineſs in ſtore, well knowing that Grief is the beſt Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love till this romantick Turn, dead and alive! my Stars are poetical. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. *W.* That my dear Brother muſt do; for he made the *Enigma.*

Aur. Methinks I ſtand here like a Fool all this while: Wou'd I had ſome body or other to ſay a fine thing or two to me.

E. *W.* Madam, I beg ten thouſand Pardons: I have my Excuſe in my Hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

E. *W.* Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little ſhabby in theſe Robes.

Con.

Con. You have a good Excuſe, my Lord; you can wear better when you pleaſe.

E. *W.* I have a better Excuſe, Madam.——Theſe are the beſt I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. *W.* Very true, Madam, I am at preſent, I believe, the pooreſt Peer in *England.*——Hark'e, *Aurelia*, pri[illegible] me a Piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha, a poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E. *W.* Why ſo, Madam?

Con. Becauſe I can furniſh you with five thouſand.

E. *W.* Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I am glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd: I was afraid it might reach this Family; ſo I come to diſprove the Story, by your Letter to me by the laſt Poſt.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, Couſin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wiſh you joy; and I expect the ſame from you.

E. *W.* With all my Heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. *W.* To whom?

True. To a Neighbour Lady here. [*Looking at* Aurelia.

Aur. Impudence! [*Aſide.*] The Lady mayn't be ſo near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be ſo near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't miſtake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very ſhort, Sir.

True.

True. The ſhorteſt Pleaſures are the ſweeteſt, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while* Conſtance *and* Wou'dbe *entertain one another in dumb Shew.*

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worſe.

Aur. How have I deſerv'd it, Sir!

True. How have I deſerv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!——My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White's*. Farewel. [*Runs off.*

E. *W.* What, *Trueman* gone!

Aur. Yes. [*Walks about in Diſorder.*

Con. Bleſs me; what's the matter, Couſin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneaſy?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing:——I don't love the Fellow,——yet to be affronted,—— I can't bear it.

[*Burſts out a crying, and runs off.*

Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia*.

E. *W.* Impoſſible! His regard to me were ſufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elſewhere.——She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E. *W.* Too well! have a care, Madam;—that, with ſome Men, is the greateſt Provocation to a Slight.

Con.

Con. Don't miſtake, my Lord, her Uſage never went farther than mine to you; and I ſhould take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. *W.* I'll follow him, and know the Cauſe of it.

Con. No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it. Beſides, your own Affairs with your Brother requir you at preſent. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

Y. *W.* REturn'd! Who ſaw him? Who ſpoke with him? He can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parlying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body till you ſend him word, that we may have the more time to ſettle our Affairs.

Y. *W.* 'Tis a hard Caſe, Mr. *Subtleman*, that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ah, my Lord, you ſee the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Publick for ſecuring of Property. —— Had you not the Law o' your Side, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right —— But I have ſecur'd all —— The Will is in true Form; and you have two Witneſſes already to ſwear to the laſt Words of your Father.

Y. *W.* Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one; —— and I ſhall pick up another time enough before the Term: —— And I have planted three or four Conſtables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he ſhou'd be boiſterous.

Y. *W.* Then you think we are ſecure.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleaſes: —— I'll go down, and give Orders for his Admittance.

Y. *W.* Unkind Brother! to diſturb me thus juſt in the ſwing and ſtretch of my full Fortune! Where's the Tie of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but ſtaid till *Conſtance* had been mine, his Preſence or his Abſence had been then indifferent.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of Breath*] you'll ne'er be ſatisfied till you have broke my poor Heart. I have had ſuch ado yonder about you with Madam *Conſtance* —— but ſhe's your own.

Y. *W.* How! my own! Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: My Brother's come home.

Mid. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we are all ſecure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has ſtopt up all Paſſages to the Eſtate.

Mid. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty thriving ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich *Jew* in *Lombard-ſtreet*.

Y. *W.* *Moabite* the *Jew!*

Mid. You ſhall hear, my Lord: —— One Evening, as I was very grave in my own Houſe, reading the —— *Weekly Preparation:* —— Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well. —— What hears me I —— but pat, pat, very ſoftly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and preſently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a ſnug Chair, the Windows cloſe drawn, and in it was a fine young Virgin juſt upon the point of being deliver'd ——— We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while to be ſure; but our Production was a fine Boy ——— I had fifty Guineas for my trouble, the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and reconvey'd to the place

ſhe

ſhe came from. Who ſhe was, or what ſhe was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid ſaid that the Chair went thro' the Park —— but the Child was left with me —— The Father wou'd have made off presently, but I ſwore, if he committed ſuch a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would diſcover all —— So I had him brought up a good Chriſtian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. W. Very well.

Mid. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had ſeveral ſuch Jobbs in my Time; —— there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a Year.

Y. W. Four! and how were they all provided for?

Mid. Very handſomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldeſt Son rides in the firſt Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre.*

Y. W. And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Mid. Why, one of 'em is a Manteau-maker, and the youngeſt has got into the Play-houſe. -- Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your Brother. Adſmylife, here's ſomebody coming, I wou'd not be ſeen.

Y. W. 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs! 'adſo, get into this Cloſet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the Cloſet*

Enter E. Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

My Brother! deareſt Brother, welcome!

[*Runs and embraces him*

E. W. I can't diſſemble, Sir, elſe I wou'd return your falſe Embrace.

Y. W. Falſe Embrace! ſtill ſuſpicious of me! I thought that five Years Abſence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childiſh Days; that I am over joy'd at your Return, let this teſtify, this Moment

I reſign all Right and Title to your Honour, and ſalute you, Lord.

E. *W.* I want not your Permiſſion to enjoy my Right; here I am Lord and Maſter without your Reſignation; and the firſt uſe I make of my Authority, is, to diſcard that rude, bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward? [*Enter* Clearaccount.] Mr. *Clearaccount*, let that pamper'd Sentinel below this Minute be diſcharg'd. —— Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed ſuch a ſwarm of lazy, idle Drones about you, and leave the poor induſtrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to ſtarve for want. —— Steward, look to't; if I have not Diſcharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toilet to-morrow Morning, you ſhall follow the Tipſtaff, I can aſſure you

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, my Lord, you uſurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. *W.* Your Family!

Y. *W.* Yes, Family; you have no Title to Lord it here. —— Mr. *Clearaccount*, you know your Maſter.

E. *W.* How! a Combination againſt me! —— Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falſhood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black, unnatural Deſigns againſt my Life, before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence muſt remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. *M.* Our Father's weak and fond Surmiſe! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompence me for that injurious, unnatural Suſpicion, he left me ſole Heir to his Eſtate —— Now, my Lord, my Houſe and Servants are —— at your Service.

E. *W.* Villainy beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of ſcarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, leſt it ſhould again expoſe me to your Hatred?

Sub. Well, well, theſe are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't paſs in Court againſt poſitive Evidence: Here is your Father's Will, *ſignatum & ſigillatum*, beſides his laſt Words to confirm it, to which I can take my poſitive Oath in any Court of *Weſtminſter*.

E. *W.* What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford*'s Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E. *W.* Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten Parts, and now are nouriſh'd on the ſame Corruption that produc'd thee. —— The *Engliſh* Law, as planted firſt, was like the *Engliſh* Oak, ſhooting its ſpreading Arms around, to ſhelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade: —— But now whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in ſuch Cluſters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now ſheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. *W.* My Lord, I have ſome Company above; if your Lordſhip will drink a Glaſs of Wine, we ſhall be proud of the Honour! if not, I ſhall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you pleaſe to ſummon me.

E. *W.* Hold, Sir, —— Perhaps my Father's dying Weakneſs was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if ſo, his Will ſhall freely be obey'd. [*Aſide.*] —— Brother, you ſay you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a Parchment.*

E. *W.* Let me ſee it.

Sub. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E. *W.* Upon my Honour, I'll reſtore it.

Y. *W.* Upon my Honour, but you ſhan't. ——

[*Takes it from* Sub. *and puts it in his Pocket.*

E. *W.* This Over-caution, Brother, is ſuſpicious.

Y. *W.* Seven thouſand Pound a-Year is worth looking after.

E. *W.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am little inquiſitive about it. —— Have you Witneſſes to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. *W.* A Couple in the Houſe.

E. *W.* Who are they?

Sub. Witneſſes, my Lord! —— 'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cauſe out of Court; —— my Client ſhall anſwer no more Queſtions.

E. *W.* Perhaps, Sir, upon a ſatisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Buſineſs; I therefore deſire to know what kind of Perſons are theſe Witneſſes.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aſide,*] I told your Lordſhip already, that I am one, another is in the Houſe, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E. *W.* Where is this Footman?

Y. *W.* Forth-coming.

E. *W.* Produce him.

Sub. That I ſhall preſently. —— The Day's our own, Sir; [*To* Y. *W.*] but you ſhall engage firſt to ask him no croſs Queſtions. [*Exit* Sub.

E. *W.* I am not skill'd in ſuch: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing!

Y. *W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing: —— He ſpoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. *W.* 'Tis ſtrange; he was extremely juſt, and lov'd me too; —— but perhaps ——

[*Enter* Subtleman *with* Teague.

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. *W.* *Teague!*

Y. *W.* My Brother's Servant!

[*They all four ſtare upon one another.*

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maſhter! ſee here Maiſhter, I did get all diſh [*Chinks Money*] for being an Evidenſh, dear Joy; an be me ſhoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permiſſion to make Swear againſt you.

E. *W.* My Wonder is divided between the Villain of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Diſcovery *Teague!* my very Servant! ſure I dream.

Tea.

Tea. Fet, dere iſh no dreaming in the Caſe; I'm ſure the Croon Pieceiſh are awake, for I have been making wid dem diſh half hour.

Y. *W.* Ignorant, unlucky Man, thou haſt ruin'd me; why had I not a fight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too Ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me Shoule, you Ice, dear Joy. —— I can be a Knave as well as you, ſen I think it conveniency.

E. *W.* Now Brother! Speechleſs! Your Oracle too ſilenc'd! Is all your boaſted Fortune ſunk to the guilty Bluſhing for a Crime? But I ſcorn to inſult. —— Let Diſappointment be your Puniſhment: But for your Lawyer there, —— *Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attach! no, dear Joy, I cannot attach you —— but I can catch you by the Troat, after the Faſhion of *Ireland*. [*Takes* Subtleman *by the Throat*.

Sub. An Aſſault! an Aſſault!

Tea. No, no, 'tiſh noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. *W.* Hold him faſt, *Teague* —— Now, Sir, [*To* Y. *W.*] becauſe I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me; and becauſe I am your Brother, I forgive it; diſpoſe yourſelf as you think fit. —— I'll order Mr. *Clearaccount* to give you a thouſand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Abſence.

Y. *W.* I ſcorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Deſigns ſucceeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none. —— As for that Lawyer, he deſerves to be Pillory'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me. —— The Villain has defraud'd me of Seven thouſand Pound a Year. Farewel. [*Going*.

Enter Midnight *out of the Closet, runs to Young* Wou'dbe, *and kneels.*

Mid. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y. *W.* What Offence hast thou done to me?

Mid. An Offence the most injurious ——— I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast, to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You, *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the eldest born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Om. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Mid. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World. ——— My deceas'd Lord, upon the sight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might succeed him in his Honour. ——— This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with. ——— Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfy'd, and I was resolv'd to keep it a Secret still; but by strange Chance, over-hearing what pass'd just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. *W.* By all my former Hopes I could have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood; my Pulses beat, and swell'd for Seniority. ——— Mr. *Hermes Wou'dbe*, ——— I'm your most humble Servant. [*Foppishly.*

B. *W.* *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery bestows. ——— But thou, vain Bubble, puft up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you shall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed

the

the Lord-Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, ſhall deſpiſe thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the Purpoſe —— Miſtreſs, will you make an Affidavit of what you have ſaid, before a Maſter in *Chancery?*

Mid. That I can, tho' I were to die the next Minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the next Minute after dat.

E. *W.* All this is trifling: I muſt purge my Houſe of this Neſt of Villainy at once.——Here, *Teague*, [*Whiſpers* Teague] go, make haſte.

Tea. Dat I can. —— [*As he runs out, Y. W. ſtops him.*

Y. *W.* Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maiſhter, to drink Friends.

Y. *W.* You lie, Sirrah. [*Puſhes him back*

Tea. Fet, I do ſo.

E. *W.* What, Violence to my Servant! Nay, then Ill force him a Paſſage.

Sub. An Aſſault, an Aſſault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter three or four Conſtables, one of 'em with a black Patch on his Eye. They diſarm Elder Wou'dbe, *and ſecure* Teague.

E. *W.* This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Conſtable.

Y. *W.* Have a care, Mr. Conſtable, the Man is mad he's poſſeſs'd with an odd Frenzy, that he's my Brother, and my elder too; So, becauſe I wou'd not very willingly reſign my Houſe and Eſtate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Aſſault upon my Body, *vi & armis.*

Tea. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armiſh?*

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I ſhall have you hang'd.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is noting, dear Joy —— We all 'd to't.

E. *W.* Unhand me, Villains, or by all ——

Tea. Have a caar, dear Maiſhter, don't ſwear; we ſhall be had in the Croon-Offiſh: You know dere iſt Sharpers about us. (*Looking about on them that hold him*

Y. W. Mr. Conſtable, you know your Directions, away with 'em.

E. W. Hold ——

Conſt. No, no, force him away. ——

(*They all hurry him off*, manent *Y. W.* and Midnight.

Y. W. Now my dear Propheteſs, my Sybil; by all my dear Deſires and Ambitions, I do believe you have ſpoken the Truth. —— I am the Elder.

Mid. No, no, Sir, the Devil a word on't is true —— I wou'd not wrong my Conſcience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honeſt Woman, you were born above three Quarters of an Hour after him; —— but I don't much care if I do ſwear that you are the eldeſt. —— What a Bleſſing it was that I was in the Cloſet at that pinch! Had I not come out that Moment, you wou'd have ſneakt off; your Brother had been in Poſſeſſion, and then we had loſt all; but now you are eſtabliſh'd. Poſſeſſion gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law you know —— Down on your Knees, Sirrah, and ask me Bleſſing.

Y. W. No, my dear Mother, Ill give thee a Bleſſing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what part of the Eſtate you will, during your Life.

Mid. Thank you, my Lord: That five Hundred a Year will afford me a leiſurely Life, and a handſome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Chriſtian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life. —— Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning?

Y. W. Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but diſh iſh a moſt ſhweet Buſineſs indeed; Maiſhters play the Fool, and Shervants muſt ſhuffer for it. I am Priſhoner in the Conſtable's Houſe, be me Shoule, and ſhent abrode to fetch ſome Bail for my Maiſhter; but ſoo ſhall bail poor *Teague* agra?

Enter Conſtance.

Oh, dere iſh my Maiſhter's old Love. Indeed, I fear diſh Biſhneſs will ſpoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here? *Teague?* (*He turns from her.*

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought ſhe cou'd not know me agen now I am a Priſhoner. (Conſtance *goes about to look him in the Face.. He turns from her.*) Diſh iſh not ſhivil, be me Shoule, to know a Shentleman fither he will or no.

Con. Why this, *Teague?* What's the Matter? Are you aſham'd of me, or yourſelf, *Teague?*

Tea. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Maſter, Sir?

Tea. Very well, dear Joy, and in Priſhon.

Con. In Priſon! how! where?

Tea. Why, in the little *Baſhtile* yonder, at the End of the Street.

Con. Shew me the Way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can ſhew you the Houſe yonder; Shee yonder; be me Shoule I ſhee his Face yonder peeping troo the Iron Glaſs Window.

Con. I'll ſee him, tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. (*Runs out.*

Tea. Ah —— auld kindneſh, be me ſhoule, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my Maiſhter had but Graſh enough to get her twit Child, her Word wou'd go for two; and ſhe wou'd bail him and I both. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Room miſerably furniſhed,* E. W. *ſitting and writing.*

E. *W. The Tow'r confines the Great,*
The Spunging-Houſe the Poor;
Thus there are Degrees of State
That ev'n the Wretched muſt endure.

Virgil, *tho' cheriſhed in Courts,*
Relates but a ſplenetick Tale,
Cervantes *Revels and Sports,*
Altho' he writ in a Jail.

Then hang Reflexions, *(Starts up.)* I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Maſter.

E. *W.* Why, am not I a Priſoner here? I know it by the ſtately Apartments.—What is that, pray, that hangs ſtreaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Conſt. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir.

E. *W.* 'Tis falſe, Sir: 'Tis as fine Tapeſtry as any in *Europe.*

Conſt. The Devil it is!

E. *W.* Then your Damask Bed, here; the Flowers are ſo bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work, Point *de Venice,* I proteſt!

Conſt. As good *Kidderminſter* as any in *England,* I muſt confeſs; and tho' the Sheets be a little ſoil'd, yet I can aſſure you, Sir, that many an honeſt Gentleman has lain in them.

E. *W.* Pray, Sir, what did thoſe two *Indian* Pieces coſt, that are fix'd up in the Corner of the Room?

Conſt. Indian Pieces! What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* I took 'em for two *China* Jars, upon my Word: But hark'e, Friend, art thou content that theſe Things ſhou'd be as they are?

Conſt. Content! ay, Sir.

E. *W.* Why then ſhould I complain?

[*One calls within.*

[*Within.*] Mr. Conſtable, here's a Woman will force her Way upon us: We can't ſtop her.

Conſt. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. Who dares oppoſe me?

[*Throws him a handful of Money*

Conſt. Not I truly, Madam.

[*Gathers up the Money*

E. *W.* My *Conſtance!* my Guardian-Angel here Then nought can hurt me.

Conſt. Hark'e, Sir, you may ſuppoſe the Bed to be a Damask Bed for Half an Hour, if you pleaſe.——

Con. No, no, Sir, your Priſoner muſt along with me.

Conſt. Ay! faith, the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman *and* Teague.

E. *W.* Ha! *Trueman* too! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not ſo many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Priſon; — two ſuch——

Tea. Tree, be me Shoule.

True. My Lord, juſt as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make myſelf a Priſoner. Behold the Fetters; I had juſt bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain?

True. They weigh Four thouſand Pound, Madam, beſides the Purſe, which is worth a Million. —— My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd; but the

the News of your Misfortune has ſtopt me I wou'd not gather Roſes in a wet Hour.

E. *W.* Come, the Weather ſhall be clear; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me eaſy, more than my own can do, if purchaſed by your Diſappointment.

True Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleaſure whilſt you lie in a Hovel?—— Here, where is this Conſtable? How dare you do this, inſolent Raſcal?

Conſt. Inſolent Raſcal! do you know who you ſpeak to, Sir?

True. Yes, Sirrah; don't I call you by your proper Name? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Conſt. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho', I hope.

E. *W.* Ay, ay, Mr. Conſtable is in the right, he did but his Duty; I ſuppoſe he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Conſt. No, I had but ten.

E. *W.* Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow muſt be ſooth'd, he'll be of Uſe to us; I muſt employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

E. *W.* No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worſt him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garriſon, that I might get into Poſſeſſion, his Claim wou'd vaniſh immediately.—— Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. *W.* Hark'e. *[Whiſpers.*

True. It ſhall be don;—— Look'e, Conſtable, you're drawn into a wrong Cauſe, and it may prove your Deſtruction if you don't change Sides immediately:—— We deſire no Favour, but the Uſe of your Coat, Wig, and Staff for Half an Hour.

Conſt. Why truly, Sir, I underſtand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour,

that

that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worſhip's Pardon, and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. W. I'll reward you, but you muſt have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordſhip wan; here ſet, 'tis a Plaiſhter for a ſhore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con. ——But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to-day?

True. With your Permiſſion, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Buſineſs at preſent; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's. —— My Lord, I ſhall make an excellent Conſtable; I never had the Honour of a civil Employment before: We'll equip ourſelves in another Place. Here, you *Prince of Darkneſs* have you ne'er a better Room in your Houſe, theſe Iron-Grates frighten the Lady.

Conſt. I have a handſome, neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you muſt conduct us. —— We don't intend to be out of your Sight, that you mayn't be out of ours. ——[*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia *in a Paſſion,* Richmore *following.*

Aur. Follow me not; —— Age and Deformity, with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Perſecution; for Heaven's ſake, Mr. *Richmore,* what have I ever ſhewn to vindicate this Preſumption of yours?

Rich. You ſhew it now, Madam; your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Diſdain, for the bewitching Pleaſure of your Company.

Aur. Then be aſſur'd, Sir, you ſhall reap no other Benefit by my Company; and if you think it a Pleaſure to be conſtantly ſlighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you ſhall have Admittance to ſuch Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam; I am arm'd with Submiſſion againſt all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyſhip ſhall find, that my Reſignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will preſume much longer than my Honour can reſiſt —— Sir, you might have ſpar'd the unmannerly Declaration on my Face, having already taken care to let me know your Opinion of my Virtue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Midnight.*

Rich. By thoſe fair Eyes, I'll double the Propoſal; his ſoft, this white, this powerful Hand [*Takes her Hand*] ſhall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it ſhall write this — [*Strikes him.*] and if you like the Terms, you ſhall have more another time. [*Exit.*

Rich. Death and Madneſs! a Blow —— Twenty thouſand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, diſdainful Perſon! — Am I rich as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleaſure? —— Woman! —— If there be Power in Gold, I yet ſhall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. O' my troth, and ſo you ſhall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all ſhall be yours, make me but happy in this preſumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and my ſelf too.

Mid. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggary without her —— Lordſhips, Manors, Acres, Rents, Tithes and Trees, all, all ſhall fly for my dear ſweet Revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a Way.

Rich.

Rich. This Night?

Mid. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time——— he goes abroad this Evening a viſiting; in the mean time I'll ſend to your Miſtreſs, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my Houſe; She comes in a hurry, and then———

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to diſturb us?

Mid. Mum, I ſay, but you muſt give me your Word not to raviſh her; nay, I can tell you, ſhe won't be raviſh'd.

Rich. Raviſh! Let me ſee, I'm worth five thouſand Pound a Year, twenty thouſand Guineas in my Pocket, and may not I force a Toy that's ſcarce worth fifteen Hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty ſets my Heart on fire, beſide
Th' injurious Blow has ſet on fire my Pride
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Diſdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Tranſport laſt
In Triumph, when the Extaſy is paſt. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *Solus.*

Y. *W.* SHew me that proud Stoick that can bear Succeſs and Champain; Philoſophy can ſupport us in hard Fortune, but who can have Patience in Proſperity? The Learned may talk what they will of human Bodies, but I am ſure there is not one *Atom* in mine but what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is ſecur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my lewd and honeſt Midnight Friends. ——Holla, who waits there!

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord!

Y. *W.* A freſh Battalion of Bottles to re-inforce the Ciſtern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the Bathing Chamber.

Y. *W.* Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Paſſage at the old Play-houſe, my Lord —— I found another very melancholy paring her Nails by *Roſamond*'s Pond,——and a Couple I got at the Chequer Alehouſe in *Holborn*; the two laſt came to Town yeſterday in a Weſt Country Waggon.

Y. *W.* Very well, order *Baconface* to haſten Supper ——and d'ye hear? Bid the *Swiſs* admit no Stranger without acquainting me—— [Exit *Servant.*] Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at leaſt.

[*Re-enter Servant*

Ser. My Lord, here's the Conſtable below with the black Eye, and he wants to ſpeak with your Lordſhip in all haſte.

Y. *W*

Y. *W.* Ha! the Conſtable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now?——Bid him come up, I fear ſome curſed Chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman *in the Conſtable's Clothes.*

True. Ah? My Lord, here is ſad News——your Brother is——

Y. *W.* Not away, made his Eſcape, I warrant you.

True. Worſe, worſe, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Worſe, worſe! What can be worſe?

True. I dare not ſpeak it.

Y. *W.* Death and Hell, Fellow don't diſtract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. *W.* Dead!

True. Poſitively.

Y. *W.* *Coup de Grace, Ciel Gramercy.*

True. Villain, I underſtand you. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* But how, how, Mr. Conſtable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon his Confinement, and ſo he deſir'd me to ſend for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your Worſhip may know her.

Y. *W.* At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very ſame, a ſmart Woman truly——I went for her myſelf, but ſhe was otherways engag'd; not ſhe truly, ſhe wou'd not come——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this the poor Man was like to drop down dead.

Y. *W.* Then he was but likely to drop dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-Belt.

Y. *W.* Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. *W.* *Le coup declat!* Done like the nobleſt *Roman* of 'em all; but are you ſure he's paſt all Recovery? Did you ſend for no Surgeon to bleed him!

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that——but I'll ſend immediately.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* No, no, Mr. Conſtable, 'tis too late now too late——— and the Lady wou'd not come, you ſay?

True. Not a ſtep wou'd ſhe ſtir.

Y. *W.* Inhumane! barbarous!——— dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine——— Where is the Body, Mr. Conſtable? I muſt ſee it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a power of Company come in, and among the reſt one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him, a deviliſh hot Fellow, he had like to have pull'd the Houſe down about our Ears, and ſwears——— I told him he ſhould pay for ſwearing——— he gave me a ſlap in the Face, ſaid he was in the Army, and had a Commiſſion for't.

Y. *W.* Captain *Trueman?* A bluſtering kind of Rakehelly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of thoſe Scoundrels that we pay Wages to for being knock'd o'th'head for us.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, one of thoſe Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. [*Aſide.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he ſwore that you were the greateſt Villain upon the Earth.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, but he durſt not ſay that to my Face, Mr. Conſtable.

True. No, no, hang him, he ſaid it behind your Back to be ſure——— and he ſwore moreover——— Have a care, my Lord,——— he ſwore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. *W.* Will you ſwear that you heard him ſay ſo?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me. He ſpoke the very Words that I ſpeak to your Lordſhip.

Y. *W.* Well, well, I'll manage him——— But now I think on't, I won't go to ſee the Body; it will but encreaſe my Grief.——— Mr. Conſtable, do you ſend for the Coroner: They muſt find him *Non Compos.* He was mad before, you know. Here——— ſomething for your Trouble. [*Gives Money.*

True.

True. Think your Honour. —— But pray, my Lord, have a Care of that *Trueman*; he ſwears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y. *W.* Never fear, never fear.

True. But he ſwore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a Care. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Well, well, —— ſo, —— the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldeſt now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face and goes off t'other way. —— Well, I muſt own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my Heart; ſince he was ſo very civil to juſtle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to juſtle out of it before me —— But now my Joys! Without there —— hollo —— take off the Inquiſition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unſuſpected.

The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play:
Eaſe follows Care; ſo rowls the World away.

'Tis a Queſtion whether Adverſity or Proſperity makes the moſt Poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Anſwer.

Y. *W.* Nothing from the *Elyſian* Fields, I hope. (*Opening the Letter.*) What do I ſee, *CONSTANCE?* Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name —— Now for the ſweet Contents.

MY Lord, I am pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and ſhall be glad to ſee your Lordſhip this Evening to wiſh you Joy.

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Midnight*; ſhe told me this Afternoon that the Wind was chopping about, and has it got

got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and ſix to the Door: I'll viſit my *Sultana* in State. As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Baſhaws*, may poſſeſs them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.* Teague *with a Lanthorn,* Trueman *in the Conſtable's Habit following.*

True. Blockhead, thou haſt led us out of the way; we have certainly paſt the Conſtable's Houſe.

Tea. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever ſince he was borned.

True. Hold up the Lanthorn: What Sign is that? The St. *Alban's* Tavern! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to *St. James's Square*, when you ſhou'd have gone towards *Soho.* [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! What Noiſe is that over the way? a Woman's Cry!

Tea. Fet is it——ſhome Daumſel in Diſtreſs I believe, that has no mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll uſe the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, Maiſhter Captain, be me ſet, dat iſh not the way home.

Within.]——Help, help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here muſt be Miſchief——Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open.——Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

[Teague *takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Tea. Deel taake him, I have knock ſo long as I am able. Arah, Maiſhter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Window of the firſht Room, and ſho open the Door, and let in your ſhelf.

Within.] Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder, let's raiſe the Mob.

Tea. O Maiſhter, I have tink juſt now of a brave Invention to make dem come out; and be St. *Patrick*, dat very Buſhineſs did maake my nown ſhelf and my Fader run like the Devil out of my nown Hooſe

in my own Country:—Be me Shoule, ſet the Hooſe a-fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the Matter, Maſter Conſtable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your Aſſiſtance in the King's Name, to break into the Houſe: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

[Midnight *at the Balcony.*

Mid. What Noiſe is that below?

Tea. Arah, vat Noiſe iſh dat above?

Mid. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour;——'twill be over preſently.——Here, Mr *Conſtable*, there's ſomething for you to drink.

[*Throws down a Purſe*, Teague *takes it up.*

Tea. Come, Maiſhter, we have no more to ſhay, be me Shoule, [*Going.*] Arah, if you will play the Conſtable right now, ſet you will come away.

True. No, no; there muſt be Villainy by this Bribe: Who lives in this Houſe?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife: 'Tis none of our Buſineſs; let us be gone.

[Aurelia *at the Window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help! a Rape, a Rape, Villainy!

True. Ha! That Voice I know——Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the Door, and all go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Re-enter Trueman *and* Mob.

True. Gentlemen, ſearch all about the Houſe; let not a Soul eſcape.

Enter Aurelia, *running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of Breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Conſtable,——had you——ſtaid but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

True.

True. *Aurelia!* Are you ſafe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes; I am ſafe——I think——but with enough to do: He's a deviliſh ſtrong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pſhaw,——never mind the Villain;——look out the Woman of the Houſe, the Devil, the Monſter, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, *haling in* Midnight *by the Hair.*

Tea. Be me Shoule, I have taaken my Shaar of the Plunder. Let me ſhee, ſat I have gotten, [*Takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, a Witch; the very ſaam Witch dat would ſwaar my Maiſhter was the youngeſt.

True. How? *Midnight!* This was the luckieſt Diſguiſe——Come, my dear *Proſerpine,* I'll take care of you.

Mid. Pray, Sir, let me ſpeak to you.

True. No, no; I'll talk with you before a Magiſtrate——A Cart, *Bridewell;*——you underſtand me——*Teague,* let her be your Priſoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. Conſtable, I'll reward you.

Tea. It iſh convenient noo by the Law of Armſh, that I ſearch my Priſhoner, for fear ſhe may have ſome Pocket-Piſhtols: Dere is a Joak for you.

[*Searches her Pocket.*

Mid. Ah! don't uſe an old Woman ſo barbarouſly.

Tea. Dear Joy, den ſy vere you aa old Woman? Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy! Uboo, here iſh noting but ſcribble ſcrabble Papers, I tink.

[*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*

True. Let me ſee 'em; they may be of Uſe——[*Looks over the Letters.*] *For Mr.* Richmore——Ah! Does he traffick hereabouts?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

True. Ha! Then he has abus'd you; Villain indeed!——Was his Name *Richmore,* Miſtreſs? a luſty handſome Man?

Aur.

Aug. Ay, ay, the very ſame; a luſty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me ſee——whoſe Scrawl is this? [*Opens the Letter.*] Death and Confuſion to my Sight; *Clelia!* My Bride! ——His Whore. ——I've paſt a Precipice unſeen, which to look back upon ſhivers me with Terror. ——This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Dreſs, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the leaſt minuteſt Circumſtance been omitted, what a Monſter had I been! Miſtreſs, is this ſame *Richmore* in the Houſe ſtill, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.——

True. Very well. ——*Teague,* takes theſe Ladies over to the Tavern, and ſtay there till I come to you. ——Madam, (*To* Aurelia) fear no Injury,——your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear Joy, I vil give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hales out* Midnight. *Exit* Aurelia *and Mob,* *Manet* Trueman.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this croſs Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do ——What's the meaning of this Riot, Conſtable? I have the Commiſſion of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Buſineſs, and leave your Priſoners with me.

True. No Sir; the Priſoners ſhall go about their Buſineſs, and I'll be left with you ——Look'e, Maſter, we don't uſe to make up theſe Matters before Company: So you and I muſt be in private a little. ——You ſay, Sir, that you are a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commiſſion in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.——Now, Sir, one good Turn deſerves another: And if you will promiſe to do me a Kindneſs, why, you ſhall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You muſt know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindneſs for: She had a very good Repute all over the Pariſh, and might have marry'd very handſomely, that I muſt ſay; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I ſwore, that I muſt ſay, I did ſwear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never car'd for marrying of her ſince.

Rich. How ſo?

True. Why, becauſe I did my Buſineſs without it: That was the beſt way, I thought—— The truth is, ſhe has ſome fooliſh Reaſons to ſay ſhe's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Juſtice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worſhip will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you ſwore to marry her, you muſt do't.

True. Ay, Maſter; but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament-Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony conſiſtent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Caſe, Sir, both Law and Juſtice will oblige you.

True. Why, if it be the Law of the Land——— I found a Letter here——— I think it is for your Worſhip.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very ſtrange Accident truly—— *Clelia*——— ſhe ſays here you ſwore to marry her. ——— Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe that what is Law for a Petty Conſtable, may be Law for a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddeſt Fellow——

True. Here was the t'other Lady that cry'd out ſo——I warrant now, if I were brought before you for raviſhing a Woman——the Gallows wou'd raviſh me for't.

Rich. But I did not raviſh her.

True

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be ſure of that. (*Aſide.*

Rich. I don't like this Fellow. Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Buſineſs; I have no more to ſay to you.

True. But I have ſomething to ſay to you. (*Coming up to him.*

Rich. What!

True. Dog. (*Strikes him.*

Rich. Ha! ſtruck by a Peaſant! (*Draws.*) Slave, thy Death is certain. (*Runs at* Trueman.

True. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night! (*Diſarms him.*

Rich. Raſcal, return my Sword, and acquit your Priſoners, elſe will I proſecute thee to Beggary. I'll give ſome Petty-fogger a thouſand Pound to ſtarve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a thouſand Pound you won't. (*Diſcovering himſelf.*

Rich. Ghoſts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needleſs to upbraid you; my very Looks are ſufficient; and if you have the leaſt Senſe of Shame, this Sword wou'd be leſs painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this (*ſhewing a Letter*) think next on me; reflect upon your Villainy to *Aurelia*, then view thyſelf.

Rich. *Trueman*, canſt thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! (*A long Pauſe.*) Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing: —— I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuſes that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Eſtate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my ſole Heir.

True. I deſpiſe it.

Rich. What ſhall I do?

True. You ſhall—— marry *Clelia*.

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! Why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her yourſelf, I ſhall believe you intended me no Injury; ſo your Behaviour will be juſtified, my Reſentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Juſtice, and what is juſt is honourable: If Promiſes from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman? ——— Their very Weakneſs is the Charter of their Power, and they ſhou'd not be injur'd, becauſe they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Juſtice, and I ſhou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then ſheath it here, I'll die before I conſent ſo baſely.

True. Conſider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a diſtinguiſhing Mark of Honour: ——— Promiſe me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promiſe nothing, till I have that in my Power.

True. Take it. [*Throws him his Sword.*

Rich. I ſcorn to be compell'd even to Juſtice; and now that I may reſiſt, I yield. ——— *Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have ſeverely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir; ——— and to aggravate the Crime, the fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confuſion ſhe receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a ſtrange Reluctance gave conſent; her moving Softneſs pierc'd my Heart, tho' I miſtook the Cauſe.

Rich. Your youthful Virtue warms my Breaſt, and melts it into Tenderneſs.

True. Indulge it, Sir; Juſtice is noble in any Form; think of the Joys and Raptures will poſſeſs her, when ſhe finds you inſtead of me: You, the dear Diſſembler, the Man ſhe loves, the Man ſhe gave for loſt, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich.

Rich. No new Poſſeſſion can give equal Joy:——— It ſhall be done, the Brieſt that waits for you ſhall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy. [*Exit.*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Bloodſhed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment*; Conſtance *and Servant.*

Ser. He's juſt a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Conſtraint upon me, as Rudeneſs wou'd be to his Brother; but I muſt bear it a little, becauſe our Deſigns require it; [*Enter Y.* Wou'dbe.] his Appearance ſhocks me:— My Lord, I wiſh you Joy.

Y. *W.* Madam, 'tis only in your Power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it ſhou'd be that of your humbleſt Servant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend ſhould command me; if your Lordſhip will bear with the Slavery, you ſhall begin when you pleaſe, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. *W.* Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Husbands; and I think it highly unreaſonable, that you ſhou'd put yourſelf in my Power, when you can ſo abſolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promiſe to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. *W.* True, Madam, the greateſt Empires are in moſt danger of falling; but it is better to be abſolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that is confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Conſtitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. *W.* You have ſo much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you pleaſe; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant. ——— I think one Privilege of the People is to kiſs their Sovereign's Hand. [*Taking her Hand.*

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuſes them in the Form the Law preſcribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. *W.* By Shrines and Altars, (*Kneeling*) by all that you think juſt, and I hold good, by this, (*Taking her Hand*) the faireſt, and the deareſt Vow—— (*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Con. Fie, my Lord. (*Seemingly yielding.*)

Y. *W.* Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I ſhall be happy.

Con. Wou'd not you deſpiſe a Conqueſt ſo eaſily gain'd?

Y. *W.* Yours will be the Conqueſt, and I ſhall deſpiſe all the World but you.

Con. But will you promiſe to make no Attempts upon my Honour?

Y. *W.* That's fooliſh. (*Aſide.*) Not Angels ſent on Meſſages to Earth, ſhall viſit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be ſure.——(*Aſide.*) My Lord, I'll ſend one to conduct you. (*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, ha;—— no Attempts upon her Honour? When I can find the Place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my Mind——— Now do I feel ten thouſand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows.——— Where's my Deformity now? I have read ſomewhere theſe Lines:

Tho' Nature caſt me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold;
Cupid *returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,*
And tips each Arrow with a Golden Head.
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilſt every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.

Enter

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *behind him.*

E. W. Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,
Stage Hero ſtruts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and Auguſt as ever Man ſaw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza.
[Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. *W.* Ha! my Brother!

E. *W.* No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I diſown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy baſe Deſigns upon my Love, I can never forgive; —— my Honour, Birthright, Riches, All I cou'd more freely ſpare, than the leaſt Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. *W.* How! my Hopes deceiv'd; curs'd be the fair Deluſions of her Sex; whilſt only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I ſtood ſecure; but ſoon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her ſide. —— Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Miſtreſs, and may you love and live, and ſtarve together. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir, I was lately your Priſoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you ſhall be at Liberty.

Y. *W.* Ejectment!

E. *W.* Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's Houſe of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hiv'd together.

Y. *W.* Confuſion, Sir, let me paſs; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. [*Draws.*

E. *W.* Dar'ſt thou diſpute the Elderſhip ſo nobly?

Y. *W.* I dare, and will, to the laſt Drop of my inveterate Blood. [*They fight.*

Enter Trueman *and* Teague. Trueman *ſtrikes down their Swords.*

True. Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought thoſe ſhall ſoon decide the Controverſy.

Y. *W.* If I miſtake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad.

[*Runs at* Trueman, Teague *catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.*

Tea. Ay, me be Shoule, thiſh Iſh the beſht Guard upon the Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

True. My Lord, a Word: [*Whiſpers* E. Wou'dbe.] Now, Gentlemen, pleaſe to hear this venerable Lady.

[*Goes to the Door and brings in* Midnight.

E. *W.* *Midnight* in Cuſtody!

Tea. In my Cuſhtody, ſet.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Puniſhment is deſtin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia*, if you don't immediately confeſs the Truth.

Mid. Then I muſt own, (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeping*] I muſt own, that *Hermes*, as he was ſtill eſteem'd, ſo he is the Firſt-born.

Tea. A very honeſt Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. *W.* That Confeſſion is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no Force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink ſcarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pound a Year to ſwear in your Behalf.

Tea. Dat was *Teague*'s finding out, and I believe St. *Patrick* put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you will make no Attempts upon my Perſon.

Y. *W.* Damn your Perſon.

E. *W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur.

Aur. Very buſy, I can aſſure you, Sir; here's an honeſt Conſtable that I could find in my Heart to marry, had the greaſy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him?

[*Looking about.*

Con. Bleſs me, Couſin, marry a Conſtable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Conſtable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any Body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you ſhall marry him this Moment; and if you don't ſay that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to-morrow Morning ——

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be aſham'd; I found you a little in the *diſhabilée*, that's the Truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimſical to-day, this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Uſage; therefore, if my Lord and this Lady will ſhew us a good Example, I think we muſt follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to ſecure.

E. *W.* For him the Pillory; for you, Madam ——

[*To* Midnight.

Tea. Be me Shoule, ſhe ſhall be married to Maiſhter *Fuller*.

E. *W.* For you, Brother! ——

Y. *W.* Poverty and Contempt ——

To which I yield as to a milder Fate,
Than Obligations from the Man I hate. [Exit.

E. *W.* Then take thy Wiſh —— And now, I hope, all Parties have receiv'd their due Reward and Puniſhments.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, Maiſter?

E. *W.* What ſhall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Juſtice of Peaſh, dear Joy.

E. *W.* Juſtice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yeſt, ſet am I —— I can take the Oats, and write my Mark —— I can be an honeſht Man myſhelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. *W.* Well, well, you ſhall be taken Care of; and ow, Captain, we ſet out for Happineſs ——

Let none deſpair whate'er their Fortunes be,
Fortune muſt yield, wou'd Men but act like me.
Chuſe a brave Friend as Partner of your Breaſt,
Be active when your Right is in Conteſt;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the reſt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *HOOK*.

OUR Poet open'd with a loud Warlike Blaſt,
But now weak Woman is his ſafeſt Caſt,
To bring him off with Quarter at the laſt:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can ſay,
Or he can write fine Things to help the Play.
The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art;
And I, you know, had a hard ſtruggling Part:
But then he brought me off with Life and Limb;
Ah! Wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him ——
Stay, let me think —— your Favours to excite,
I ſtill muſt act the Part I play'd to-night.
For whatſo'er may be your ſly Pretence,
You like thoſe beſt that make the beſt Defence:
But this is needleſs ——'Tis in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the Play, no Power can ſave it
Not all the Wits of Athens, *and of* Rome;
Not Shakeſpear, Johnſon, *cou'd revoke its Doom:*
Nay, what is more —— if once your Anger rouſes,
Not all the courted Beauties of both Houſes.
He wou'd have ended here, —— but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one ſafe Retreat,
Protection ſacred, at the Ladies Feet.

To

To that he anſwer'd in ſubmiſſive Strain,
He pay'd all Homage to this Female Reign,
And therefore turn'd his Satyr 'gainſt the Men.
From your great Queen, this Sovereign Right ye draw,
To keep the Wits, as ſhe the World, in Awe.
To her bright Scepter, your bright Eyes they bow;
Such awful Splendor ſits on ev'ry Brow,
All Scandal on the Sex were Treaſon now.
The Play can tell with what Poetick Care,
He labour'd to redreſs the injur'd Fair,
And if you won't protect, the Man will damn him there
Then ſave the Muſe, that flies to you for Aid;
Perhaps my poor Requeſt may ſome perſuade,
Becauſe it is the firſt I ever made.

THE

Recruiting Officer

A

COMEDY

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

——Captique dolis, donisque coacti.
Vir. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOT, 1742.

TO ALL

Friends round the *Wrekin*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INſtead of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addreſſes of this Nature, I humbly beg, that this may be receiv'd as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already conferr'd: I have tranſgreſſed the Rules of Dedication, in offering you any thing in that Style, without firſt asking your Leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropſhire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good Fortune to be order'd ſome time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hoſpitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found ſo amply verify'd in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greateſt Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greateſt Pleaſure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot ſhew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generoſity, more good Underſtanding, nor more Politeneſs, than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almoſt within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Riſe to this Comedy; and People were apprehenſive that,

that, by the Example of ſome others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-Gentleman: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilſt I held to Nature, no Perſon of any Character in your Country could ſuffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Juſtice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehenſive, ſturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honeſt, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cauſe, and of as good an Underſtanding as I could give him, which I muſt confeſs is far ſhort of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which thoſe Recruits were rais'd, has deſir'd me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey*'s third Night.

Be it known unto all Men, by theſe Preſents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. *Durfey*'s; for he *wou'd* play his third Night againſt the firſt of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one ſingle *Kite*: But I preſently made *Plume* a Bird becauſe of his Name, and *Brazen* another, becauſe of the Feather in his Hat; and with theſe three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any *in the Sun*.

But to anſwer his Complaints more gravely, the Seaſon was far advanc'd, the Officers that made the greateſt Figures in my Play were all commanded to their Poſts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might poſſibly turn in leſs than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey*'s Birds that had Poſts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Seaſon is over; ſo that he might put off a Day with leſs Prejudice than the *Recruiting Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to ſay for himſelf,

himſelf, that he was poſted before the other ſpake, and could not with credit recede from his Station.

These and ſome other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to ſet it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play. My *Recruits* were *review'd* by my *General* and my *Colonel*, and could not fail to *paſs Muſter*; and ſtill to add to my Succeſs, they were rais'd among my *Friends round the* Wrekin.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toaſts, never to grow worſe for the Wearing: 'Tis a laſting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to ſet it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleaſures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wiſh of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obliged,

And moſt Obedient Servant

G. FARQUHAR.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

IN ancient Times when Hellen's *fatal Charms*
Rouz'd the contending Univerſe to Arms,
The Græcian *Council happily deputes*
The ſly Ulyſſes *forth —— to raiſe Recruits.*
The artful Captain found, without Delay,
Where Great Achilles, *a Deſerter, lay.*
Him Fate had warn'd to ſhun the Trojan *Blows:*
Him Greece *requir'd —— againſt their* Trojan *Foes*
All their recruiting Arts were needful here,
To raiſe this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
Ulyſſes *well could talk —— he ſtirs, he warms*
The warlike Youth —— He liſtens to the Charms
Of Plunders, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms,
Ulyſſes *caught the young aſpiring Boy,*
And liſted him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector *ſlain:*
Recruiting thus fair Hellen *did regain.*
If for one Hellen *ſuch prodigious Things*
Were acted, that they even liſted Kings:
If for one Hellen's *artful, vicious Charms,*
Half the tranſported World was found in Arms

What

What for ſo many Hellens *may we dare,*
Whoſe Minds *as well as* Faces *are ſo fair?*
If by one Hellen's *Eyes, Old* Greece *cou'd find*
Its Homer *fir'd to write, ev'n* Homer *blind;*
The Britons *ſure beyond compare may write,*
That view ſo many Hellens *ev'ry Night.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. *Ballance*, Mr. *Scale*, Mr. *Scruple*,	Three Juſtices.	Mr. *Keen*. Mr. *Philips*. Mr. *Kent*.
Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of *Shropſhire*,		Mr. *Williams*.
Capt. *Plume*, Capt. *Brazen*,	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. *Wilks*. Mr. *Cibber*.
Kite, Serjeant to *Plume*,		Mr. *Eſtcourt*.
Bullock, a Country Clown,		Mr. *Bullock*.
Coſtar Pear-main, *Tho. Apple-Tree*,	Two Recruits.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Fairbank*.

WOMEN.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia, Daughter to *Ballance*, in love with *Plume*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lucy, *Melinda*'s Maid,	Mrs. *Sapſford*.
Roſe, a Country Wench,	Mrs. *Mountfort*.

Conſtable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE *SHREWSBURY*.

THE
Recruiting Officer

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place*—— *Drum beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, *follow'd by* Thomas Apple-Tree, Coſtar Pear-main, *and the Mob.*

Kite *making a Speech.*

IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to ſerve her Majeſty, and pull down the *French* King: If any Prentices have ſevere Maſters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants have two little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven*, in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they ſhall receive preſent Relief and Entertainment —— Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to inſnare or inveigle any Man, for you muſt

muſt know Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour. Beſides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I liſt only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen — Pray, Gentlemen, obſerve this Cap — This is the Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born ſix Foot high, was born to be a great Man — Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Coſt. Is there no harm in't? Wont't the Cap liſt me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can — Come, let me ſee how it becomes you.

Coſt. Are you ſure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Coſt. My Mind miſgives me plaguily — Let me ſee it — *(Going to put it on)* It ſmells woundily of Sweat and Brimſtone. Smell *Tummas.*

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Coſt. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Coſt. Pray now, what may be that ſame Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! mighty large Bed! bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware* — ten thouſand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Coſt. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another — But do Folk ſleep ſound in this ſame Bed of Honour.

Kite. Sound! Ay, ſo ſound that they never 'wake.

Coſt. Wauns! I wiſh again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you ſo! Then, I find, Brother —

Coſt. Brother! Hold there Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet — Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye ſee — If I have a mind to liſt, why ſo — If not, why 'tis not ſo — therefore take your Cap and your Brotherſhip back again, for I am not diſpoſed at this preſent Writing — No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have ſerv'd twenty Campaigns ——— But, Sir, you talk well, and I muſt own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young ſprightly Fellow —— I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I ſcorn to coax, 'tis baſe: Tho' I muſt ſay, that never in my Life have I ſeen a Man better built! how firm and ſtrong he treads! He ſteps like a Caſtle; but I ſcorn to wheedle any Man — Come, honeſt Lad, will you take ſhare of a Pot?

Coſt. Nay, for that Matter, I'll ſpend my Penny with the beſt He that wears a Head, that *is*, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair Way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now Gentlemen, I have no more to ſay, but this ——— Here's a Purſe of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters ——— 'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink —— She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects ——— I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuſe the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropſhire.*

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [*Exeunt Shouting, Drum beating a Granadeer's March.*

Enter Plume *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that ſhou'd be my Drum; and by that Shout, it ſhou'd beat with Succeſs ———Let me ſee——Four a Clock —[*Looking on his Watch.*] At Ten yeſterday Morning I left *London* —— A hundred and twenty Miles in thirty Hours is pretty ſmart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewſbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* Side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite:* I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain: ——Pray what Succeſs? *Kite.*

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five!

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have liſted the ſtrong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gypſies*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parſon.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Liſt a Lawyer! Diſcharge him, diſcharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Becauſe I will have no body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions——I ſay this Minute diſcharge him.

Kite. And what ſhall I do with the Parſon?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how ſtands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are ſo pleas'd with your Honour, and the Juſtices and better Sort of People are ſo delighted with me, that we ſhall ſoon do your Buſineſs——But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the laſt time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir——ſhe was brought to bed yeſterday.

Plume. Kite, you muſt father the Child.

Kite. And ſo her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they ſhou'd, we'll take her with us; ſhe can waſh, you know, and make a Bed upon occaſion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occaſion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily——I have ſet them down here upon the back of the Muſter-Roll. [*Draws it*

out.] Let me ſee, —— *Imprimis*, Mrs. *Shely Snikereyes*, ſhe ſells Potatoes upon *Ormond-Key* in *Dublin* —— *Peggy Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman, at the Horſe-Guard at *White-Hall* —— *Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull* —— Madamoiſelle *Van-bottom-flat* at the *Buſs* —— Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship Carpenter's Widow, at *Portſmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for ſhe was married at the ſame time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatſwain.

Plume. A full Company —— You have nam'd five —— Come, make 'em half a dozen! —— *Kite* —— is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then ſet the Mother down in your Liſt, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, abſent upon Furlow —— I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subſiſtence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I ſhall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any uſe of your *German* Doctor's Habit ſince you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the moſt faithful Fortune-teller that ever told a Lie —— I was oblig'd to let my Landlord in to the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it ſo; but he's an honeſt Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is truſted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at preſent —— But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy* —— Has your Honour any farther Commands?

Plume. None at preſent. [*Exit* Kite.] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-croſs, *Worthy!* Methinks you ſhould hold 'em open, when a Friend's ſo near —— The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I muſt expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worſt of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.
[*Slaps* Worthy *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and ſound return'd!

Plume. I 'ſcap'd ſafe from *Germany*, and found, I hope, from *London*; you ſee I have loſt neither Leg, Arm, nor Noſe: Then for my Inſide, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roaſt-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was ſo.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father roſe from the Dead, and re-aſſum'd his Eſtate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd ſurely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I muſt out with it—— Your once gay, roving Friend, is dwindled into an obſequious thoughtful, romantick, conſtant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand: If thou go to that, behold me as obſequious, as thoughtful, and as conſtant a Coxcomb as your Worſhip.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment—— But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been conſtant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen!*

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Years Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is ſhe as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thouſand pities: But who is ſhe? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume.

Plume. That's impoſſible——I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think ye of *Melinda?*

Plume. Melinda! Why ſhe began to Capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offered to Surrender upon honourable Terms; and I adviſ'd you to propoſe a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went laſt abroad.

Wor. I did, and ſhe hearken'd to it, deſiring only one Week to conſider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintſhire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical Time, twenty thouſand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! What a delicate Woman was there ſpoil'd! But by the Rules of War now——*Worthy*, Blockade was fooliſh——After ſuch a Convoy of Proviſions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you ſhould have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have dy'd upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Aſſault, and puſh'd it with all my Forces; but I was ſo vigorouſly repuls'd, that deſpairing of ever gaining her for a Miſtreſs, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addreſſes the obſequious and diſtant Turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew Obſequious, ſhe grew Haughty; and becauſe you approach'd her as a Goddeſs, ſhe us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all——Come, *Worthy*, your obſequious and diſtant Airs will never bring you together; you muſt not think to ſurmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, ſhe muſt be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herſelf. Let me ſee, the very firſt thing that I would do, ſhould be to lie with her Chamber-

maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child —— Suppoſe we Lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite Her with one or two of the Ugliеſt.

Wor. Theſe wou'd be Mortifications, I muſt confeſs; but we live in ſuch a preciſe, dull Place, that we can't have no Balls, no Lampoons, no——

Plume. What! no Baſtards! and ſo many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in ſerving your Country with your beſt Blood, witneſs our Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle; there have been Tears in Town about that Buſineſs, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O, Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjuſted Preliminaries; but ſhe wou'd have the Wedding before Conſummation, as I was for Conſummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obſtinate Fool, and wou'd loſe her Maidenhead her own way, ſo ſhe may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all. —— If I ſhou'd, I am reſolv'd never to bind myſelf to a Woman for my whole Life, till I know whether I ſhall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppoſe I marry'd a Woman that wanted a Leg —— ſuch a thing might be, unleſs I examin'd the Goods before hand —— if People wou'd but try one another's Conſtitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all theſe Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not ſtick to ſay, that ——

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reaſon —— if your Town has a diſhonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deſerves to be burnt to the Ground —— I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Diſpoſition —— There's ſomething in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her. The Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Siſter Females, do but ſet off their Contraries in her —— In ſhort, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reaſon —— for were you but a Corporal, ſhe wou'd marry you —— But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow ſhe ſees —— I'll lay Fifty Pound ſhe makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a Hundred that I return it, if ſhe does —— Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll Win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you Win her, you ſhall Wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conqueſt, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may ſpeak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you ſent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly* —— my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well, I wiſh you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worſhip very well may —— for I have got both a Wife and Child in half an Hour —— But as I was ſaying —— You ſent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly* —— my Wife I mean —— But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby Clothes.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder cou'd ſend them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I muſt whiſper that —— Mrs. *Sylvia.* [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Sylvia! Generous Creature!

Wor. Sylvia? Impoſſible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir. —— I took the Gold as Part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, ſhe ſent Word the Child ſhould be taken all imaginable care of, and that ſhe intended to ſtand Godmother. The ſame Footman, as I was coming to you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd ſpeak with me —— I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, ſhe gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Juſtice *Balance*, her Father, who is juſt come out of the Country, would be glad to ſee you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy* —— Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendſhip; ſhew me another Woman that wou'd loſe an Inch of her Prerogative that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common Jealouſy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice of Pleaſure, ſhe deſpiſes; and can part with the Lover, tho' ſhe dies for the Man —— Come, *Worthy* —— Where's the beſt Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a freſh Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, becauſe I reſerv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then —— Mr. *Kite*, go to the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I ſhall only refreſh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*, —— have you ſeen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite, No, Sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep ſuch Company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the firſt place, and the moſt unaccountable Fellow —— but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda *and* Sylvia *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to Town, Couſin *Sylvia,* [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewſbury,* methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the moſt irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noiſe, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretenſion; in ſhort, every think to give the Spleen —— and nothing to divert it —— then the Air is intolerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't conſider, *Sylvia,* how long I have lived in't! for I can aſſure you, that to a Lady, the leaſt nice in her Conſtitution —— no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the moſt agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you ſay, Couſin *Melinda,* there are ſeveral ſorts of Airs.

Mel. Pſha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taſte —— Have not you, *Sylvia,* found a vaſt difference in the Taſte of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Couſin, are not Vapours a ſort of Air? taſte Air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon Air: But prithee, my dear *Melinda,* don't put on ſuch Air to me. Your Education and mine were juſt the ſame; and I remember the time when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the ſharp Air from the *Welſh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Couſin, was the ſame, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you have the Conſtitution of an Horſe.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Harts-horn for my Head, nor Waſh for my Complexion. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In ſhort, I can do every thing with my Father,

but drink, and ſhoot flying; and I'm ſure I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take Care he ſha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Couſin.

Syl. ——— *And there's a Pleaſure ſure,*
In being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot!* —— Haſt thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young ſprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Juſtice, in an obſcure Part of the World?

Syl. Pſha! what care I for his Thoughts; I ſhou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it ſhews a Narrowneſs of Soul. Conſtancy is but a dull ſleepy Quality at beſt, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deſerves a place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Juſtice, and ſome other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In ſhort, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty ſimple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't ſo handſomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches —— O' my Conſcience, *Sylvia*, hadſt thou been a Man, thou hadſt been the greateſt Rake in Chriſtendom.

Syl. I ſhou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do throughly, without half a hundred Friendſhips, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how ſtands your Affair with Mr *Worthy?*

Mel. He's my Averſion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you ſay, Madam?

Syl. I ſay, that you ſhould not uſe that honeſt Fellow ſo inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and beſides that, he's my *Plume*'s Friend, and by all that's ſacred, if you don't uſe him better, I ſhall expect Satisfaction.

Mel.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your ſelf in Breeches in good earneſt —— But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worſe for being ſo intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a looſe, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never ſaw him, perhaps, ſince you were Miſtreſs of twenty thouſand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little looſe, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainneſs of my Perſon, I think your Ladyſhip's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I ſure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own Houſe.

Mel. And if you had kept in your's, I ſhou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I ſhan't deſire to have my Viſit return'd.

Mel. The ſooner therefore you make an End of this, the better.

Syl. I am eaſily perſuaded to follow my Inclinations, and ſo, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy

Luc. What's the Matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not ſee the proud Nothing, how ſhe ſwell'd upon the Arrival of her Fellow.

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occaſion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe ſhe has ſeen him yet.

Mel. Nor ſhan't if I can help it —— Let me ſee —— I have it —— Bring me Pen and Ink —— hold, I'll go write in my Cloſet.

Luc. An Anſwer to this Letter, I hope, *Madam?*
[*Preſents a Letter.*

Mel. Who ſent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him, ſend it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Meſſenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how ſhou'd I ſend an Anſwer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and* Plume.

Ball. LOok'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you ſhan't want Men. I remember that for ſome Years of the laſt War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading —Our Army did nothing but play at Priſon-Baſe, and hide and ſeek with the Enemy; but now we have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Priſoners —Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marſhal of *France*, and I'll go myſelf for a Soldier ——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! what is my Daughter to a Marſhal of *France!* We're upon a nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Deſcription of the Battle of *Hockſtet.*

Plume. The Battle, Sir, was a very pretty Battle as any one ſhou'd deſire to ſee, but we were all ſo intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battle: All that I know of the Matter, is, our General com-

commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did ſo and if he pleaſes but to ſay the Word, we'll do it agen But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia?*

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia!* For ſhame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Miſtreſs, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Miſtreſs, I confeſs; but as a Friend Mr. *Ballance* ———

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope ſhe's not to be debauch'd

Ball. Faith, but ſhe is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can gueſs at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like me as I was her like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gent'eman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Compariſon breaks; the Favours Sir, that ———

Ball. Pho, pho, I hate ſet Speeches; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to pleaſe myſelf; I love thee, and if I could part with my Girl, you ſhou'd have her as ſoon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service and ſhe more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but ſhe's at her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has fifteen hundred Pound in her Pocket, and ſo—*Sylvia, Sylvia.* [*Calls*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are ſome Letters, Sir, come by the Poſt from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Cloſet.

Ba...

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*. [*Preſents* Plume *to her.*] Captain you'll excuſe me, I'll go and read my Letters and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England.*

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, ſince the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cauſe of my ſeeing *England.*

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were ſincere, ſhall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Inſurance; for I ſwear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profeſſion, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making myſelf more worthy of your Eſteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preſerving my Life, 'twas for the Pleaſure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you ſhall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain Will and Teſtament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you pleaſe to open the Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handſome and a ſubſtantial Complement; but I can aſſure you, I am much better pleaſed with the bare Knowledge of your Intentions, than I ſhou'd have been in the Poſſeſſion of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you ſhou'd have left ſomething to your little Boy at the *Caſtle.*

Plume. That's home, [*Aſide.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and ſo the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might ſupport her in Caſe of Neceſſity. —— That was all, Madam —— My Boy! No, no, no

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Maſter has receiv'd ſome ill News from *London*, and deſires to ſpeak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to ſee that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be aſſur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way ſerviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he ſhall freely command both.

Syl. The Neceſſity muſt be very preſſing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Whilſt there is Life, there is Hope, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball. We have but little Reaſon to expect it; Doctor *Killman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my Hands, he fears I ſhall have no Son —— Poor *Owen!* —— But the Decree is juſt, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, becauſe he left me an Eſtate, and now I am puniſh'd with the Loſs of an Heir to inherit mine; I muſt now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you freſh Thoughts, and new Proſpects.

Syl. My Deſire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you ſole Heireſs to my Eſtate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you muſt ſet a juſt Value upon your ſelf, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume.*

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And I do ſo ſtill, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Eſtate and Family; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might truſt in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindneſs, but, ——— ods my Life, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature: Beſides this, I have five or ſix thouſand Pounds in Woods upon my Eſtate. Oh! that wou'd make him ſtark mad; For you muſt know, that all Captains have a mighty Averſion to Timber, they can't endure to ſee Trees ſtanding: Then I ſhou'd have ſome Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd Magick Art, transform my noble Oaks and Elms into Corniſhes, Portals, Saſhes, Birds, Beaſts and Devils, to adorn ſome magotty, new-faſhion'd Bauble upon the *Thames*; and then I ſhou'd have a Dog of a Gardener bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*, remove it to *Cheiſea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Graſs-Plats, and Gravel Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's one with a Letter below for your Worſhip, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, ſhew me the Meſſenger.

[Exit with *Servant.*

Syl. Make the Diſpute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.——If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Siſter! 'Tis bad both Ways; I'll try it again, ——Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worſe and worſe. Suppoſe I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Eſtate, a Coach

Coach and Six, and an Aſs —— That will never do neither.

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and a Servant.*

Ball. Pût four Horſes to the Coach. [*To a Servant, who goes out.*] Ho, *Sylvia.*

Syl. Sir.

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been ſo careful, ſo indulgent to me ſince, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I muſt beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why ſhou'd you queſtion it, Sir.

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counſel than command; I don't propoſe this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd juſt now?

Ball. No matter, I will be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reaſons. —— But before you go, I expect you will make me one ſolemn Promiſe.

Syl. Propoſe the Thing, Sir.

Ball. That you will never diſpoſe of your ſelf to any Man, without my Conſent.

Syl. I promiſe.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promiſe I never will diſpoſe of you without your own Conſent, and ſo, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now ſhe's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

SIR,

SIR,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy *has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain* Plume; *and my Friendſhip and Relation to your Family, oblige me to give you timely Notice of it: The Captain has diſhonourable Deſigns upon my Couſin* Sylvia. *Evils of this Nature are more eaſily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately ſend my Couſin into the Country, is the Advice of*

Sir, your humble Servan

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age; they are ten times worſe than they were in my Time; had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forſwore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almoſt pardon'd it; but to tell Tales before-hand is monſtrous —— Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Caſe of good Piſtols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I'm ſorry, Sir, to be the Meſſenger of ill News.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my Son *Owen* is paſt Recovery.

Wor. My Letters ſay he's dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I'm ſatisfy'd: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not ſo eaſily ſupported.

Wor. I hope, Sir you're under no Apprehenſion of Wrong from any Body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your Prejudice, without reſenting it as much as you ſhou'd.

Ball.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Perſon that ſent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Deſign upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I muſt do myſelf Juſtice, and endeavour to find out the Author, *(Takes up a Bit.)* Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuſe to diſcover the Contents, *Melinda* ſhall tell me. *(Going.*

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumſtance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the Pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me ſuch a hank upon her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: This was the luckieſt Accident! *(Gathering up the Letter.)* The Aſperſion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you ſure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the Hiſtory of part of the Battle, juſt now, as ſhe over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has ſuffer'd nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, ſhe's ſo afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, ſhe begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is ſhe gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuſe her, ſhe was ſo preſſing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So preſſing to be gone, Sir! ——— I find her Fortune will give her the ſame Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are as ſubject to Pride as Men are; and why mayn't great Women, as well as great Men, forget their old Acquaintance? ——— But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him ſo well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Raſcal ——— I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. *(Aſide.)* Where's does the Captain quarter?

Wor.

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we ſhould be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I muſt allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, becauſe they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[Exeunt *ſeverally*.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, *with* Coſtar Pear-main *in one hand, and* Thomas Apple-tree *in the other, drunk* ——

Kite *ſings.*

Our Prentice Tom *may now refuſe*
To wipe his Scoundrel Maſter's Shoes,
For now he's free to ſing and play,
Over the Hills and far away —— *Over*, &c.

[The Mob ſings the Chorus.

We ſhall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That ſcold and bra-l both Night and Day,
Over the Hills, and far away — *Over*, &c.

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink, ſing, dance, play: We live, as one ſhou'd ſay —— we live —— 'tis impoſſible to tell how we live —— We are all Princes —— Why —— why, you are a King —— You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince —— now —— an't we ——

Tho. No, Serjeant, I'll be no Emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. No, I'll be a Juſtice of Peace.

Kite. A Juſtice of Peace, Man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for ſince this Preſſing-Act they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite

Kite. Done: You are a Juſtice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, a'n't I?

Coſt. Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

Coſt. I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

Coſt. Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely ſaid, faith; Huzza for the Queen. *Huzza!*] But hearke, you, Mr. Juſtice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never ſee the Queen's Picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em ſet in Gold, and as like her Majeſty, God bleſs the Mark. See here, they are ſet in Gold, [*Takes two Broad-Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each.*

Tho. The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*

Coſt. What's this written about? Here's a Poſy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus?*——Why, *Carolus* is *Latin* for Queen *Anne*; that's all.

Coſt. 'Tis a fine thing to be a Scollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compaſs of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the ſame thing among Friends, you know; I'll preſent them to ye both: you ſhall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They ſing, and put up the Money.*

Enter Plume *ſinging.*

Plume. *Over the Hills, and over the Main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, *or* Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are theſe hearty Lads?

Kite.

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds off with your Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have ſeen Captains afore now, Mun.

Coſt. Ay, and Lieutenant Captains too; s'fleſh, I'll keep on my Nab.

Tho. And I'ſe ſcarcely d'off mine for any Captain in *England:* My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are theſe jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honeſt brave Fellows that are willing to ſerve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em juſt now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they ſhall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, thoſe are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

Tho. Wounds, *Tummas,* what's this! are you liſted?

Coſt. Fleſh! not I: Are you *Coſtar?*

Tho. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not liſted! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeſt, I'faith.

Coſt. Come, *Tummas,* we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for ſhame, Gentlemen, behave your ſelves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas,* honeſt *Coſtar.*

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to ſtay: I place you both Centinels in this Place, for two Hours, to watch the Motion of St. *Mary*'s Clock, you; and you the Motion of St. *Chad*'s: And he that dares ſtir from his Poſt, till he be reliev'd, ſhall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with theſe Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir! They diſobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em ſhou'd be ſhot for an Example to the other.

Coſt. Shot, *Tummas?*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho.

Tho. We don't know! the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Paſſion, Sir,—but——

Kite. They diſobey Command, they deny their being liſted.

Tho. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being ſhot: But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worſhip's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's eaſily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

Coſt. Not a Braſs Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and ſix Pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

Coſt. Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be liſted, and ſhot into the Bargain.

Tho. And I; look ye here, Sir.

Coſt. Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me juſt now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence; t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Caſe is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Thoſe Pieces of Gold are worth Three and Twenty and Six-pence each.

Coſt. So it ſeems, that *Carolus* is Three and Twenty and Six-pence in *Latin*.

Tho. 'Tis the ſame thing in *Greek*, for we are liſted.

Coſt. Flea! but we a'n't, *Tummas:* I deſire to be carry'd before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whiſper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*——your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at laſt——I won't loſe the Fellows tho', if I can help it——Well, Gentlemen, there muſt be ſome Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly liſted.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conſcience than other Folks; but for

me,

me, or Neighbour *Coſtar* here, to take ſuch an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuration.

Plume. Look'e, Raſcal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon theſe two honeſt Fellows, I'll trample you to Death, you Dog ——— Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay then, we'll ſpeak; your Serjeant, as you ſay, is a Rogue, an't like your Worſhip, begging your Worſhip's Pardon — and ——

Coſt. Nay, *Tummas*, let me ſpeak; you know I can read ——— And ſo, Sir, he gave us thoſe two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Preſent.

Plume. How! by way of a Preſent! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuſe honeſt Fellows, like you! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Both. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Captain, 'faith.

Coſt. Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beating: This is the braveſt Captain I ever ſaw ——— Wounds I have a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuſe two ſuch honeſt Fellows as you ——— Look'e Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to liſt Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper, to ſteal Slaves.

Coſt. Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I deſire no Man to go with me, but as I went myſelf: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carry'd a Musket, and now I command a Company.

Tho. Mind that, *Coſtar:* A ſweet Gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were liſted; but I ſcorn to do a baſe thing, you are both of you at your Liberty.

Coſt.

Coſt. Thank you, noble Captain —— I-cod, I can't find in my Heart to leave him, he talks ſo finely.

Tho. Ay, *Coſtar*, wou'd he always hold in this Mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: You're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the Place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours: What think you now of a Purſe of *French* Gold out of a Monſieur's Pocket, after you have daſh'd out his Brains with the But-End of your Firelock? eh!

Coſt. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain ——give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

Tho. Nay, dear *Coſtar*, do'na; be adviſ'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earneſt of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Coſtar*,

[*Cries, and pulls back his Arm.*

Coſt. I will —— I will —— Wounds, my Mind gives me that I ſhall be a Captain myſelf —— I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it where-ever we tread —— Bring your Friend with you if you can. [*Aſide.*

Coſt. Well, *Tummas*, muſt we part?

Tho. No, *Coſtar*, I canno leave thee —— Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honeſter nappier Lads in your Company, than we two have been, I'll ſay no more.

Plume. Here, my Lad, [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours?

Coſt. Coſtar Pearmain.

Plume. Well ſaid *Coſtar!* Born where?

Tho. Both in *Herefordſhire.*

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads —— Now we'll ſing, *Over the Hills, and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis one to Ten
But we return all Gentlemen;
While Conquering Colours we diſplay,
Over the Hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a Couple of pretty Fellows now! Here you have complain'd to the Captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you will be Serjeant. But in the mean time, march you Sons of Whores. [*Beats 'em off.*

The End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and juſt as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride poſſeſſes their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madneſs takes 'em by the Tails; they ſnort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore ——— A couple of poor melancholy Monſters ——— What ſhall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myſelf above adminiſtring to the Pride of any Woman, were ſhe worth Twelve thouſand a Year; and I ha'n't the Vanity to believe I ſhall ever gain a Lady worth Twelve hundred ——

The generous good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, ſcornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I deſpiſe ——— What ſneak out of Town, and not ſo much as a Word, a Line, a Complement, ——— 'Sdeath! how far off does ſhe live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the Window-Bars too, to come at her ——— Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, Sir! look yonder, ſhe's a coming this way: 'Tis the prettieſt, cleaneſt, little Tit!

Plume. Now *Worthy*, to ſhew you how much I am in love; ——— here ſhe comes: But *Kite*, what is that great Country-Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Roſe, *follow'd by her Brother* Bullock, *with Chickens on her Arm in a Basket.*

Roſe. Buy Chickens, young and tender Chickens, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Roſe. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Roſe. Will you pleaſe to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for yourſelf ——— Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Roſe. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Courtſies.*

Wor. Then muſt I ſhift for myſelf, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me ſee; young and tender, you ſay. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Roſe. As ever you taſted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I muſt examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Roſe. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Roſe. Sir, I can furniſh you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds —— Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Roſe. Roſe, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three ſhort Mile o' the Town; we keep this Market; I ſell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there ſells Corn.

Bullock. Come, Siſter, haſte, we ſhall be late hoame. [*Whiſtles about the Stage.*

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the Wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs. *Roſe* —— you have —— let me ſee —— how many?

Roſe. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, *Ruoſe*, I ſold fifty Strake of Barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny, more than the Commodity is worth.

Roſe. What's that to you, Oaf! I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence I'm ſure —— The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the beſt of him —— And ſo, Sir, I ſay, for a Crown Piece the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Roſe. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can —— my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there. [*Goes off, ſhe follows him.*

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have ſeen one of theſe *Huſſars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfaſt, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Paliſado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers ſee very ſtrange things; but pray, Sir, what is a Rabelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Cruſt is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are ſomewhat hard of Digeſtion.

Bull. Then your Paliſado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruoſe*, pray ha' done

Kite

Kite. Your Paliſado is a pretty ſort of Bodkin, about e Thickneſs of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aſide.*] Eh! where's *uoſe*? *Ruoſe! Ruoſe!* s'fleſh where's *Ruoſe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns, there's no preſſing of *Women*, ſure.

Kite. But there is, ſure.

Bull. If the Captain ſhou'd preſs *Ruoſe*, I ſhou'd be uin'd ——— Which way went ſhe! O! the Devil ake your Rablins and Paliſadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You ſhall be better acquainted with them, oneſt *Bullock*, or I ſhall miſs of my Aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the moſt uſeful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I underſtand my Buſineſs, I will ſay it.

Wor. How came you ſo qualify'd?

Kite. You muſt know, Sir, I was born a Gipſy, and bred among that Crew till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother, *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman for three Piſtoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linen, and drinking my Lady's Ratafia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at laſt got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking —— So that if your Worſhip pleaſes to caſt up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbert, you will find the Sum Total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition: The Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Periwig, who loaded me with Promiſes; but 'gad it was the lighteſt Load that ever I felt in my Life —— He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did ſo —— to a Garret in

the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in Priſon; he call'd me lying Dog, and ſaid I was in Garriſon; and indeed, 'tis a Garriſon that may hold out till Doomſday before I ſhou'd deſire to take it again. But here comes Juſtice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance *and* Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolifh Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has preſs'd his Siſter; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy?*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha, I know his Siſter is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to ſell him ſome Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bull. I know that, an't like your Worſhip; but if your Worſhip pleaſes to grant me a Warrant to bring her before your Worſhip, for fear of the worſt.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Siſter's ſafe enough.

Kite. I hope ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Wor. Haſt thou no more Senſe, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can lift Women.

Bull. I know not whether they liſt them, or what they do with them, but I am ſure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Siſter?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I ſhall die; but this Gentleman here, not ſuſpecting any hurt neither, I believe—— you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I — only that, I believe, I ſhall marry her to-morrow. [*Aſide.*

Ball. I begin to ſmell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Sea-Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Wild Iriſh*.

Kite. And ſo, Sir, while we were in the Heat of Battle —— the Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Ball.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has listed her.

Ball. Ay, and if he ben't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt* Kite *and* Bullock.

Wor. We must get this mad Captain his Complement of Men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age: I never set my Heart upon any Woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the Disappointment; but what was very surprizing both to myself and Friends, I chang'd o' th' sudden, from the most fickle Lover, to the most constant Husband in the World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda?*

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live, yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every Body at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no Body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the World.

Ball. I have met with ſuch Men, and I take this good for-nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge ſecure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to diſturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of moſt important Tranſactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Cauſes or Conſequences of any one thing of moment; I have known another acquire ſo much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of moſt Places in *Europe*, with their Diſtances of Miles, Leagues or Hours, as punctually as a Poſt-Boy; but for any thing elſe, as ignorant as the Horſe that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuſes; this is the Picture, behold the Life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and ſo forth ——Hark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whiſpering, Sir, before Company is not Manners, and when no Body's by, 'tis fooliſh.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and ſo forth; —— your Name, my Dear?

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. Laconick! A very good Name truly; I have known ſeveral of the *Laconicks* abroad: Poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell, we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen?*

Braz. The *French* attack us! Gons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Queſtion?

Braz.

Braz. Becauſe none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durſt attack us —— No, Sir, we attack'd them on the —— I have reaſon to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horſes kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you muſt have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horſes at once.

Braz. What do mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except ſix I ſtak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Friſe.*

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Bra. Brazen, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known ſeveral of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonſhire?* —— Honeſt *Frank!* many, many a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fiſt; you muſt have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Maſter in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only ſquinted a little; ſhe dy'd in Child-bed of her firſt Child; but the Child ſurviv'd, 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember, [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, Gentlemen, I muſt meet a Lady, a twenty thouſand Pounder, preſently, upon the Walk by the Water ——— *Worthy*, your Servant, *Laconick* yours. [*Exit.*

Ball. If you can have ſo mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think ſhe ought to give you cauſe to be ſo.

Wor. I don't think ſhe encourages him ſo much for gaining herſelf a Lover, as to ſet me up a Rival; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I ſhould believe *Melinda* had made him this Aſſignation; I muſt go ſee; Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Buſineſs —— But what have we got here?

Enter Roſe *ſinging.*

Roſe. And I ſhall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride ſingle upon a white Horſe with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-ſaddle; and I ſhall go to *London*, and ſee the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an pleaſe your Worſhip, I have often ſeen your Worſhip ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worſhip's Pardon —— Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard? [*Shewing ſome Lace.*

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Roſe. No matter for that, Sir, I came honeſtly by it.

Ball. I queſtion it much. [*Aſide.*

Roſe. And ſee here, Sir, a fine Turkey-ſhell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, ſee here, [*Takes Snuff affectedly.*] The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Ball. Oho! the Captain? Now the Murder's out, and ſo the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Roſe. Yes, and give it with an Air too —— Will your Worſhip pleaſe to taſte my Snuff?

[*Offers the Box affectedly.*

Ball. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for theſe fine things?

Roſe. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they ſhall all go with the Captain: O he's the fineſt Man, and the humbleſt withal; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber with as much Fam-fam-mill-yararality as if I had been the beſt Lady in the Land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter

Enter Plume *ſinging.*

But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go,
Thro' Froſt and Snow,
Moſt apropo,
My Maid with the Milking pail.
[*Takes hold of* Roſe.

[illegible] Juſtice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed.

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Roſe. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad? — Mr. *Ballance*, I am ſo full of Buſineſs about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a Moment's time to — I have juſt now three or four People to ———

Ball. Nay, Captain, I muſt ſpeak to you —

Roſe. And ſo muſt I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir, — I cannot for my Life, Sir ———

Ball. Pray, Sir ——

Plume. Twenty thouſand Things —— I wou'd —— but — now, Sir, pray —— Devil take me —— I cannot —— I muſt —— [*Breaks away.*

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

Roſe. And I too. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Walks by the* Severn *Side.*

Enter Melinda, *and her Maid* Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you ſo much in his favour?

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the laſt Bribe I had from the Captain, was only a ſmall piece of *Flanders* Edging for Pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as conſtant a Preſent from Officers to their Women, as ſomething elſe is

from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honeſty.

Luc. They only barter one Sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk ſo like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peeviſhly to me, as if it were my Fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuſe it: Tho' he ſhou'd not ſee you this Week, can I help it? But as I was ſaying, Madam — his Friend, Captain *Plume*, has ſo taken him up theſe two Days ——

Mel. Pſha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, were ty'd upon his Back; I warrant, he has never been ſober ſince that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I ſay —— they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: No ſooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our ſelves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy*'s Abſence, that you ſhou'd uſe him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Abſence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing ſaid to me theſe two Days: One may like the Love, and deſpiſe the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treaſon, and hate the Traitor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the Aſſurance to fancy himſelf a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he ſhou'd ſpeak o'th' Aſſignation, I ſhou'd be ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble Servant, and all that, Madam? A fine River this ſame *Severn* —— Do you love Fiſhing, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amuſement for Lo ver.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines preſently; for you muſt know, Madam, that I have ſerv'd in *Flanders* againſt the *French*, in *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* againſt the *Moors*, and I was never ſo much in Love before; and ſplit me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not ſeen ſo fine a Woman as your Ladyſhip.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever ſaw, I never had ſo fine a Complement: But you Soldiers are the beſt bred Men, that we muſt allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam — But there are Brutes among us too, very ſad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good Luck to prove agreeable — I have had very conſiderable Offers, Madam — I might have marry'd a *German* Princeſs, worth fifty thouſand Crowns a Year, but her Stove diſguſted me. The Daughter of a *Turkiſh Baſhaw* fell in Love with me too, when I was Priſoner among the Infidels; ſhe offer'd to rob her Father of his Treaſure, and make her Eſcape with me: But I don't know how, my Time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Deſtiny: Fate has reſerv'd me for a *Shropſhire* Lady worth twenty thouſand Pound — Do you know any ſuch Perſon, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*] To be ſure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen.*

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen.*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman? — Come, Captain, we'll walk this Way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your ſervice — Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit, leading* Melinda

Wor. Death and Fire! this is not to be borne.

Exe

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* Beer at the *Raven*; I have been doubly ſerving the Queen — raiſing Men, and raiſing the Exciſe — Recruiting and Elections are rare Friends to the Exciſe.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimſical only, I could be mighty fooliſh, and fancy my ſelf mighty witty. Reaſon ſtill keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're juſt fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as cloſe Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Veſſel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is ſhe mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; ſhe is call'd the *Melinda*, a Firſt Rate, I can aſſure you; ſhe ſheer'd off with him juſt now, on purpoſe to affront me; but according to your Advice I wou'd take no Notice, becauſe I wou'd ſeem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a care of a Quarrel.

Plume, No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyſter Wench, or a Cook Maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But hearke, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I muſt make Love. I tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, ſtoop, and ſtand, 'faith; moſt Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume. Soh! now muſt I look as ſober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Chriſtning.

Enter Brazen *and* Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother-Officer of yours, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Braz.

Braz. Ay! —— My Dear. [*To* Plume.

Plume. My Dear. [*Run and embrace.*

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? If I be not miſtaken I have ſeen your Face.

Plume. I never ſaw yours in my Life, my Dear —— But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's, that ſhines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretenſions, Sir?

Plume. Pretenſions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever ſerv'd abroad?

Plume. I have ſerv'd at home, Sir, for Ages ſerv'd his cruel Fair —— And that will ſerve the turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the Fool and the Rake, I ſhall bring a fine Spot of Work upon my Hands —— I ſee *Worthy* yonder —— I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this Way. [*Aſide.*

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithſtanding.

Thou Peerleſs Princeſs of Salopian's *Plains,*
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worſhipp'd by the Swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet —— I ſhall be out —

Behold, how humbly does the Severn *glide,*
To greet thee, Princeſs of the Severn *Side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam —— If he were not ſo well dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take him for a Poet —— But I'll ſhew you the Difference preſently —— Come, Madam, —— we'll place you between us, and now the longeſt Sword carries her. [*Draws.*

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, ſave me from theſe Madmen. [*Exit with* Worthy.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir? and fight the bold Raviſher.

Braz.

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it coſt?

Braz. It coſt me twenty Piſtoles in *France*, and my Enemies thouſands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia *in Man's Apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, ſave ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will preſently —— Your Name, my Dear?

Syl. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentiſh Wilfuls*, or thoſe of *Staffordſhire*.

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at preſent.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I ſtand; I have neither Home, Houſe, nor Habitations, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I preſume.

Syl. No, but I intend to liſt immediately — Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids the faireſt, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you ſhall eat with me.

Braz. You ſhall drink with me.

Plume. You ſhall lie with me, you young Rogue.

[*Kiſſes*

Braz. You ſhall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you muſt make me a Field Officer.

Plume.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Buſineſs is done ——— I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promiſes are ſo equal, that I'm at a loſs to chuſe; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town; pray which of you is Captain *Plume?*

Plume. I am Captain *Plume.*

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume.*

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain *Plume!* I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Bra. Captain *Brazen!* I am yours —— the Fellow dares not fight. [*Aſide.*

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you pleaſe ———

[*Goes to whiſper* Plume.

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Capt. *Plume*, your Serjeant has got ſo drunk, he miſtakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot. —— Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, here's forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes. — Look'e, Friend, you ſhall liſt with Captain *Brazen.*

Syl. I will ſee Captain *Brazen* hang'd firſt; I will liſt with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Engliſhman*, and will be a Slave my own Way —Look'e, Sir, will you ſtand by me? [*To* Brazen.

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To* Plume] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a ſad Dog.

Syl. A very ſad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume.*

Plume. Then you won't liſt with Captain *Brazen!*

Syl. I won't.

Braz.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Diſpute preſently —— Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes* Plume *to one Side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! you are Serjant *Kite.*

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I would not take your Oath for a Farthing.

Kite. A very underſtanding Youth of his Age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the ſame Caliver were never ſo like: Sure it muſt be *Charles, Charles* ——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles?*

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa ut flat:* My dear Brother, for I muſt call you ſo, if you ſhould have the Fortune to enter into the moſt noble Society of the Sword, I beſpeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any Body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Paſſion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition! I ſee a Commiſſion in his Face already: Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to ſalute you.

[*Offers to kiſs her.*

Syl. What, Men kiſs one another.

Kite. We Officers do; 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kiſſing or fighting: —But I ſee a Storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I ſhall ſee who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain ſcorns Aſſiſtance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuſe that,

that; but prithee reſign the Man, prithee do; you are a very honeſt Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to* Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuſe to fight for the Lady? [*Retiring.*

Plume. I always do ——— But for a Man I'll fight Knee-deep ſo you lye again. [Plume *and* Brazen *fight a Traverſe as Two about the Stage*; Sylvia *draws, who is held by* Kite, *who ſounds to Arms with his Mouth; takes* Sylvia *in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Braz. Hold, where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my Heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I ſuppoſe *Kite* has liſted him by this time. [*Embraces;* Kite *looks in and ſings.*

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. ——— And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk juſt now, I found in bed this Morning ——— So beautiful, ſo inviting —— I preſently lock'd the Door ——— But I am a Man of Honour ——— But I believe I ſhall marry her nevertheleſs —— Her twenty thouſand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency —— I had an Aſſignation with her here, but your coming ſpoil'd my Sport. Curſe you, my Dear, but don't do ſo agen ——

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Buſineſs at preſent. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock, *meeting.*

Roſe. WHere have you been, you great Booby: you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who ſhou'd prefer me?

Roſe. I wou'd prefer you! who ſhou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Roſe*, *Roſe*, I fear ſome body will look big ſooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers. ——— Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Roſe. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations: ——— I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Taber and Pipe, ſo he has ſet him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Siſter, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commiſſion in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a [illegible] Stock, a rakiſh Toſs, a ſmart Cock, and an impudent Air, to be the principal Ingredients in the Compoſition of a Captain ——— What's here? *Roſe!* my Nurſe's Daughter! ——— I'll go and practiſe ——— Come, Child, kiſs me

as

at once, [*Kiſſes* Roſe] and her Brother too! ——Well, honeſt *Dungfork*, do you know the difference between a Horſe and a Cart, and a Cart Horſe, eh?

Bull. I preſume that your Worſhip is a Captain, by your Cloaths and your Courage.

Syl. Suppoſe I were, wou'd you be contented to liſt, Friend?

Roſe. No, no, tho' your Worſhip be a handſome Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engag'd to Captain *Plume*.

Syl. *Plume!* Do you know Captain *Plume?*

Roſe. Yes, I do, and he knows me ——He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes ——See there ——I can aſſure you that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is, in a modeſt way, Sir. ——Have a care what you ſay, *Ruoſe*, don't ſhame your Parentage.

Roſe. Nay, for that matter, I am not ſo ſimple as to ſay that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body elſe.

Syl. So! ——And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Roſe. I expect, Sir! ——I expect ——But he order'd me to tell no body. ——But ſuppoſe that he ſhould promiſe to marry me?

Syl. You ſhou'd have a care, my Dear, Men will promiſe any thing before-hand.

Roſe. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Ruoſe*, what have you ſaid?

Syl. Afterwards? After what?

Roſe. After I had ſold my Chickens. ——I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, ſo cloſe with my Market Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. *(Aſide.)* Cloſe, Sir, ay, and cloſer yet, Sir.—— Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, ſo I have as good Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify myſelf for the Service.

Plume. Haſt thou really a mind to the Service?

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

Roſe. Pray Gentlemen don't be ſo violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice.—— Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Roſe. Let me conſider, you're both very handſome.

Plume. Now the natural Inconſtancy of her Sex begins to work.

Roſe. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Dunna be angry, Sir, that my Siſter ſhould be Mercenerary, for ſhe's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child!—I'll ſet thee above Scandal; you ſhall have a Coach, with ſix before and ſix behind; an Equipage to make Vice faſhionable, and put Virtue out of Countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's eaſily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe-Scarf, and give you a Ticket to ſee a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruoſe*, take the Ticket, and let's ſee the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't reſign, I'll go liſt with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you liſt with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her: I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Roſe. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to ſell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not ſend *Ruoſe* to the *Weſt-Indies.*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *Weſt-Indies!* No, no, my honeſt Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor ſhe, ſhall move

move a ſtep farther than I do —— This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Roſe*.

Roſe. But will you be ſo kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether ſo kind to you, my Circumſtances are not ſo good as the Captain's; but I'll take Care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take Care of her; ſhe ſhall live like a Princeſs, and her Brother here ſhall be —— What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major ——

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd ——— But what think you of Barrack-Maſter? You are a Perſon of Underſtanding, and Barrack-Maſter you ſhall be. ——— But what's become of this ſame *Cart-wheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Roſe. We'll go fetch him. ——— Come, Brother Barrack-Maſter ——— We ſhall find you at home, noble Captain? [*Exeunt* Roſe *and* Bullock.

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I deſpiſe your liſting Money; if I do ſerve, 'tis purely for Love ——— of that Wench, I mean ——— For you muſt know, that among my other Sallies, I have ſpent the beſt part of my Fortune in ſearch of a Maid, and could never find one hitherto; ſo you may be aſſur'd I'd not ſell my Freedom under a leſs Purchaſe than I did my Eſtate —— So before I liſt, I muſt be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour ſhe may be a Veſtal for ought that I know to the contrary ——— I gain'd her Heart indeed by ſome trifling Preſents and Promiſes, and knowing that the beſt Security for a Woman's Heart is her Perſon, I wou'd have made myſelf Maſter of that too, had not the Jealouſy of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accompliſhing your Deſigns upon her.

Plume. Not at all; I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadſtones every where; gain the Wives, and you are careſs'd by the Husbands; pleaſe the Miſtreſs, and you are valu'd by the Gallants; ſecure an Intereſt with the fineſt Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greateſt Men ——— So kiſs the prettieſt Country Wenches, and you are ſure of liſting the luſtieſt Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, ſince it is ſo main a part of the Service —— Beſides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is ſo intolerable, that unleſs we cou'd make ourſelves ſome Pleaſure amidſt the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am ſatisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aſide your Recruiting Airs; put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Uſage I muſt expect when I am under your Command?

Plume. You muſt know, in the firſt place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troubleſome and expenſive, ſometimes dangerous; and 'tis a conſtant Maxim amongſt us, that thoſe who know the leaſt, obey the beſt. Notwithſtanding all this, I find ſomething ſo agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I ſhou'd be uneaſy to ſee you under the Command of any body elſe ——— Your Uſage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you muſt expect, that if you commit a ſmall Fault, I will excuſe it; if a great one, will diſcharge you; for ſomething tells me, I ſhall not be able to puniſh you.

Syl. And ſomething tells me, that if you do diſcharge me, 'twill be the greateſt Puniſhment you can inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon the greateſt Dangers in your Profeſſion, they wou'd be leſs

leſs terrible to me, than to ſtay behind you ——And now your Hand, this liſts me ——And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kiſſes her.*] 'Sdeath! There's ſomething in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I muſt beg —— This Affair will make ſome noiſe, and I have ſome Friends that wou'd cenſure my Conduct, if I threw myſelf into the Circumſtance of a private Centinel of my own Head —— I muſt therefore take care to be impreſt by the Act of Parliament, you ſhall leave that to me.

Plume. What you pleaſe as to that ——Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You ſhall have part of my Bed.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines; I have got an Air of Freedom, which People miſtake for Lewdneſs in me, as they miſtake Formality in others for Religion ——The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undeſign'd, to be more excuſable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but myſelf, and they abuſe all Mankind —— Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Roſe*; ſhe's to be my Bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greateſt Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are ſo weak, that we can do nothing without Aſſiſtance, and then a Secret racks us worſe than the Cholick —— I am at this Minute ſo full of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away —— Help me, *Lucy.*

Luc. Bleſs me, Madam! what's the Matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover —— If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Fault for the Eaſe of diſcovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam! am not I worthy to know the Cauſe?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you ſaucy.

Luc. Not unleſs you ſhou'd find fault without a Cauſe, Madam.

Mel. Cauſe or not Cauſe, I muſt not loſe the Pleaſure of chiding when I pleaſe; Women muſt diſcharge their Vapours ſomewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants muſt expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raiſe me to a Degree above a Servant: You know my Family, and that 500 *l.* wou'd ſet me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land; beſides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great Deſign I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Deſign can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill pleaſe me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me, ſo I don't much care if I do promiſe you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. This is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my Secret no longer: You muſt know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went diſguis'd to ſatisfy a Curioſity, which has coſt me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Boſom-Favourites, he has told me the moſt ſurprizing Things of my paſt Life?——

Luc. Things paſt, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd ſurprizing, becauſe we know them already. Did he tell you any thing ſurprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very ſurprizing; he ſaid I ſhou'd die a Maid!

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing——Dear Madam, if you ſhou'd believe him, it might come to paſs; for the bare thought on't might

kill one in four and twenty Hours—— And did you ask him any Queſtions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I paſs'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid—— But the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid——I have put it out of his Power already. [*Aſide.*

Mel. I do but jeſt, I wou'd have paſs'd for you, and call'd myſelf *Lucy*; but he preſently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole Hiſtory of my Life—— He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and deſcrib'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing ſo well as in his preſent Indifference. ——I fled to him for Refuge here to day, he never ſo much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was ſorry for the Accident, becauſe it might give the Town cauſe to cenſure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careleſs Bow, and walk'd off: 'Sdeath! I cou'd have ſtab'd him, or myſelf, 'twas the ſame thing—— Yonder he comes——I will ſo uſe him!

Luc. Don't exaſperate him, conſider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are ſcarce, and as Times go, it is not impoſſible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find ſhe's warm'd, I muſt ſtrike while the Iron is hot —— You have a great deal of Courage Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were ſo lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have ſo lately affronted.

Wor. I had no deſign to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, becauſe I had Buſineſs in another Place, and came hither thinking to meet another Perſon.

Mel. Since you find yourſelf diſappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, ſhe fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you pleaſe to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, ſhe ſtrikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* Brazen *takes her round the Waiſt, ſhe cuffs him.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Inſolence?

Luc. Are you mad! Don't you ſee Mr. *Worthy?* [*To* Brazen.

Braz. No, no, I'm ſtruck blind——*Worthy!* odſo! well turn'd——My Miſtreſs has Wit at her Fingers ends——Madam, I ask your Pardon, 'tis our way abroad——Mr. *Worthy,* you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happineſs very much, if the Lady can afford no other ſort of Favours but what ſhe has beſtow'd upon you.

Mel. I am ſorry the Favour miſcarry'd, for it was deſign'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be aſſur'd 'tis the laſt and only Favour you muſt expect at my Hands.——Captain, I ask your Pardon——. [*Exit with* Lucy.

Braz. I grant it——You ſee Mr. *Worthy,* 'twas only a Random-ſhot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine; Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll ſhew you.

Wor. She's loſt, irrecoverably loſt, and *Plume*'s Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why ſhould I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle Royal: Don't frown ſo, Man, ſhe's your own, I tell you: I ſaw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Paſſion: The Wildneſs

Wildneſs of her Anger is a certain Sign that ſhe loves you to Madneſs. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battle with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, ſhe's to be with him again preſently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the Meaning of *Brazen*'s Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Conſequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reaſon upon a Science without Principles, and ſuch is their Conduct —— Whim, unaccountable Whim, hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before ten a-Clock in the Morning —— But we loſe our Sport —— *Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *diſguis'd in a ſtrange Habit, ſitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Riſing.*] By the Poſition of the Heavens, gain'd from my Obſervation upon theſe Celeſtial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tyde-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers; and this is the Syſtem of *Kite* the Conjuror.

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Succeſs?

Kite. I have ſent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons ——— I am to manage them at Night —— ——— Have you ſeen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy?*

Wor. Ay, but it won't do ——— Have you ſhew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reſerve that for the laſt Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you ſee, for fear that you ſhou'd break Windows in good earneſt. Here, Captain, put it into your Pocket-Book, and have it ready upon Occaſion. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers to your Poſts. *Tycho* mind the Door. [*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy. *Servant opens the Door.*

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Maſter, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus.*

Smith. Well, Maſter, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have ſomething that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you ſhall have your Shilling forty-fold —— Your Hand, Countryman, you're by Trade a *Smith.*

Smith. How the Devil ſhou'd you know that?

Kite. Becauſe the Devil and you are Brother-Tradeſmen —— You were born under *Forceps.*

Smith. Forceps! what's that?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps, Furnes, Dixmude, Namur, Bruſſels, Charleroy,* and ſo forth —— Twelve of 'em —— Let me ſee —— Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will —— The Stars have decreed, that you ſhall be —— I muſt have more Money, Sir —— Your Fortune's great.

Smith, Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll truſt you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir ——Let me ſee your t'other Hand, —— I beg your Pardon, it will be owing to you! And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars —— In two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants ——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immovable as your Anvil —— Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot ——Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wiſh the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do ——let me ſee ——ay, about an Hour hence walk carelelly into the Market-place, and you'll ſee a tall, ſlender Gentleman, buying a Penny-worth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button ——This Gentleman will ask you what's a Clock ——He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune ——Follow him, follow him ——And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children, an Hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall ſlender Gentleman, you ſay, with Cane! Pray, what ſort of a Head has the Cane?

Kite. An Amber Head with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me ſee, he's either a Collector of the Exciſe, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Grenadeers —— I can't tell exactly which —— but he'll call you honeſt —— your Name is ——

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honeſt *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil ſhou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are ſeveral ſorts of *Toms* ——*Tom of Lincoln, Tom tit, Tom Tell-Troth, Tom o' Bedlam,* and

Tom Fool —— be gone —— An Hour hence preciſely.
[*Knocking at the Door.*

Smith. You ſay, he'll ask me what's a Clock?

Kite. Moſt certainly —— And you'll anſwer you don't know —— And be ſure you look at St. *Mary's* Dial; for the Sun won't ſhine, and if it ſhou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and proſper.
[*Behind.*

Enter a Butcher.

Kite. What, my old Friend *Pluck* the Butcher: —— I offer'd the ſurly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aſide.*

But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Half a Crown —— And now you muſt underſtand ——

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Buſineſs beforehand ——

But. You're deviliſh cunning then, for I don't well know it myſelf.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend —— You have a fooliſh Saying, that ſuch a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon ſee all the World?

But. All the World ſee the Moon, I muſt confeſs.

Kite. Then ſhe muſt ſee all the World that's certain —— Give me your Hand —— You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon*, you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name. —— He that can cut up an Ox, may diſſect a Man; and the ſame Dexterity that cracks a Marrowbone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*; the Stars are great Bodies, and move ſlowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite.

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worſhip won't have Patience, I muſt beg the Favour of your Worſhip's Abſence.

But. My Worſhip! my Worſhip! but why my Worſhip?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor ———

Kite. Fie and Fury, Sir! [*Riſes in a paſſion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurry'd? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordſhips at this Rate? ——Sir, I'm Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny —— But ſince you are their Porter, pleaſe to accept of this Half Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me ſee your Hand then once more —— Here has been Gold —— Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil —— Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret ——— This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handſome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or ——

But. Kite you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite.*

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halberd. The impudent Raſcal wou'd have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Subſtance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the Hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and ſo ſhe has, but very few know ſo much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to liſt, be-

cauſe he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Diſcharge.

But. There's a Dog now —— 'sfleſh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half Crown, and tell me that this ſame *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee —— but you have forgot the Surgeon General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Paſſion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacify'd agen —— Let me ſee, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I ſay, no.

Kite. That's ſtrange, wonderful ſtrange; but nothing is ſtrange to me, ſuch wonderful Changes have I ſeen —— The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be ſhatter'd by a great Shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow! In ſhort, the Operation will be perform'd with ſo much Dexterity, that with general Applauſe you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your Thoughts, the Stars have decreed it, and you muſt go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Juſtices ca'nt preſs me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Buſineſs, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and half hence, that's all, farewel.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor. Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, beſides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!—An Hour and a Half hence, you ſay.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troubleſome; here's ſuch a Work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pound a Year —— But if you muſt hear it —— I'll tell you in ſhort, you'll be ſtanding in your Stall an Hour and an Half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff box in his Hand, and the Tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the ſame time ſtroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there —— What I ſay is true —— Things that are to come, muſt come to paſs —— Get you home, ſell off your Stock, don't mind the Whining and the Snivelling of your Mother and your Siſter —— Women always hinder Preferment —— make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*, —— mind that —— There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to —— ſhe will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

But. What! know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he muſt needs go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The Tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit.*

Plume. The right Pocket, you ſay.

[*Behind with his Pocket-Book.*

Kite. I hear the ruſtling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam *Melinda*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble your ſelf, we ſha'n't ſtay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyſhip is to ſtay much longer than you imagne.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband —— For your part, Madam, you won't ſtay for a Husband. [*To Lucy.*

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converſe with the Stars, or the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Deſtinies of Men in ſearch, I conſult the Stars; when the Affairs of Women come under my Hands, I adviſe with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to conſult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that becauſe I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reaſon, or frighted out of my Senſes? Come, ſhew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little buſy at preſent; but when he has done, he ſhall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady —— the Devil is a very modeſt Perſon, he ſeeks no body, unleſs they ſeek him firſt; he's chain'd up like a Maſtiff, and can't ſtir, unleſs he be let looſe —— You come to me to have your Fortune told —— Do you think, Madam, that I can anſwer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are ſo irregular, that nothing leſs than the Devil can give any Account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll ſhew you a Trial of my Skill —— Here, you *Cacademo del Pluno* —— exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing —— do it at three Motions —— one —— two —— three —— 't is done —— Now, Madam,

Madam, will you pleaſe to ſend your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre,* poor *Tre,* give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that ſquare piece of Paper, behold ——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not ſo like your Hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chamber maid now will out-lye the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they ſha'n't impoſe upon us; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces —— Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare 'em.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam —— here's Pen and Ink.

[Melinda *writes,* Lucy *holds the Paper.*

Luc. Let me ſee it, Madam: 'tis the ſame —— the very ſame. —— But I'll ſecure one Copy for my own Affairs. [*Aſide.*

Mel. This is Demonſtration.

Kite. 'Tis ſo, Madam —— The Word Demonſtration comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what Account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Courſe round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happineſs or Miſery.

Mel. What! So near the Criſis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me ſee —— About the Hour of Ten to-morrow Morning you will be ſaluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being deſigned

ſign'd for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is ſudden, and the Occaſion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other — In ſhort, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he come home.

Mel. What ſort of Man is he;

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman, and a Lover; that is, a Man of very good Senſe, and a very great Fool.

Mel. How is that poſſible, Doctor?

Kite. Becauſe, Madam —— becauſe it is ſo —— A Woman's Reaſon is the beſt for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a-Clock, you ſay?

Kite. Ten —— about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you any Queſtions to ask?

Luc. Oh, Madam! a thouſand.

Kite. I muſt beg your Patience till another Time; for I expect more Company this Minute; beſides, I muſt diſcharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, diſcharge us firſt!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt* Melinda *and* Lucy.

Enter Worthy *and* Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleas'd to wiſh me Joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the Complement to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the beſt Complement to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I muſt be a Traveller, you ſay?

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I preſume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard*] Hey day! you don't profeſs Midwifry, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuſcade.

Exeunt Plume *and* Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear: but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gunpowder. Thus I fortify myſelf; [*Draws a Circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What doſt talk of Lines! You have ſomething like a Fiſhing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man, ——What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name — Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Chriſtendom*, I'm ſure, unleſs it be ſome Place in the Highlands in *Scotland.*

Kite. Right—— I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be marry'd — I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madneſs, Fits, Cholick, Spleen and Vapours —— ſhall I marry her in four-and-twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. I ſhall!

Kite. Certainly: Ay, or no. But I muſt have the Year and the Day of the Month when theſe Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Deux are like Bank-Bills?

Kite. They are not ſo good, my Dear — but if they bear no Date, I muſt examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you ſhall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite.

Kite. Only the laſt you receiv'd, if you pleaſe. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let me conſult my Books for a Minute, I'll ſend this Letter incloſ'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my Heart —— I muſt give him —— [*Puts his Hands in his Pockets.*] *Algebra* to a fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity —— Here: —— [*Gives him Money.*] And if I ſucceed, Ill build a Watch-Tower on the Top of the higheſt Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Aſtrology, and the Benefit of the *Conundrums.* [*Exit.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me ſee it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me ſee it; [*Opening the Letter.*] If ſhe be a Jilt, —— Damn her, ſhe is one —— There's her Name at the Bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good earneſt —— By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy*'s Hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly —— 'tis no more like *Melinda*'s Character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy*'s Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband —— But are you ſure 'tis not *Melinda*'s Hand?

Wor. You ſhall ſee; where's the bit of Paper I gave you juſt now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the ſame; and is this the malicious Name that was ſubſcribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* ſend his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very ſame, the other Fragments I ſhew'd you juſt now. I once intended it for another Uſe, but I think I have turn'd it now to a better Advantage.

Plume.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this ſo long, and to continue me ſo many Hours in the pernicious Hereſy of believing that Angelick Creature cou'd change: Poor *Sylvia!*

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha, ——— Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and ſhall be mine; *Sylvia* is conſtant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, ſhe's above my Hopes ——But for her ſake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By ſome the Sex is blam'd without Deſign,
Light harmleſs Cenſure, ſuch as your's and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine:
Others the Juſtice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Eſteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cenſ'ring them.
But they ſecure in their all conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of falſe Alarms;
He magnifies their Conqueſts who complains,
For none wou'd ſtruggle were they not in Chains.

[Exeunt.

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Juſtice* Ballance's *Houſe.*

Enter Ballance *and* Scale.

[Say, 'tis not to be born, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part, I'm be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expoſe their Lives to ſo many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them ſome Grains of Allowance at home.

Scale.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I miſtake not, her Mother nurſt a Child for you —— Shall they debauch our Daughters to our Faces?

Ball. Conſider, Mr. *Scale,* that were it not for the Bravery of theſe Officers, we ſhould have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives nor Daughters —— Come, Mr. *Scale,* the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue ſo; the ſame Heat that fires them up to Love, ſpurs them on to Battle. You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only ſpeak in Reference to Captain *Plume* —— for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does — Oh, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Roſe, *Priſoners*; *Conſtable and Mob.*

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, we took them in the very Act, *re infecta,* Sir —— The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himſelf like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and ſwore, and afterwards laid it down and ſaid nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again —— Wait you without, [*Exeunt Conſtable and Watch.*] I'm ſorry, Sir, [*To* Sylvia] to know a Gentleman upon ſuch Terms, that the Occaſion of our meeting ſhould prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I ſhall do for my Behaviour —— My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you ſeduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Gooſecap, ſhe ſeduc'd me.

Bull. So ſhe did, I'll ſwear —— for ſhe propos'd Marriage firſt.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child! [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, Sir, to my Sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witneſs?

Bull. That was I —— I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and ſpoke Jokes by their Bedſide, I'm ſure.

Ball. Who was the Miniſter?

Bull. Miniſter! We are Soldiers, and want no Miniſter ——— They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool —— Your Appearance, Sir, promiſes ſome Underſtanding; pray what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think —— but that you know is ſo odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; ſome make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jeſt; but among Soldiers 'tis moſt ſacred —— Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down —— The Hero jumps over it firſt, and the Amazon after ——— Leap Rogue, follow Whore —— The Drum beats a Ruff, and ſo to Bed; that's all; the Ceremony is conciſe.

Bull. And the prettieſt Ceremony, ſo full of Paſtime and Prodigality ——

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am —— Will your Worſhip lend me your Cane, and I'll ſhew you how I can exerciſe.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the Head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commiſſion may you bear? [*To* Sylvia.

Syl. I am call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-porters in *London*; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien trouſſée*, a Martial Twiſt in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Periwig, a Cane upon my Button, Piquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pitch:* I cock my Hat with a Pinch; I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch;

Pinch; in ſhort, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropſhire?*

Syl. A Pinch, Sir: I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and ſo ———

Ball. I underſtand you, Sir —— Here, Conſtable ——

Enter Conſtable.

Take this Gentleman into Cuſtody till farther Orders.

Roſe. Pray your Worſhip don't be unkivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the moſt harmleſs Man in the World, for all he talks ſo.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom and my Wife at once! 'Tis the firſt time they ever went together.

Ball. Heark'e, Conſtable. [*Whiſpers him.*

Conſt. It ſhall be done, Sir ——— Come along, Sir. [*Exeunt* Conſtable, Bullock *and* Sylvia.

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Melinda *and* Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. [*Aſide.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what diſturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the occaſion of it.

Wor. To be ſure, Madam, there muſt be Charms in Variety, elſe neither you nor I ſhou'd be ſo fond of it.

Mel. You miſtake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not ſo fond of Variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it Prudence

dence in you to run yourſelf into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleaſure, which at beſt never anſwers Expectation; as 'tis evident from the Example of moſt Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What Pleaſures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am ſure of, I ſhall meet with leſs Cruelty among the moſt barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we ſhou'd the ſooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't diſpute your being in my Debt —— My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promiſes, Aſſiduities, Anxieties, Jealouſies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy!* What you owe to me is not to be paid under a ſeven Years Servitude: How did you uſe me the Year before? when taking the Advantage of my Innocence and Neceſſity, you wou'd have made me your Miſtreſs, that is, your Slave —— Remember the wicked Inſinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, looſe Expreſſions, familiar Letters, rude Viſits; remember thoſe, thoſe, Mr. *Worthy.*

Wor. I do remember, and am ſorry I made no better uſe of 'em. [*Aſide.*] But you may remember, Madam, that ——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing —— 'Tis your Intereſt that I ſhould forget: You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other —— Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aſide your adventuring Airs, and behave yourſelf handſomly till Death be over; here's my Hand, I'll uſe you as a Gentleman ſhou'd be.

Wor.

Wor. And if I don't uſe you as a Gentlewoman ſhou'd be, may this be my Poiſon. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance*'s Country-Houſe to ſee my Couſin *Sylvia*; I have done her an Injury, and can't be eaſy till I have aſk'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be ſo gallant as to mount your own Horſes and follow us, we ſhall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we ſha'n't have the worſt Reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [Exit, *leading* Melinda.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume *and* Kite.

Plume. A *Baker*, a *Taylor*, a *Smith*, *Butcher*, *Carpenters*, and *Journeymen Shoemakers*, in all Thirty-nine—I believe the firſt Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The *Butcher*, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-ſtealers among us——I hear of a Fellow too committed juſt now for ſtealing of Horſes.

Plume. We'll diſpoſe of him among the Dragoons ——Have we never a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipſies is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Gooſe or a Turkey——Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir; I muſt go look after the Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, *reading a Letter.*

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour——Um, um, very well——My dear *Plume*! Give me a Buſs.

Plume. Half a ſcore, if you will, my Dear: What haſt got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thouſand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requiſite to project firſt how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thouſand Pound; I have ſpent twenty times as much in the Service —— Now, my Dear, pray adviſe me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, ſhall I build a Privateer or a Play-houſe?

Plume. An odd Queſtion —— a Privateer or a Play-houſe! 'Twill require ſome Conſideration —— Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear —— for in the firſt place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd!

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not ſo often as a Play-houſe.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may ſpring a Leak.

Plume. And I know a Play-houſe may ſpring a great many.

Braz. But ſuppoſe the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we ſhould never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis juſt ſo in a Play-houſe —— So, by my Advice, you ſhall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed —— But if this twenty thouſand Pound ſhould not be in Specie ——

Plume. What twenty thouſand?

Braz. Hear'e. [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Preſently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-ſide — and ſo forth —— [*Reads*] *For Fear I ſhould be known by any of* Worthy's *Friends, you muſt give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours* ——

Look'e

Look'e there, my dear Dog. [*Shews the bottom of the Letter to* Plume.

Plume. Melinda! And by this Light, her own Hand! Once more, if you pleaſe, my Dear——Her Hand exactly!——Juſt now, you ſay?

Braz. This Minute I muſt be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I ſee a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquiſitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By ſight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes diſcover Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To Boot and Saddle, Captain; you muſt mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I ſhall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; ſhe's gone to viſit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a Parſon with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has ſecur'd a Parſon already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I ſaw it under her Hand——*Brazen* and ſhe are to meet half a Mile hence at the Waterſide, there to take Boat, I ſuppoſe to be Ferry'd over to the Elyſian Fields, if there be any ſuch thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* juſt now, ſhe aſſur'd me ſhe hated *Brazen*, and that ſhe reſolv'd to diſcard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell ye, I ſaw *Melinda*'s Hand, as ſurely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you ſhe's gone this Minute to Juſtice *Ballance*'s Country-houſe.

Plume. But I tell you, ſhe's gone this Minute to the Water-ſide.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has ſent word, that you need not trouble yourſelf to follow her, becauſe her Journey to Juſtice *Ballance*'s is put off, and ſhe's gone to take the Air another way. [*To* Worthy.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain — But how, where, when is ſhe to meet *Brazen?*

Plume. Juſt now, I tell you, half a Mile hence, at the Water-ſide.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horſes are ready — *Jack,* get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch — I ſhall return preſently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Juſtices are ſitting by this time, and I muſt attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Juſtice:* Ballance, Scale, *and* Scruple *upon the Bench:* Conſtable, Kite, Mob.

Kite *and* Conſtable *advance forward.*

Kite. Pray, who are thoſe honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Conſt. He in the middle is Juſtice *Ballance,* he on the right is Juſtice *Scale,* and he on the left is Juſtice *Scruple,* and I am Mr. *Conſtable*; four very honeſt Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your moſt obedient Servant: [*Saluting the* Conſtable.] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the ſame; for my Buſineſs is to keep People in order, and if they diſobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Conſt. Nay, I'm a Serjeant myſelf——of the Militia——Come, Brother, you ſhall ſee me exerciſe: Suppoſe this a Muſket: Now I am ſhoulder'd.

[*Puts his Staff on's right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are ſhoulder'd pretty well for a Conſtable's Staff; but for a Muſket, you muſt put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Conſt. Adſo! that's true——Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Conſt. Ay, ay, ſo we will——We will be ſilent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence!

[*Strikes him over his Head with his Halberd.*

Conſt. That's the way to ſilence a Man with a witneſs——What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exerciſe you, Sir.

Conſt. Your Exerciſe differs ſo much from ours, that we ſhall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me ſuch a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honeſt Captain, ſit by me. [Plume *ſends, and ſits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Priſoners——Here, that Fellow there – ſet him up.——Mr. *Conſtable*, what have you to ſay againſt this Man?

Conſt. I have nothing to ſay againſt him, an pleaſe you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Conſt. I don't know, an pleaſe your Worſhip.

Scru. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what ſort of Men to take up?

Conſt. I can't tell, an pleaſe ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Conſtable truly——I find have no Buſineſs here.

Kite. May it pleaſe the Worſhipful Bench, I deſire to be heard in this Caſe, as being Counſel for the Queen.

Ball.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you ſhall be heard, ſince no Body elſe will ſpeak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may ſpare him, and the Army wants him; beſides, he's cut out by Nature for a Grenadeer; he's five Foot ten Inches high; he ſhall box, wreſtle, or dance the *Cheſhire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lie, Sirrah, you lie, an pleaſe your Worſhip, he's the beſt natur'd, Pains-taking'ſt Man in the Pariſh, witneſs my five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and five Children! You Conſtable, you Rogue, how durſt you impreſs a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Diſcharge him, diſcharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen — Hearkʼe, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-Fowl and Veniſon, Sir; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridges within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun! nay, if he be ſo good at Gunning, he ſhall have enough on't. — He may be of uſe againſt the *French*, for he ſhoots flying to be ſure.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the Reaſon you wou'd ſend him away, you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they ſhould come upon the Pariſh at laſt.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honeſt Woman has ſpoke it at once, the Pariſh had better maintain five Children this Year, than ſix or ſeven the next: That Fellow, upon this high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Pariſh ſhall get nothing by ſending him away, for I won't loſe my Teeming-time, if there be a Man left in the Pariſh.

Ball. Send that Woman to the Houſe of Correction, — and the Man —

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you pleaſe.

[*Takes him down.*

Scale. Here, you Conſtable, the next— Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you ſay againſt this Man, Conſtable?

Conſt. Nothing, but that he is a very honeſt Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honeſt Man in my Company, for the Novelty's ſake.

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Cole-pits.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expreſſes, that we are to impreſs no Man that has any viſible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, this Man has no viſible Means of a Livelihood, for he works under Ground.

Plume. Well ſaid, *Kite*; beſides the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raiſe you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to ſay for your ſelf?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, ſo am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conſcience.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, ſhe's with Child in Conſcience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Miſtreſs?

Wom. My Husband —— we agreed that I ſhou'd call him Husband, to avoid paſſing for a Whore; and that he ſhould call me Wife, to ſhun going for a Soldier.

Scru.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What ſay you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, ſhe ſhall go with us to the Sea-ſide, and there, if ſhe has a Mind to drown herſelf, we'll take care that no body ſhall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Conſtable, bring in my Man. *Exit* Conſtable.] Now Captain, I'll fit you with a Man, ſuch as you never liſted in your Life. [*Enter* Conſtable *and* Sylvia.] O! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to ſee you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Reſpect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your Bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I ſay, and very fit for a Soldier.

Conſt. A Whore-maſter, I ſay, and therefore fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to ſerve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! ſend your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the Purſuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, I have a Woman at the Door to ſwear a Rape againſt this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife, or Daughter, Booby? I raviſh'd 'em both yeſterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll ſee him liſted immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of War againſt Mutiny and Deſertion—*&c.*

Syl. Hold, Sir,—Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you ſhall ſeverely ſmart for any

Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I ſpeak to you particularly, you ſhall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, ſay but one Word more, and I'll build a Horſe for you as high as the Cieling, and make you ride the moſt tireſome Journey that ever you made in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I ſhall find a Way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's diſtracted.

Syl. 'Tis falſe —— I am deſcended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad —— Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more — Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I ſpeak, ſuppoſe I were your Child, wou'd you uſe me at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd ſend you to *Bedlam* firſt, and into the Army afterwards.

Syl. But conſider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as juſt a Man as ever ſerv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loſs of me may break his Heart.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't liſt him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. Kite, do you diſtribute the Levy-Money to the Men, while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir — Silence, Gentlemen.

[Plume *reads the Articles of War.*

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you, not to diſcharge this Fellow upon any account whatſoever. Bring in the reſt.

Conſt. There are no more, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Conſtable let the reſt eſcape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, becauſe, he ſaid, the Act allow'd him but ten, ſo the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Juſt. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not ſo much about me; this is Truth, and I'm ready to ſwear it.

Kite. And I'll ſwear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I gave him half a Crown to ſay that I was an honeſt Man; but now, ſince that your Worſhips have made me a Rogue, I hope I ſhall have my Money again.

Ball. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Conſtable be put into the Captain's Hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ranſom by to-morrow Night —— Captain, you ſhall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the Conſtable into Cuſtody.

Kite. Ay, ay, —— Sir, [*To the* Conſtable.] will you pleaſe to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handſomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [Conſtable *drops his Staff.*

Ball. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court —— Captain, you ſhall dine with me.

Kite. Come Mr. Militia Serjeant, I ſhall ſilence you now, I believe, without your taking the [illegible] of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, *leading in* Lucy *mask'd.*

Braz. The Boat is juſt below here.

Enter Worthy *with a Caſe of Piſtols under his Arm.*

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them*

Braz. What! Piſtols! are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never uſe Piſtols, the Sword is my Way —— and I won't be put out of my Road to pleaſe any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; ſo have at you.

[*Cocks one Piſtol.*

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Piſtols — Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; damn it, there's no parrying theſe Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you han't your Belly full of theſe, the Swords ſhall come in for ſecond Courſe.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me ſee: [*Takes one*]. And now, Sir, how many Paces diſtant ſhall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you pleaſe, I'll reſerve my Shot till I am ſure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Striſe.

[*Unmaſks.*

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do —— Huzza! [*Fires his Piſtol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy Harradan, how thoſe Bullets whiſtle; ſuppoſe they had been lodg'd in my Gizard now!

Luc. Nay, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be ſafe. [*Searching his Pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Roſe* Tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four ſmart Napkins, I would tell you another Story, my Dear. [*Exit.*

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, ſhe wrote her Name upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-teller's laſt Night, which I put in my Pocket, and ſo writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda*'s Journey put off?

Luc. At the Town's-end ſhe met Mr. *Ballance*'s Steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. Sylvia gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being ſhot for her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ballance *with a Napkin in his Hand, as riſen from Dinner, and* Steward.

Stew. We did not miſs her till the Evening, Sir; and then ſearching for her in the Chamber that was my young Maſter's, we found her Cloaths there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Preſs, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The White trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The ſame.

Ball. You ha'n't told that Circumſtance to any body.

Stew. To none but your Worſhip.

Ball. And be ſure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to ſpeak with him.

Stew. I ſhall —— [*Exit.*

Ball. Was ever Man ſo impos'd upon? I had her Promiſe, indeed, that ſhe would never diſpoſe of herſelf without my Conſent. I have conſented with a Witneſs, given her away as my Act and Deed —— And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will paſs; no, I ſhall never pardon him the Villany, firſt of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he muſt have of me, to think that I cou'd be ſo wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Paſſion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contri-

vance muſt be his —— I'll know the Truth preſently.——

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarter's, I ſuppoſe, with the reſt of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I preſume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him part o. ..., but the young Rogue fell in Love with *Roſe*, and has lain with her, I think, ſince ſhe came to Town.

Ball. So that between you both, *Roſe* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, ſhe had no harm from me.

Ball. All's ſafe, I find — Now, Captain, you muſt know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he ſaid I ſhould heartily repent his being liſted, and ſo I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! for what Reaſon?

Ball. Becauſe he is no leſs than what he ſaid he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it —— For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Repreſentative of the whole Commons of *England.*

Ball. Won't you diſcharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You ſhall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume. Then you ſhall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you ſhall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to you much above an hundred Pound.

Ball.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you ſha'n't repent your Generoſity —Will you pleaſe to write his Diſcharge in my Pocket-book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll ſend for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up——Here's the Diſcharge, Sir.

Ball. Sir, I thank you ——'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your ſwearing, drunken Crew; and you, Mr. Juſtice, might have been ſo civil as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worſhip.

Plume. Sir, you muſt charge our want of Reſpect upon our Ignorance of your Quality ——but now you are at Liberty ——I have diſcharg'd you.

Syl. Diſcharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you muſt once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am diſcover'd——Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime ſhall be your Puniſhment; here Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chaſtiſement: Since ſhe will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband ——when ſhe tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modiſhly ungrateful becauſe ſhe has been unfaſhionably kind, and uſe her worſe than you wou'd any Body elſe, becauſe you can't uſe her ſo well as ſhe deſerves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good earneſt?

Syl. Earneſt! I have gone too far to make it a Jeſt, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earneſt?

Ball. If you pleaſe to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have ſav'd my Legs and Arms, and loſt my Liberty; ſecure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewel Subſiſtence, and welcome Taxes —— Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year —— But to your Love, Madam, I reſign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition —— greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am ſorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is loſt.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, ſince an honeſt Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Couſin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Couſin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Couſin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it ſtrange, Couſin, that a Woman ſhould change; but I hope, you'll excuſe a Change that has proceeded from Conſtancy; I alter'd my outſide, becauſe I was the ſame within; and, only laid by the Woman to make ſure of my Man —— that's my Hiſtory.

Mel. Your Hiſtory is a little Romantick, Couſin; but ſince Succeſs has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your ſide, and I ſhall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way —— when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I ma'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours —— Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I —— You have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Laconick.*

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes —— My Name, Sir, is *Ballance.*

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your most obedient —— I know your whole Generation —— had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir —— He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle —— You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fireship —— poor *Dick* —— he had the most engaging way with him —— of making Punch —— and then his Cabbin was so neat —— but his poor Boy *Jack* was the most comical Bastard —— Ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled Dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet? Are you bill for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now; I had like to have been nicked up by a Cruiser, under false Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock.

Roſe. Captain, Captain, I have got looſe once more, and have perſuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us; but you muſt promiſe not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Roſe* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Roſe. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Paſſion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Siſter, ſhe's ſomething under-bred, but if you pleaſe, I'll lie with you in her ſtead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or ſhall I take care of her?

Syl. She ſhall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Buſineſs enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand againſt me, I'll deſert.

Plume. Captain *Brazen* ſhall take care o' that: My Dear, inſtead of the twenty thouſand Pound you talk'd of, you ſhall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they coſt me——My Commiſſion I lay down, to be taken up by ſome braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and leſs good Fortune——whilſt I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to ſerve my Queen and Country at home.

With ſome Regret I quit the active War,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endleſs Plague, Fatigue, and endleſs Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouſe to ſtay,
And raiſe Recruits the matrimonial way. [Exeunt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to ſee the Comedy, call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to-morrow Night, by ſix a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, and they ſhall be kindly entertain'd.

We ſcorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe *now obeys the Call of Drum.*
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps *of Volunteers:*
He finds that Muſick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuſes Muſick to invite ye.

Beat the Grenadeer March —— Row, row, tow, —— Gentlemen, this piece of Muſick, call'd, *An Overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Maſter, and was perform'd with wonderful Succeſs, at the great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the Applauſe of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicateſſe*.

Some [illegible] *have acted on thoſe glorious Stages,*
Are here to bear teſtimoneſs to ſucceeding Ages,
That no Muſick like the Grenadeer's engages.

Ladies, we muſt own, that this Muſick of ours is not altogether ſo ſoft as *Bononcini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People aſleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World; and you'll condeſcend to own

own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Grenadeer March ſeems to be a Compoſure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *Engliſh*, for no Muſick was ever follow'd ſo far by us, nor with ſo much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the preſent Subſcription, We muſt ſay, that the Grenadeer March has been ſubſcrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: And we preſume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is conſtantly heard by the talleſt, handſomeſt Men in the whole Army. In ſhort, to gratify the preſent Taſte, our Author is now adapting ſome Words to the Grenadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the Lady, who is to ſing it, ſhould not happen to be ſick.

This he concludes to be the ſureſt way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Muſick's Call, tho' you ſhould damn his

THE

Beaux Stratagem:

A

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOT. 1742.

Advertiſement.

THE Reader may find ſome Faults in this PLAY, which my Illneſs prevented the amending of; but there is great Amends made in the Repreſentation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Succeſs of the Play.

G. Farquhar.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

WHEN Strife diſturbs, or Sloth corrupts an Age
Keen Satyr is the Buſineſs of the Stage.
When the Plain-Dealer *writ, he laſh'd thoſe Crimes*
Which then infeſted moſt —— the modiſh Times:
But now when Faction ſleeps, and Sloth is fled,
And all our Youth in active Fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extenſive Round,
The Trumps of Fame, the Notes of UNION ſound;
When ANNA's Sceptre points the Laws their Courſe
And her Example gives her Precepts Force;
There ſcarce is room for Satyr; all our Lays
Muſt be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praiſe.
But as in Grounds beſt cultivated, Tares
And Poppies riſe among the Golden Ears;
Our Product ſo; fit for the Field or School,
Muſt mix with Nature's Favourite Plant —— a Fool,
A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man.
Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field;
And culls ſuch Fools as may Diverſion yield,
And, thanks to Nature, there's no want of thoſe,
For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we ſhew ne'er laſh'd before,
Yet ſuch as Nature ſhews you ev'ry Hour;
Nor can the Pictures give a juſt Offence,
For Fools are made for Jeſts to Men of Senſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Aimwell,	Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the firſt as Maſter, and the ſecond as Servant.	Mr. *Mills.*
Archer,		Mr. *Wilks.*
Count, *Bellair*,	A *French* Officer, Priſoner at *Litchfield.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Sullen,	A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	Mr. *Verbrugge*
Freeman,	A Gentleman from *London.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Foigard,	A Prieſt, Chaplain to the *French* Officers.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Gibbet,	A Highway Man.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Hounſlow, *Bagſhot*,	His Companions.	
Boniface,	Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Scrub,	Servant to Mr. *Sullen.*	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Bountiful*,	An old, civil, Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Diſtempers, and fooliſhly fond of her Son *Sullen.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Dorinda,	Lady *Bountiful*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Bradſhaw*
Mrs. *Sullen*,	Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Gipſey,	Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. *Mills.*
Cherry,	The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. *Bicknel.*

SCENE, *LITCHFIELD.*

THE BEAUX-STRATAGEM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface *running*.

Bon. Chamberlain, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*; all aſleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry *running*.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl ſo, Father? d'ye think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deſerve to have none, you young Minx: —— The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has ſtood in the Hall this Hour, and no body to ſhew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to-night

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman ſhou'd overturn them to-morrow. — Coming, coming: Here's the *London* Coach arriv'd.

Enter ſeveral People with Trunks, Band-Boxes, with other Luggage, and croſs the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen —— Chamberlain, ſhew the *Lyon* and the *Roſe*. [Exit *with the Company.*

Enter Aimwell *in a Riding Habit*, Archer *as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the Stable, and ſee my Horſes well rubb'd.

Arch. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Aim. You're my Landlord, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O! Sir —— What will your Honour pleaſe to drink, as the Saying is?

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taſte that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the beſt Ale in *Staffordſhire*; 'tis ſmooth as Oil, ſweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and ſtrong as Brandy, and will be juſt fourteen Year old the fifth Day of next *March*, Old Style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll ſhew you ſuch Ale —— Here, Tapſter, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is; —— Sir, you ſhall taſte my *Anno Domini* —— I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not conſum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim.

Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may gueſs your Senſe by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir: I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always ſleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapſter *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee [*Filling it out.*] Your Worſhip's Health: Ha! delicious, delicious —— fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded ſtrong.

Bon. Strong? It muſt be ſo, or how ſhou'd we be ſtrong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd ſo long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to paſs?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; ſhe would not let the Ale take its natural Courſe, Sir; ſhe was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is; and an honeſt Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Preſent of a dozen Bottles of Uſquebaugh —— but the poor Woman was never well after: But, howe'er, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Uſquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountiful* ſaid ſo —— She, good Lady, did what could be done; ſhe cur'd her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carry'd her off; but ſhe's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health [*Drinks.*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the beſt of Women: Her laſt Husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thouſand Pound a Year; and, I believe, ſhe lays out one half on't in charitable Uſes for the good of her Neighbours; ſhe cures Rheumatiſms, Ruptures and broken Shins in Men; Green-Sickneſs, Obſtruc-

tions

tions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;——The King's Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children: In ſhort, ſhe has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way uſeful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, ſhe has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the fineſt Woman in all our Country, and the greateſt Fortune: She has a Son too, by her firſt Husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you pleaſe, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What ſort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; ſays little, thinks leſs, and does——nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of great Eſtate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportſman, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleaſure; he plays at Whiſk, and ſmoaks his Pipe eight and forty Hours together ſometimes.

Aim. A fine Sportſman, truly! And marry'd, you ſay?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir——But he's a——He wants it here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Buſineſs; he's my Landlord, and ſo a Man, you know, wou'd not—— But I-cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his Rent at Quarter day; I have a good Running-Trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray, what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of thoſe Gentlemen: Pray, how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I cou'd wiſh we had as many more of 'em; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we paid good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and ſo they are willing to reimburſe us a little: One of 'em lodges in my Houſe.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are ſome *French* Gentlemen below, that aſk for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em —— Does your Maſter ſtay long in Town, as the Saying is? [*To* Archer.

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from *London?*

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No!

Bon. An odd Fellow this: I beg your Worſhip's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The Coaſt's clear, I ſee —— Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield.*

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave Canting; you need not change your Style with your Dreſs.

Arch. Don't miſtake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis ſtill my Maxim, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime ſo ſhameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confeſſes it every Day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, ſingle out of the Side-box to ſup with him t'other Night?

Arch. Jack Hundicraft, a handſome, well-dreſs'd, mannerly, ſharping Rogue, who keeps the beſt Company in Town.

Aim. Right; and pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manſlaughter* t'other Day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profeſs'd Pickpocket, and a good Bowler; but he makes a handſome Figure; and rides in his Coach that he formerly uſed to ride behind.

Aim.

Aim. But did you obſerve poor *Jack Generous* in the Park laſt Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Periwig ſhading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Faſhion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his uſeleſs Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with Company, yet was poor *Jack* as ſingle and ſolitary as a Lion in a Deſart.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men muſt not be poor; Idleneſs is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em buſtle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Senſe are left to their Induſtry.

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man ſwear now that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinſick Value were known ———

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinſick Value, who can ſtrike our Fortunes out of our ſelves, whoſe Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government: We have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to ſpend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unleſs it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horſes, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this two hundred Pound, with the Experience that we are now Maſters of, is a better Eſtate than the ten thouſand we have ſpent ——— Our Friends indeed began to ſuſpect that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours.

hours, ſhe'd no ſigns of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Bruſſels* was a good pretence enough for our ſudden diſappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine, that we are gone a Volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this Project fails, it muſt e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight-Errantry; but in caſe it ſhould fail, we'll reſerve the other to carry us to ſome Counterſcarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my Heart, and we have liv'd juſtly, *Archer*; we can't ſay that we have ſpent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; ſo much Pleaſure for ſo much Money; we have had our Penny-worths; and had I Millions, I wou'd go to the ſame Market again. O *London*, *London!* well, we have had our Share, and let us be thankful: Paſt Pleaſures, for ought I know, are beſt, ſuch we are ſure of; thoſe to come may diſappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to ſee how ſome inhumane Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; thoſe that by ſacrificing all to one Appetite, ſhall ſtarve all the reſt—You ſhall have ſome that live only in their Palates, and in their Senſe of Taſting ſhall drown the other Four: Others are only Epicures in Appearances, ſuch who ſhall ſtarve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famiſh their own, to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary ſort confine their Pleaſures to the Dark, and contract their ſpacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-ſtring.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they conſume 'em, and, I think, your kind Keepers have much the beſt on't; for they indulge the moſt Senſes by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing and Feeling amply gratify'd; and ſome Philoſophers will tell you, that from ſuch a Commerce, there ariſes a ſixth Senſe, that gives infinitely more Pleaſure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to paſs to the other Extremity, of all Keepers I think thoſe the worſt that keep their Money.

Arch. Thoſe are the moſt miſerable Wights in Being; they deſtroy the Rights of Nature, and diſappoint the Bleſſings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his Five Senſes keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their juſt Order and Strength with his Reaſon, as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleaſure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the leaſt Appearance of Diſadvantage, or Danger: —— For my part, I can ſtick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reaſon, holds good; I can be charm'd with *Sappho*'s Singing, without falling in Love with her Face: I love Hunting, but would not, like *Actæon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs: I love a fine Houſe, but let another keep it; and juſt ſo I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that laſt Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're ſuch an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll ſpoil our Sport; you can't counterfeit the Paſſion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis ſtill in force with the Country Ladies: — And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Paſſion ſhall outdo the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't diſpute it now; you command for the Day, and ſo I ſubmit: — At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Maſter.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, ſhall be our laſt Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter* Boniface.] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worſhip pleaſe to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I muſt confeſs! —— I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah! Do you know who you are? [*Aſide.*

Bon. Pleaſe to beſpeak ſomething elſe; I have every thing in the Houſe.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on *Wedneſday* laſt.

Aim. Have you got any Fiſh, or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fiſh, truly, Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fiſh, that's the truth on't; but then for Wild-fowl! —— We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricaſſéed.

Bon. Fricaſſéed! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better ſmother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pſhaw! Rot your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah! —— Well, Landlord, what you pleaſe; but hold, I have a ſmall Charge of Money, and your Houſe is ſo full of Strangers, that I believe it may be ſafer in your Cuſtody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing ——— Here, Sirrah, reach me the ſtrong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir, —— this will give us Reputation. [*Aſide. Brings the Box.*

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are ſealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds ſomewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper: But be ſure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at preſent; perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Gueſt till the beſt part of that be ſpent; and pray order your Oſtler to keep my Horſes ready ſaddled: But one thing above the reſt I muſt beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it; ——— for he's the moſt inſufferable Sot ——— Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir! [Exit, *lighted by* Archer.

Bon. *Cherry*, Daughter *Cherry*.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you muſt lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why ſure Father, the Gentleman comes to be choſen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his Horſes ready ſaddled, and of going perhaps at a Minute's warning, or of ſtaying perhaps till the beſt part of this be ſpent.

Cher. Ay ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man.

Bon. A Highway-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is ſome new-purchaſed Booty. —— Now, cou'd we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horſes have they?

Cher. The Maſter rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare; and ſince he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a ſafe Conſcience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own. Look'e, Child, as the Saying is, we muſt go cunningly to work; Proofs we muſt have; the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a Wench; you muſt work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon. Conſider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming. —— Child, mind your Buſineſs.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it. —— My Mother was a good generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Gueſt, and debauch his Daughter into the Bargain, —— by a Footman too.

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Miſtreſs, is ſo happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope ſo, for, I'm ſure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppoſe I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the Minute I came in, I was conſidering in what manner I ſhould make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners; if you kept a little more diſtance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Diſtance! good Night, Saucebox. [*Going.*

Cher. A pretty Fellow; I like his Pride. —Sir, pray, Sir, you ſee, Sir, [Archer *returns*] I have the Credit to be intruſted with your Maſter's Fortune here, which ſets me a degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no. ——Sdeath Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I ſee every body?

Arch. Ay, but if ſome Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body. — Prithee inſtruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to ſay.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Perſon of your Figure, I can aſſure you, Madam; my Addreſſes have been always confin'd to People within my own Sphere, I never aſpir'd ſo high before.

[Archer *ſings.*

But you look ſo bright,
And are dreſs'd ſo tight,
That a Man wou'd ſwear you're Right,
Arm was e'er laid over.

Such an Air
You freely wear
To enſnare,
As makes each Gueſt a Lover:

Since then, my Dear, I'm your
Prithee give me of the Beſt
Of what is ready Dreſt:
Since then my Dear, &c.

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Aſide.*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kiſſes her*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs.

Cher. And I wiſh there had been a Swarm of Bees too, to have ſtung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a Swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the Buſineſs much better.

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aſide.*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad I have forgot it. [*Aſide.*] Oh! *Martin.*

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In St. *Martin's* Pariſh.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. Of —— of —— St. *Martin's* Pariſh.

Cher. Then Friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handſome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel

Cher. I ſhall be rude.

Arch. So ſhall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiſs.

[*Kiſſes her.* Boniface *calls without* Cherry! Cherry.

Cher. I'm——My Father calls; you plaguy Devil, how durſt you ſtop my Breath ſo?——Offer to follow me one ſtep, if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light; this is a pretty fair Opening of an Adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and ſo Fortune be our Guide.

[*Exit.*

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda *meeting.*

Dor. MOrrow, my dear Siſter; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. *Sul.* Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy againſt bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law at *Doctors Commons*; and I ſwear, Siſter *Sullen*, rather than ſee you thus continually diſcontented, I wou'd adviſe you to apply to that: For beſides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Siſter to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me ſuch an Impreſſion of Matrimony, that I ſhall be apt to condemn my Perſon to a long Vacation all its Life—But ſuppoſing, Madam, that you brought it to a Caſe of Separation, what can you urge againſt your Husband? My Brother is, firſt, the moſt conſtant Man alive.

Mrs. *Sul.* The moſt conſtant Husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never ſleeps from you.

Mrs. *Sul.* No, he always ſleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance ſuitable to your Quality.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hoſpital Child, that I muſt ſit down, and bleſs my Benefactors, for Meat, Drink, and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother ten Thouſand Pounds, out of which I might expect ſome pretty things, call'd Pleaſures.

Dor. You ſhare in all the Pleaſures that the Country affords.

Mrs. *Sul.* Country Pleaſures! Racks and Torments! Don't think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, and clambring over Styles; or that my Parents wiſely foreſeeing my future Happineſs in Country Pleaſures, had early inſtructed me in rural Accompliſhments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and ſmoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of ſpreading of Plaiſters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and, ſtilling Roſemary-Water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-Law?

Dor. I'm ſorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wiſh, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taſte a little leſs refin'd: But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philoſophers, that labour'd ſo much in hunting after Pleaſure, to place it at laſt in a Country Life?

Mrs. *Sul.* Becauſe they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleaſures of the Town: Did you ever hear of a Poet or Philoſopher worth ten thouſand Pound? If you can ſhew me ſuch a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound, you'll find him ſomewhere within the Weekly Bills. Not that I diſapprove rural Pleaſures, as the Poets have painted them in their Landſchapes; every *Phyllis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flow'ry Mead gives freſh Alarms to Love.—Beſides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd: —But yonder, I ſee my *Corydon*, and a ſweet Swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both, is he not a ſad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to ſay to your part of him, you're the beſt Judge.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Siſter, Siſter! if ever you marry, beware of a ſullen, ſilent Sot, one that's always muſing, and never thinks;

thinks. — There's ſome Diverſion in a talking Block-head; and ſince a Woman muſt wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleaſure of hearing 'em rattle a little. — Now you ſhall ſee; but take this by the way, He came home this Morning at his uſual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a ſweet Dream of ſomething elſe, by tumbling over the Tea-Table, which he broke all to pieces; after his Man and he has rowl'd about the Room like ſick Paſſengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fiſhmonger's Basket; his Feet like Pieces of Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greaſy as his Flannel Night-Cap — Oh Matrimony! Matrimony! — He toſſes up the Clothes with a barbarous ſwing over his Shoulders, diſorders the whole Occonomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Noſe — O the Pleaſure of counting the melancholy Clock by a ſnoaring Husband! — But now, Siſter, you ſhall ſee how handſomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes conſumedly.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you be pleaſed, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pſhaw!

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you pleaſe to dreſs, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, a'n't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and d'ye hear, ſet out the Veniſon-Paſty, and a Tankard of ſtrong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfaſt. [*Going.*

Dor. Stay, ſtay, Brother, you ſha'n't get off ſo; you were very naught laſt Night, and muſt make your Wife Reparation: Come, come, Brother won't you ask Pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk laſt Night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. *Sul.* But I can't, Sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. *Sul.* But I muſt tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. *Sul.* What is the Reaſon, Sir, that you uſe me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to ſhave my Head. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet ſomething there that may turn the Edge of your Razor [*Exit Scrub.*]. Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know ſo hard, ſo obſtinate a Spleen as his? O Siſter, Siſter! I ſhall never ha' good of the Beaſt till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the Place for managing and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the ſame Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. *Sul.* No, no, Child, 'tis a ſtanding Maxim in Conjugal Diſcipline, that when a Man would enſlave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, ſhe wheedles her Booby up to Town——A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, becauſe there are ſo many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda!* a fine Woman may do any thing in *London:* O' my Conſcience, ſhe may raiſe an Army of Forty thouſand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Siſter, you have a mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. *Sul.* The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor. And ſome *Engliſh* that I know, Siſter, are not averſe to ſuch Amuſements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Siſter, Since the Truth muſt out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouſe my lethargick, ſottiſh Husband, is to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men muſt be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures, of no value in the Hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Senſe bid high for the Purchaſe.

Dor. This might do, Siſter, if my Brother's Underſtanding were to be convinc'd into a Paſſion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural Averſion of his Side, and I fancy, Siſter, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the cenſorious Vulgar, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to diſſemble a little Kindneſs to keep me in Countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, Siſter, but that inſtead of rouſing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindneſs, he ſhould awake in a real Fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him: — If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how muſt I behave myſelf between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You muſt aſſiſt me.

Dor. What, againſt my own Brother?

Mrs. Sul. He is but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend: If I go a Step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me till then, I expect you ſhould go along with me in every thing; while I truſt my Honour in your Hands, you may truſt your Brother's in mine — The Count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, Siſter, that I can't like that Man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your Time is not come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and ſtrike home one time or other; — You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant

warrant ye — But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almoſt Church-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *dreſs'd, and* Archer.

Aim. And was ſhe the Daughter of the Houſe?

Arch. The Landlord is ſo blind as to think ſo; but I dare ſwear ſhe has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why doſt think ſo?

Arch. Becauſe the Baggage has a pert *Je-ne-ſçai-quoy*, ſhe reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours.

Aim. By which Diſcoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives herſelf Airs, forſooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one Word more o'that, and I'll declare my ſelf, ſpoil your Sport there, and every where elſe; look ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right, and therefore you muſt pimp for your Maſter.

Arch. In the uſual Forms, good Sir, after I have ſerv'd myſelf — But to our Buſineſs — You are ſo well dreſs'd, *Tom*, and make ſo handſome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior Part ſtrikes firſt, and there in the right to make that Impreſſion favourable.

Aim. There's ſomething in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church, draws as many Gazers as a Blazing Star; no ſooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whiſpers run buzzing round the Congregation in a Moment: — Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him — Then, I, Sir, tip the Verger Half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the beſt Pew in the Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn my ſelf round, bow to the Biſhop, or the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; ſingle out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, ſet my

Nose

Noſe a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and ſhew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the Sermon, the whole Town ſees me to her for a Lover, and by perſuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and ſhe in good earneſt falls in Love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but inſtead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune; that's our Buſineſs at preſent.

Aim. Pſha! no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune. — Leave me alone for a Mark's-man.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um — I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Bleſſing by going to Church now?

Aim. Bleſſing! nay *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife! [*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreaſonable in his Demands. [Exit *at the oppoſite Door.*

Enter Bonifice *and* Cherry.

Bon. Well, Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confeſs?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young, you know, Father, and don't underſtand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was uſeleſs at five and twenty! Would you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you, his Silence confeſſes it, and his Maſter ſpends his Money ſo freely, and is ſo much a Gentleman every manner of Way, that he muſt be a Highway-man.

Enter Gibbet *in a Cloak.*

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coaſt clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib.

Gib. No matter, ask no Queſtions, all fair and honourable; here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as ever hang'd or ſav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the reſt, and ſhew —Three Wedding —or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the ſame you know —— Here, two Silver-hilted Swords; I took thoſe from Fellows that never ſhew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the priveteſt Place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawnbroker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Perſon of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Caſe.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;—From a poor Lady juſt eloped from her Husband, ſhe had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as ſhe cou'd drive; ſhe told me of her Husband's barbarous Uſage, and ſo Faith I left her Half a Crown. But I had almoſt forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Preſent for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruſe, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Petticoat Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint!

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm ſure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.——Here, take my Cloak, and go, ſecure the Premiſſes.

Cher. I will ſecure 'em. [*Exit.*

Bon. But hark'e, where's *Hounſlow* and *Bagſhot?*

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o' the Pad on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the Houſe juſt now.

Gib. The Devil! how d'ye ſmoak 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. To Church! That's ſuſpicious. I muſt confeſs.

Bon.

Bon. And the other is now in his Maſter's Chamber; he pretends to be a Servant to the other, we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my Heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin!* Mr. *Martin!*

Enter Archer *combing a Periwig, and ſinging.*

Gib. The Roads are conſumed deep, I'm as dirty as *Old Brentford* at *Chriſtmas* —— A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Maſter's.

Gib. Really

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's muc —— The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evaſions. —— But, pray, Sir, what is your Maſter's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Periwig.*] This is the moſt obſtinate Curl ——

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir —— Tall, all, dall —— I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which Way does your Maſter travel?

Arch. A Horſeback.

Gib. Very well an old Offender right —— But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir! Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin*, you're very arch — This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Cheſter*, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all —— Come, Captain, you'll ſtay to-night, I ſuppoſe; I'll ſhew you a Chamber —— Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewel Friend —— [*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, your Servant —— Captain! a pretty Fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conſpire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their own.

Enter

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not liſten; I wou'd have the Merit of the Diſcovery all my own, becauſe I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aſide.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out Trooper, I ſuppoſe.

Cher. All's ſafe, I find. [*Aſide.*

Arch. Come my Dear, have you conn'd over the Catechize I taught you laſt Night?

Cher. Come, queſtion me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt Scholar. *Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out.

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the Object of that Paſſion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linen.

Arch. The Reaſon?

Cher. The two firſt are faſhionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Paſſion?

Cher. A ſtealing Look, a ſtammering Tongue, Words improbable, Deſigns impoſſible, and Actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiſs me. ——What muſt a Lover do to obtain his Miſtreſs?

Cher. He muſt adore the Perſon that diſdains him, he muſt bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him. —— He muſt, he muſt ——

Arch. Nay, Child, I muſt whip you if you don't mind your Leſſon; he muſt treat his ——

Cher. O! ay, He muſt treat his Enemies with Reſpect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with

Contempt; he muſt ſuffer much, and fear more; he muſt deſire much, and hope little; in ſhort, he muſt embrace his Ruin, and throw himſelf away.

Arch. Had ever Man ſo hopeful a Pupil as mine? Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Becauſe being blind, he leads thoſe that ſee; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well! ——And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Becauſe the Painters out of their Weakneſs, or Priviledge of their Art, choſe to hide thoſe Eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiſs me again.—— And why ſhou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Becauſe that a Child is the End of Love.

Arch. And ſo ends Love's Catechiſm ——And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Maſter's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin* ——You have taken a great deal of Pains to inſtruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Diſcourſe and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonſenſe in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb ſhall ever tempt me to ſerve, tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—— Own your Condition, ſwear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we ſhall go make my Maſter's Bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You muſt know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal; but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who ſtript me of my Money, my Friends diſown'd me, and now my Neceſſity brings me to what you ſee.

Cher. Then take my Hand —— promiſe to marry me before you ſleep, and I'll make you Maſter of two thouſand Pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher.

Cher. Two thouſand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Cuſtody; ſo throw off your Livery this Inſtant, and I'll go find a Parſon?

Arch. What ſaid you? a Parſon.

Cher. What! Do you ſcruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but — two thouſand Pound you ſay?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what ſhall I do? —— But hark'e, Child, what need you make me Maſter of your ſelf and Money, when you may have the ſame Pleaſure out of me, and ſtill keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but ——

Cher. O ſweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you perſuade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuſe two thouſand Pound, let the Condition be what it wou'd — no, no, Sir, — but I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken, ſince it was only to inform my ſelf of the Reſpect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter* — Hold, hold! and have you actually two thouſand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you — when you pleaſe to be more open, I ſhall be more free, and be aſſur'd that I have Diſcoveries that will match yours, be they what they will —— In the mean while be ſatisfied that no Diſcovery I make ſhall ever hurt you, but beware of my Father —— [*Exit.*

Arch. So — we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his —— Let me ſee — two thouſand Pounds! If the Wench wou'd promiſe to die when the Money were ſpent, I-gad, one wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live —— Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-Keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil — there my Pride brings me off.

For whatſoe'er the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels Fall, and twenty Faults beſide,

On

On Earth, I'm ſure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride ſaves Man oft', and Woman too from falling.
[Exit.

The End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* HA, ha, ha, my dear Siſter, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends indeed; for I ſhall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine——now you'll be good for ſomething, I ſhall have you converſable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am ſo weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at firſt ſight?

Mrs. *Sul.* Pſhaw! now you ſpoil all, why ſhou'd not we be as free in our Friendſhips as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Paſſion, toaſted your Health, call'd you ten thouſand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing, in a Deſcription that warms their Mirth to a ſecond Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Siſter, I a'n't well.

Mrs. *Sul.* So——ſhe's breeding already——come, Child, up with it——hem a little——ſo——now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we ſaw at Church juſt now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs *Sul.* Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narciſſus*, a Star, the Man i' the Moon?

Dor. O Siſter, I'm extremely ill!

Mrs. *Sul.* Shall I ſend to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaiſter to put to the Soles of your Feet? or ſhall I ſend to the Gentleman for ſomething for you:——Come, unlace your Stays, unboſome your

ſelf

ſelf — the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I ſaw him when he firſt came into Church.

Dor. I ſaw him too, Siſter, and with an Air that ſhone, methought, like Rays about his Perſon.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well ſaid, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to ſet him off, no ſtudy'd Looks, nor artful Poſture, —— but Nature did it all ——

Mrs. *Sul.* Better and better — One Touch more — come ——

Dor. But then his Looks—did you obſerve his Eyes?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, I did —— his Eyes; well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they ſeem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me — and then his Looks ſo humble were, and yet ſo noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he ſcorn'd Slavery any where elſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* The Phyſick works purely — How d'ye find your ſelf now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my Dear — O here comes our *Mercury!* [*Enter* Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole Packet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the firſt Place I [illegible] who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. *Secondly*, I ask'd what the Gentleman was? They anſwer'd and ſaid, That they never ſaw him before. *Thirdly*, I enquir'd what Country Man he was? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. *Fourthly*, I demanded whence he came? Their anſwer was, they cou'd not tell. And *fifthly*, I ask'd whither he went? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the Matter. — And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. *Sul.* But what do the People ſay? Can't they gueſs?

Scrub. Why ſome think he's a Spy, ſome gueſs he's a Mountebank, ſome ſay one thing, ſome another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jeſuit.

Dor.

Dor. A Jeſuit! Why a Jeſuit?

Scrub. Becauſe he keeps his Horſes always ready addled, and his Footman talks *French.*

Mrs. *Sul.* His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-'ond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd onſumedly.

Dor. What ſort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's ſo bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops o his Shoes, up to his mid Leg, a ſilver-headed Cane langling at his Knuckles — he carries his Hands in his 'ockets and walks juſt ſo — [*Walks in a French Air.*] nd has a fine long Periwig ty'd up in a Bag —— Lord, Madam, he's clear another ſort of Man than I.

Mrs. *Sul.* That may eaſily be — but what ſhall we lo now, Siſter?

Dor. I have it —— This Fellow has a World 'of ſimplicity, and ſome Cunning, the firſt hides the latter y abundance —— *Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great Mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You muſt go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Me, becauſe you're Buttler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every *Sunday.*

Mrs. *Sul.* O brave Siſter! o' my Conſcience, you nderſtand the Mathematicks already —— 'Tis the beſt 'lot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be one to Church, my Spouſe will be got to the Alecuſe with his Scoundrels, and the Houſe will be our wn —— ſo we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow ſome Queſtions our ſelves. In the Country, you now, any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to ake up with the Butler in a Country Dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub.

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyſhip the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipſy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuſe your Waiting. —— Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I ſhall.

SCENE *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer.

Arch. Well, *Tom*, I find you're a Markſman.

Aim. A Markſman! who ſo blind cou'd be as not diſcern a Swan among the Ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell.*

Aim. Aimwell! call me *Oroondates, Ceſario, Amadis*, all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll anſwer. O *Archer*, I read her thouſands in her Looks, ſhe look'd like *Ceres* in her Harveſt, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean: the Corn, Wine and Oil, lies there. In ſhort, ſhe has ten thouſand Pound, that's the *Engliſh* on't.

Aim. Her Eyes ——

Arch. Are Demi-Canons, to be ſure; ſo I won't ſtand their Battery. [*Going.*

Aim. Pray excuſe me, my Paſſion muſt have vent.

Arch. Paſſion! what a plague, d'ye think theſe Romantick Airs will do our Buſineſs? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have ſomething more romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes.

The Nymph, that with her twice ten hundred Pounds,
With brazen Engine hot, and Quoif clear ſtarch'd,
Can fire the Gueſt in warming of the Bed ——

There's

There's a Touch of ſublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fiſh; he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at laſt, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and ſo whips it into his Basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the ſaying is ——yonder's an honeſt Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful*'s Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go home with him and ſee his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Baſſemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do myſelf the Honour to wait on him immediately, as the ſaying is.

Bon. I ſhall do your Worſhip's Commands, as the ſaying is. [*Exit bowing obſequiouſly.*

Aim. What do I hear? ſoft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toſtida* ſing?

Arch. Pſhaw! Damn your Raptures; I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Veſſel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You ſay, there's another Lady very handſome there.

Aim. Yes faith.

Arch. I'm in Love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time.

Arch. No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine and Oil, is ingroſs'd to my Market——And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light, you ſhall go to the bottom.—— What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruiſe for you. [*Exit.*

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't——Landlord; have you any tolerable Company in the Houſe? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the ſaying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where; will you make him a Complement from me, and tell him I ſhould be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who ſhall I tell him, Sir, wou'd——

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in——I'm only a Traveller, like himſelf, and wou'd be glad of his Company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the ſaying is. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what Title will you give yourſelf?

Aim. My Brother's, to be ſure; he wou'd never give me any thing elſe, ſo I'll make bold with his Honour this bout ——you know the reſt of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deſerve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never ſaw me before——I hope. [*Aſide.*

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of ſeeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I ſcorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I ask you're pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be ſo bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental. [*Aſide.* You have ſerv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'twas my Lot to be ſent into the worſt Service; I wou'd have quitted indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Beſides 'twas for the good of my Country that I ſhou'd be a broad——Any thing for the good of one's Countr——I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim. One of the firſt, I'll lay my Life [*Aſide.*] You found the *Weſt-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I ſeen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-houſe?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White*'s too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A-croſs the Country —— The Devil's in't, if I han't ſaid enough to encourage him to declare — but I'm afraid he's not right, I muſt tack about. [*Aſide.*

Aim. Is your Company to Quarter at *Litchfield?*

Gib. In this Houſe, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, Sir, I underſtand the World, eſpecially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for anſwering Queſtions directly upon the Road — for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aſide.*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highwaymen upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd ſuſpect a Gentleman of your Figure —— But truly, Sir, I have got ſuch a way of Evaſion upon the Road, that I don't care for ſpeaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be neceſſary —— Then I preſume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; Captain is a good travelling Name, and ſo I take it; it ſtops a great many fooliſh Inquiries that are generally made about Gentleman that travel; it gives a Man an Air of ſomething, and makes the Drawers obedient —— And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profeſſion?

Gib. O, Sir, you muſt excuſe me — upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it ſafe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you!

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the ſaying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third Man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or, is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Prieſt, and Chaplain to the *French* Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman?*

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Bruſſels*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a Prieſt! I won't be ſeen in his Company, Sir; I have a Value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, ſince we are by ourſelves — Can he ſpeak *Engliſh*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may known him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a Maſter of Languages, as the Saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you underſtand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*.

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is; but he talks it ſo very faſt, that I'm ſure it muſt be good.

Aim. Pray, deſire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, Gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman!* Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your moſt faithful Shervant, and yours alſho.

Gib.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *Engliſh*, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *Engliſh* is very well for the vords, but we Foreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation ſo ſoon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a downright Teague, by this Light. [*Aſide.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Bruſſels*: I am Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? ſpeak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not eaſily put out of Countenance.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Diſpute — Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen — pray — that Door.—

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain muſt lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, ſo it is —

[Exit *foremoſt, they follow.*

SCENE *changes to a Gallery in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Enter Archer *and* Scrub *ſinging, and hugging one another;* Scrub *with a Tankard in his Hand,* Gipſey *liſtning at a diſtance.*

Scrub. Tal, all, Dall — Come, my dear Boy — let us have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we ſhall diſturb the Family: — But will you be ſure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Ph! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough — You muſt know then, that my Maſter is the Lord Viſcount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other Day in *London*, wounded his Man ſo dangerouſly, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not; He never was

in this part of *England* before, ſo he choſe to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gib. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you when your Maſter fought?

Arch. We never know of our Maſters Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Maſters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the firſt thing they do, is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you ſhall have the whole Country up in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for—— But if you ſhould chance to talk now of this Buſineſs?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my Tongue, I had never liv'd ſo long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be ſure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll ſay no more——Come ſit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here ——

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted eh —— Here's your Ladies Health; you have three, I think, and to be ſure there muſt be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! Friend, Friend, I wiſh I had a Friend. ——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be ſworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute——Give me a Kiſs—— And now Brother *Scrub.*——

Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair ſtand an end: —— You muſt know, that I am conſumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipſey*, that was with us juſt now in the Cellar, is the arranteſt Whore that ever wore a Petticoat, and I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha —— Are you in Love with her Perſon, or her Virtue, Brother *Scrub?*

Scrub. I ſhould like Virtue beſt, becauſe it is more durable than Beauty; for Virtue holds good with ſome Women long, and many a Day after they have loſt it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Virtue is loſt, till a Baſtard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a Baſtard, I ſhou'd have her all to myſelf; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being ſent for a Soldier. —— Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that ſame Preſſing-Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*; —— 'Tis the worſt that ever was made for us: —— Formerly I remember the good Days when we cou'd dun our Maſters for our Wages, and if they refuſed to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Juſtice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Juſtices.

Scrub. And to be ſure we go, if we talk of eating; for the Juſtices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune —— I dare not ſpeak in the Houſe, while that Jade, *Gipſey*, dings about like a Fury —— Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this Miſchief is a Prieſt.

Arch. A Prieſt!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to ſay Grace to the *French* Officers, and eat up our Proviſions —— There's not a Day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this Houſe.

Arch. How came he ſo familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Becauſe he ſpeaks *Engliſh* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Prieſt, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipſey*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend —— For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papiſt —— But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for ſome private Ends of their own too, to be ſure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*. I ſuppoſe the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know — She's the beſt of 'em, that's the Truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curioſity, by giving me ſo much Buſineſs, that I'm a perfect Slave — What d'ye think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I ſuppoſe.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you — I'll tell you — Of a *Monday* I drive the Coach, of a *Tueſday* I drive the Plough, on *Wedneſday* I follow the Hounds, a *Thurſday* I dun the Tenants, on *Friday* I go to Market, on *Saturday* I draw Warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw Beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if Variety be a Pleaſure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother — But what Ladies are thoſe?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs. *Sullen*, and the other Mrs. *Dorinda* — Don't mind 'em, ſit ſtill, Man —

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sul.* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they ſay that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impoſſible, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* He's vaſtly rich, and very cloſe they ſay.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breaſt, I warrant him: I have heard ſay, that People may be gueſs'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants; I cou'd wiſh we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. *Sul.* So do I; for I think, he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this Way, I'll throw out a Lure for him preſently.

[*They walk a Turn towards the oppoſite Side of the Stage,* Mrs. Sullen *drops her Fan,* Archer *runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*]

Arch. Corn, Wine and Oil indeed — But, I think, the Wife has the greateſt Plenty of Fleſh and Blood; ſhe

ſhould

ſhould be my Choice——Ay, ay, ſay you ſo — Madam, —— Your Ladyſhip's Fan.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Sir, I thank you —— What a handſome Bow the Fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why I have known ſeveral Footmen come down from *London* ſet up here for Dancing-Maſters, and carry off the beſt Fortunes in the Country.

[*Arch.* [*Aſide.*] That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours — Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the ſtrange Gentleman's Servant that you ſaw at Church to-day; I underſtood he came from *London*, and ſo I invited him to the Cellar, that he might ſhew me the neweſt Flouriſh in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyſhip's Liquor is a little too potent for the Conſtitution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. *Sul.* What, then you don't uſually drink Ale.

Arch. No, Madam, my conſtant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis preſcribed me by the Phyſician for a Remedy againſt the Spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la! — A Footman have the Spleen —

Mrs. *Sul.* I thought that Diſtemper had been only proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Faſhions it wears out, and ſo deſcends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from ſome melancholy Particles in the Blood, occaſioned by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks — How long, pray, have you ſerv'd your preſent Maſter?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been moſtly ſpent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. *Sul.* and pray, which Service do you like beſt?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay beſt; the Honour of ſerving them is ſufficient Wages; there is a Charm in their Looks that delivers a Pleaſure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs. *Sul.* That Flight was above the Pitch of a Livery; and Sir, wou'd not you be ſatisfy'd to ſerve a Lady again?

Arch. As Groom of the Chambers, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. *Sul.* I ſuppoſe you ſerv'd as Footman before?

Arch. For that Reaſon I wou'd not ſerve in that Poſt again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Meſſages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in *London*: My Lady *Howdye*, the laſt Miſtreſs I ſerv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyſhip *yeſterday*, and left Word with Mrs. *Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair ſhe knows of, are ſtopt 'till we know the Concurrence of the Perſon that I know of, for which there are Circumſtances wanting which we ſhall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Perſon about her Ladyſhip, that from ſeveral Hints and Surmiſes, was acceſſary at a certain time to the Diſappointments that naturally attend Things, that to her Knowledge are of more Importance ——

Mrs. *Sul.* } Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done —— The whole How'dye was about Half an Hour long; ſo happen'd to miſplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable. ——

Dor. The pleaſanteſt Fellow, Siſter, I ever ſaw. —— But, Friend, if your Maſter be marry'd, —— I preſume you ſtill ſerve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd Family; the Commands of the Maſter and Miſtreſs are always ſo contrary, that 'tis impoſſible to pleaſe both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd. —— My Lord is not marry'd, I find. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sul.* But I wonder, Friend, that in ſo many good Services, you had not a better Proviſion made for you.

Arch.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam. — I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam — I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he ſings rarely — I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack a-day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin.*

Dor. Does he? Pray Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Any you for Paſſion or Humour?

Scrub. O! He has the pureſt Ballad about a Triſle —

Mrs. *Sul.* A Triſle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm aſham'd to offer you a Triſle, Madam: But ſince you command me. —

[*Sings to the Tune of* Sir Simon *the King*

A Triſling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Triſle and ended, &c.

Mrs. *Sul.* Very well, Sir, we're oblig'd to you — Something for a Pair of Gloves.

[*Offering him Money.*

Arch. Thumbly beg leave to be excuſed: My Maſter, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hand, without injuring his Honour, and diſobeying his Commands. [*Exit.*

Dor. This is ſurprizing: Did you ever ſee ſo pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Siſter, he may be ſome Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordſhip has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Diſcretion, to bear him Company in this Dreſs, and who ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. *Sul.* It is ſo, it muſt be ſo, and it ſhall be ſo — For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Count happen'd to be the moſt agreeable Man upon the Place; and ſo I choſe him to ſerve

me in my Deſign upon my Huband —— But I ſhou'd like this Fellow better in a Deſign upon myſelf!

Dor. But now, Siſter, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how ſhall we bring that about?

Mrs. *Sul.* Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd! —— Wou'd you prevent their Deſires, and give the Fellows no wiſhing time. —— Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you or deſerves you, he'll find a Way to ſee you, and there we muſt leave it. —— My Buſineſs comes now upon the *Tapis* —— Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. *Sul.* And how did he reliſh it?

Dor. He ſaid little, mumbled ſomething to himſelf, and promis'd to be guided by me. But here he comes.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What ſinging was that I heard juſt now?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Singing in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. *Sul.* I was ever ſo, ſince I became one Fleſh with you.

Sul. One Fleſh! rather two Carcaſſes join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. *Sul.* O rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife ſhews you what you muſt do!

Mrs. *Sul.* And my Husband ſhews you what you muſt ſuffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be ſilent?

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpoſe?

Mrs. *Sul.* Do you think to any purpoſe?

Sul. Siſter, hearkʼe— [*Whiſpers.*] I ſhaʼn't be home till it be late.

Mrs. *Sul.* What did he whiſper to ye?

Dor. That he wou'd go round the back-way, come into the Cloſet, and liſten as I directed him.— But let me beg once more, dear Siſter, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, inſtead of awaking him to Kindneſs, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count, vaniſh.

[*Exit* Dorinda.

Enter Count *Bellair*.

Don't you wonder, Monſieur le Count, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. *I more wonder, Madam, that you go there at all, or how you dare liſt thoſe Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of ſo much killing.*

Mrs. Sul. *If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes, with the Power of killing, the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may attone for the other.*

Count. *O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyſhip be as ready to apply the Remedy, as to give the Wound.— Conſider, Madam, I am doubly a Priſoner; firſt to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my firſt Chains are eaſy, there a Ranſom may redeem me, but from your Fetters I never ſhall get free.*

Mrs. Sul. *Alas, Sir! Why ſhou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains my ſelf? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, muſt be tied up in that Particular that might give you Eaſe: I am like you, a Priſoner of War — of War indeed — I have given my Parole of Honour; wou'd you break yours to gain your Liberty?*

* This Scene printed in *Italic*, with the entire part of the *Count*, was cut out by the Author, after the firſt Night's Repreſentation; and where he ſhould enter in the laſt Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of *Foigard*.

Count

Count. *Moſt certainly I wou'd, were I a Priſoner among the* Turks; *dis is your Caſe, you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worſt of* Turks; *a Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *There lies my Foible, I confeſs; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct nor Vigilancy, can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governor forces the Garriſon to Mutiny.*

Count. *And where de Beſieger is reſolv'd to die before de Place——— Here will I fix;* [Kneels] *with Tears, Vows and Prayers, aſſault your Heart, and never riſe till you ſurrender; or if I muſt ſtorm —— Love and St.* Michael —— *And ſo I begin the Attack ———*

Mrs. Sul. *Stand off,—— Shelter heart me not ——— And I cou'd almoſt wiſh —— he did not ——— the Fellow makes Love very prettily.* [Aſide.] *But, Sir, why ſhou'd you put ſuch a Value upon my Perſon, when you ſee it deſpis'd by one that knows it ſo much better?*

Count. *He knows it not, tho' he poſſeſſes it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Maſter of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and ſleep with it in his Arms.*

Mrs. Sul. *But ſince he throws me unregarded from him.——*

Count. *And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up,—is it not Juſtice?*

[Goes to lay hold of her.

Enter *Sullen* with his Sword drawn.

Sul. *Hold, Villain, hold.*

Mrs. Sul. [Preſenting a Piſtol.] *Do you hold?*

Sul. *What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully?*

Mrs. Sul. *Bully! For ſhame, Mr.* Sullen, *Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Priſoner, you know — I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence; and, if Occaſion were, to preſerve my ſelf againſt the Force of this other Gentleman.*

Count. O *Madam, your Eyes be better Fire-Arms than your Piſtol, they never miſs.*

Sul.

Sul. *What! court my Wife to my Face!*

Mrs. Sul. *Pray, Mr.* Sullen, *put up, ſuſpend your Fury for a Minute.*

Sul. *To give time to invent an Excuſe.*

Mrs. Sul. *I need none.*

Sul. *No, for I heard every Syllable of your Diſcourſe.*

Count. *Ah! And begar, I tink de Dialogue was very pretty.*

Mrs. Sul. *Then, I ſuppoſe, Sir, you heard ſomething of your own Barbarity?*

Sul. *Barbarity! Oons what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?*

Mrs. Sul. *No.*

Sul. *As for you, [illegible] I ſhall take another time.*

Count. *Ah, begar, you ſhall I.*

Sul. *Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.*

Mrs. Sul. *Sir, I thank you kindly, you wou'd allow me the Sin, but rob me of the Pleaſure — No, no, I'm reſolv'd never to venture upon the Crime, without the Satisfaction of ſeeing you puniſh'd for't.*

Sul. *Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any Body elſe do you the Favour but that* Frenchman, *for I mortally hate his whole Generation.* [Exit.

Count. *Sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love ſome of yours; Madam —* [Approaching her.

Mrs. Sul. *No, Sir —*

Count. *No, Sir! — Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir; — I believ'd your Addreſſes to me were no more than an Amuſement, and I hope you will think the ſame of my Complaiſance; and to convince you that you ought, you muſt know, that I brought you hither only to make you inſtrumental in ſetting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to liſten by my Appointment.*

Count. *By your Appointment!*

Mrs. Sul. *Certainly!*

Count.

Count. *And ſo, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.*

Mrs. Sul. *I ask your Pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a Taſte of the Virtue of the* Engliſh *Ladies.*

Count. *Begar, Madam, your Virtue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeſty be vera little.*

Enter *Dorinda.*

Mrs. Sul. *Nay, now you're angry, Sir*

Count. *Angry! Fair* Dorinda [Sings Fair *Dorinda* the Opera Tune, and addreſſes to *Dorinda.*] *Madam, when your Ladyſhip wants a Fool, ſend for me, Fair* Dorinda Revenge, *&c.* [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. *There goes the Humour of his Nation, Reſentment with good Manners, and the height of Anger in a Song. Well, Siſter, you muſt be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.*

Dor. *And I bring in my Brother guilty.*

Mrs. Sul. *But I muſt hear the Puniſhment——'Tis hard, Siſter.*

Dor. *I own it — but you muſt have Patience.*

Mrs. Sul. *Patience! The Cant of Cuſtom. Providence ſends no Evil without a Remedy — ſhou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can ſhake off, I were acceſſary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than Self-Murther.*

Dor. *But how can you ſhake off the Yoke — Your Diviſions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.*

Mrs. Sul. *Law! What Law can fathom into the remoſt Abyſs of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Diſaffections of Wedlock? — Can a Jury ſum up the endleſs Averſions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies?*

Dor. *They never pretended, Siſter; they never meddle, but in caſe of Uncleanneſs.*

Mrs. Sul. *Uncleanneſs! O Siſter! Caſual Violation is a tranſient Injury, and may poſſibly be repair'd, but can Radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd? — No, no, Siſter, Nature is the firſt Lawgiver, and when ſhe has ſet Tempers oppoſite,*

oppoſite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law can keep 'em faſt.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree.
But ſuch as Heaven ordain'd it firſt to be;
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
And mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth and Air we know,
All in one Point agree to make it grow.
Muſt Man, the chiefeſt Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in Diſcord to repine?
No, we ſhould injure Heaven by that Surmiſe,
Omnipotence is juſt, were Man but wiſe.

The End of the third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* WERE I born an humble *Turk*, where Women have no Soul nor Property, there I muſt ſit contented —— But in *England*, a Country whoſe Women are its Glory, muſt Women be abus'd? Where Women rule, muſt Women be enſlav'd? Nay, cheated into Slavery? mock'd by a Promiſe of comfortable Society into a Wilderneſs of Solitude? —— I dare not keep the Thought about me —— O! here comes ſomething to divert me ——

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come; a'nt pleaſe your Ladyſhip — you're my Lady *Bountiful*, a'n't ye? Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come ſeventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's ſore Leg.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Husband! What, Woman, cure your Husband!

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his ſore Leg won't let him ſtir from home.

Mrs *Sul.* There, I confeſs, you have given me a Reaſon. Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you muſt do — You muſt lay your Husband's Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-Knife you muſt lay it open as broad as you can, then you muſt take out the Bone, and beat the Fleſh ſoundly with a Rowling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace and Ginger, ſome Sweet-Herbs, and ſeaſon it very well, then roll it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyſhip — I have two little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graips, a'n't pleaſe ye.

Mrs. *Sul.* Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. [*Enter Lady* Bountiful.] I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon for taking your Buſineſs out of your Hands. I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L. *Boun.* Come, good Woman, don't mind this mad Creature; I am the Perſon that you want, I ſuppoſe — What wou'd you have, Woman?

Mrs. *Sul.* She wants ſomething for her Husband's ſore Leg.

L. *Boun.* What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come firſt, as one might ſay, with a ſort of Dizzineſs in his Foot, then he had a kind of Lazineſs in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it ſwell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it feſter'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worſe again.

Mrs. *Sul.* Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Boun.* How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. *Sul.* Becauſe my own make me ſad, Madam.

L. *Boun.* The worſt Reaſon in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes ſhou'd teach you to pity others.

Mrs. *Sul.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is ſick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. *Boun.* What! wou'd you wiſh your Husband ſick?

Mrs. *Sul.* Not of a ſore Leg of all things.

L. *Boun.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet drink for your Husband ——— But d'ye hear, Goody, you muſt not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie ſtill. [*Exit.*

L. *Boun.* Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. *Sul.* Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther towards the Miracle than your Preſcription.

L. *Boun.* Fancy helps in ſome Caſes; but there's your Husband, who has as little Fancy as any Body, I brought him from Death's Door.

Mrs. *Sul.* I ſuppoſe, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of Aſs's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, *runs to Mrs.* Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Siſter, News, News.

Enter Archer *running.*

Arch. Where, where is my Lady *Bountiful?* ——— Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. *Boun.* I am.

Arch. O Madam, the Fame of your Ladyſhip's Charity, Goodneſs, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyſhip's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Maſter, who is this Moment breathing his laſt.

L. *Boun.*

L. *Boun.* Your Maſter! where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handſome Houſe to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-Yard, he was taken ill of a ſudden with a ſort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. *Boun.* Here, *Scrub*, *Gipſey*, all run, get my Eaſy-Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyſhip for this charitable Act.

L. *Boun.* Is your Maſter us'd to theſe Fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently — I have known him have five or ſix of a Night.

L. *Boun.* What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may ſave or deſtroy his Life.

L. *Boun.* Ah, poor Gentleman! Come, Friend, ſhew me the way; I'll ſee him brought in my ſelf.

[*Exit with* Archer.

Dor. O, Siſter, my Heart flutters about ſtrangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Aſſiſtance.

Mrs. *Sul.* And I'll lay my Life he deſerves your Aſſiſtance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his Diſtemper, and you muſt be the Phyſician; put on all your Charms, ſummon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks againſt his Breaſt, and down with him.

Dor. O, Siſter, I'm but a young Gunner, I ſhall be afraid to ſhoot, for fear the Piece ſhould recoil, and hurt my ſelf.

Mrs. *Sul.* Never fear, you ſhall ſee me ſhoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Siſter, you have miſs'd your Mark ſo unfortunately, that I ſha'n't care for being inſtructed by you.

Enter Aimwell *in a Chair, carry'd by* Archer *and* Scrub, *Lady* Bountiful, Gipſey. Aimwell *counterfeiting a Swoon.*

L. *Boun.* Here, here, let's ſee the Hartſhorn Drops — Gipſey, a Glaſs of fair Water, his Fit's very ſtrong. — Bleſs me, how his Hands are clinch'd.

Arch. For ſhame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us? —— Pray, Madam, [*To* Dorinda] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilſt I hold his Head. [Dorinda *takes his Hand.*

Dor. Poor Gentleman — Oh — he has got my Hand within his, and ſqueezes it unmercifully ——

L. *Boun.* 'Tis the Violence of his Convulſion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly poſſeſs'd in thoſe Caſes — he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand! my Hand!

L. *Boun.* What's the matter with the fooliſh Girl? I have got this Hand open you ſee with a great deal of eaſe.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is ſomewhat warmer than your Ladyſhip's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. *Sul.* I find, Friend, you're very learned in theſe ſort of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my ſelf; I find my ſelf extreamly ill at this Minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs.* Sullen.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Aſide.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. *Boun.* His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than uſual, Madam, —— Pray, young Lady, open his Breaſt and give him Air.

L. *Boun.* Where did his Illneſs take him firſt, pray?

Arch. To-day at Church, Madam.

L. *Boun.* In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very ſtrangely, my Lady. He was of a ſudden touch'd with ſomething in his Eyes, which at the firſt, he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleaſure.

L. *Bount.* Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By ſoft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it ſo beautiful, and dreſs'd it up in ſuch gay, pleaſing Colours, that his tranſported Appetite ſeiz'd the fair Idea, and ſtraight convey'd it to his Heart. That hoſpitable Seat of Life ſent all its ſanguine Spirits forth to meet it, and open'd all it's fluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. *Boun.* Your Maſter ſhou'd never go without a Bottle to ſmell to —— Oh! —— he recovers —— the Lavender-Water —— ſome Feathers to burn under his Noſe — Hungry-Water to rub his Temples —— O, he comes to himſelf. Hem a little, Sir, hem. —— *Gipſey*, bring the Cordial-Water.

[Aimwell *ſeems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How do you, Sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Riſing.*

Sure I have paſs'd the Gulph of ſilent Death,
And now am landed on the *Elyſian* Shore ——
Behold the Goddeſs of thoſe happy Plains,
Fair *Proſepine* — let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to* Dorinda, *and kiſſes her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* So, ſo, ſo, I knew where the Fit wou'd end.

Aim. Eurydice perhaps ——

How cou'd thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee;
No Treaſure but thy ſelf cou'd ſure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. *Boun.* Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord — How does your Lordſhip?

L. *Boun.* Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir — You were taken juſt now with one of our old Fits, under the Trees juſt by this good Lady's Houſe; her Ladyſhip had you taken in, and has miraculouſly brought you to your ſelf, as you ſee ——

Aim

Aim. I am ſo confounded with Shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon ——— And refer my Acknowledgments for your Ladyſhip's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making ſome amends — I dare be no longer troubleſome — *Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants. [*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going ſo ſoon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here* Archer *talks to Lady* Bountiful *in dumb ſhew.*

Aim. That ſhall never be, Madam; my preſent Illneſs is ſo rooted, that I muſt expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. *Sul.* Don't deſpair, Sir; I have known ſeveral in your D'ſtemper ſhake it off, with a Fortnight's Phyſick.

L. *Boun.* Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapſe, if you go into the Air — Your good Manners ſha'n't get the better of ours — You ſhall ſit down again, Sir: ——— Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country — Here, Sir, my Service t'ye ——You ſhall taſte my Water; 'tis a Cordial I can aſſure you, and of my own making — Drink it off, Sir: [Aimwel *drinks.*] And how d'ye find your ſelf now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better —— tho' very faint ſtill.

L. *Boun.* Ay, ay, People are always faint after theſe Fits. Come, Girls, you ſhall ſhew the Gentleman the Houſe; 'tis but an old Family-Building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air ——— You'll find ſome tolerable Pictures — *Dorinda*, ſhew the Gentleman the Way. [*Exit.*] I muſt go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This Way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, ſhall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he underſtands Pictures very well.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, we underſtand Originals, as well as he does Pictures, ſo he may come along.

[*Ex.* Dor. *Mrs.* Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. *leads* Dor.

Enter Foigard *and* Scrub, *meeting.*

Foig. Save you, Maſter *Scrub.*

Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be ſav'd your way—I hate a Prieſt, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the Devil — Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will ſpill the laſt Drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Maſter *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and ſo I wou'd be ſpeaking with Mrs. *Gipſey*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Prieſt, you can't ſpeak with her; ſhe's ſick, Sir; ſhe's gone abroad, Sir; ſhe's — dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipſey.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk ſo ſaucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the common People of *England* are not ſo civil to Strangers, as —

Scrub. You lie, you lie; — 'tis the common People, ſuch as you [illegible] that are civilleſt to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to — Get you out, I ſay!

Scrub. I wo'n't!

Gip. You wo'n't, Sauce-box—Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn laſt Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there he hampers me again; — the Captain has me on one Side, and the Prieſt on t'other; — So between the Gown and Sword, I have a fine time on't — But, *Cedant Arma Togæ*. [*Going.*

Gip. What, Sirrah, wo'n't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I wo'n't march—but I'll walk: —And I'll make bold to liſten a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-Scene, and liſtens.*

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarouſly treated, that's the Truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipſey*, upon my Shoul, now *Cra*, his Complainings would mollify the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiſeration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fiſtles, and he ſwears, and he laughs, and he ſtamps, and he ſings: In Concluſion, by Joy, he's afflicted, *a la François*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig.

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. *Sullen's* Cloſet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your Shame; and I will give you an Abſolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you ſhall tauk it —— If you receive the Money before hand, 'twill be *Logicè*, a Bribe; but if you ſtay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè* —— But what muſt I do with my Conſcience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Prieſt, *Gra*; and your Conſcience is under my Hands.

Gip. But ſhou'd I put the Count into the Cloſet ——

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Cloſhet? one may go to Prayers in a Cloſhet.

Gip. But if the Lady ſhou'd come into her Chamber and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties ſhou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vel den —— the Parties muſt be reſponſible. —— Do you be gone after putting the Count in the Cloſet; and leave the Shins wid themſelves —I will come with the Count to inſtruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is ſo pure —Methinks I'm ſo eaſy after an Abſolution, and can ſin afreſh with ſo much Security, that I'm reſolv'd to die a Martyr to't. —— Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late —— I'll be ready to receive you; but don't ſo much as whiſper, only take hold of my Hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have theſe two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here? —— There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and ſaw the Purſe: But I muſt give room to my Betters.

Enter Aimwell *leading* Dorinda, *and making Love in dumb Shew* — *Mrs.* Sull. *and* Archer.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, [*To* Archer] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda* — You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came diſguis'd to make Love —

Mrs. *Sul.* But what think you there of *Alexander's* Battles?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own — The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*, and we have our *Pamelies* to match their *Arbelas*.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. *Sul.* What was he baniſh'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam, [*Bowing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. *Sul.* Was he ſucceſsful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark — He never told ſuch a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. *Sul.* If he were ſecret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were ſucceſsful, I envy him.

Mrs. *Sul.* How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. Venus! I proteſt, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handſome enough.

Mrs. *Sul.* Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd ſee my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet — How d'ye like it?

Arch. I muſt admire any thing, Madam, that has the leaſt Reſemblance of you — But methinks, Madam, — [*He looks at the Picture and Mrs.* Sullen *three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. *Sul.* A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here* Aimwell *and* Dorinda *go off.*

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam: — Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the ſparkling Moiture, ſhining Fluid, in which they ſwim? The Picture,

indeed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that ſhou'd ambuſh there? The Lips too are figur'd out: But where's the Carnation Dew, the ſuting Ripeneſs that tempts the Taſte in the Original?

Mrs. *Sul.* Had it been my Lot to have match'd with ſuch a Man! [*Aſide.*

Arch. Your Breaſts too; preſumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *Apropo*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmoneus*, that was ſtruck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove*'s Thunder; I hope you ſerv'd the Painter ſo, Madam.

Mrs. *Sul.* Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they ſhou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the fineſt Bed in that Room, Madam. I ſuppoſe 'tis your Ladyſhip's Bedchamber?

Mrs. *Sul.* And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richeſt that ever I ſaw —— I can't at this Diſtance, Madam, diſtinguiſh the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil take his Impudence—Sure, if I ſhou'd want an Opportunity, he durſt not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing? And alone too!—Siſter, Siſter.

Arch. I'll follow her cloſe ——

For where a French-man *durſt attempt to ſtorm,*
A Briton, *ſure, may well the Work perform.* [*Going.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. O Brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not going: Here's a Guinea my Maſter order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea; hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh —— by his Light it is a Guinea; but I ſuppoſe you expect one and twenty Shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipſey.*

Scrub. A Guinea for her! Fire and Faggot for the Witch.——Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll diſcover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot — Firſt, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's a Prieſt in't: Thirdly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe there's *French* Gold in't; And Fourthly, it muſt be a Plot, becauſe I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body elſe, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub.*

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid ſo too; for where there's a Prieſt and a Woman, there's always a Myſtery and a Riddle This, I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one hand, and an Abſolution in the other, and *Gipſey* has ſold herſelf to the Devil; I ſaw the Price paid down, my Eyes ſhall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Buſtle about *Gipſey?*

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there, but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Cloſet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen?*

Scrub. I did hear ſome Word that ſounded that way: but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not diſtinguiſh.

Arch. You have told this Matter to no body, I hope?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm reſolv'd never to ſpeak one Word, *pro* nor *con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a-foot between the Count and the Lady. — The Prieſt and the Chamber-maid are Plenipotentiaries — It ſhall go hard, but I'll find a Way to be included in the Treaty. Where's the Doctor, now?

Scrub. He and *Gipſey* are this Moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Cloſet.

Aim. [*From without*] *Martin, Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin.*

Arch. Here I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*] I 'cod, I'll ſpoil your plotting, Mrs. *Gipſey*; and if you ſhou'd ſet the Captain upon me, theſe two Guineas will buy me off.

[*Exit*

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *meeting.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Well, Siſter.

Dor. And well, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. *Sul.* Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty Degrees than his Maſter.

Dor. O' my Conſcience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mrs. *Sul.* O' my Conſcience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You deſir'd me, Siſter, to leave you, when you tranſgreſs'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. *Sul.* Thou dear cenſorious Country-Girl —— What doſt mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is converſant with Fleſh and Blood, it muſt conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. *Sul.* How a little Love and Converſation improves a Woman! Why, Child, you begin to live ——, you never ſpoke before.

Dor. Becauſe I was never ſpoke to before: My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is ſincere.

Mrs. *Sul.* You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and ſhe's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as ſhe that believes him in any thing elſe — But I'll lay you a Guinea that I had finer things ſaid to me than you had.

Dor. Done — What did your Fellow ſay to ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* herſelf.

Mrs. *Sul.* Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I ſhou'd have believ'd him a Footman in good earneſt.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. *Sul.* And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. *Sul.* Mine ſwore to die with me.

Dor. Mine ſpoke the ſofteſt moving Things.

Mrs. *Sul.* Ay, ay, mine had his moving Things too.

Dor. Mine kiſs'd my Hand ten thouſand times.

Mrs. *Sul.* Mine has all that Pleaſure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. *Sul.* O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing!

Dor. The ſharpeſt Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Siſter, —— Why, my ten thouſand Pounds may lie brooding here this ſeven Years, and hatch nothing at laſt but ſome ill-natur'd Clown like yours: —— Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Neiſe and Flambeaux. — Hey, my Lady *Aimwell*'s Servants there — Lights, Lights to the Stairs —— My Lady *Aimwell*'s Coach, put forward —— Stand by; make room for her Ladyſhip —— Are not theſe Things moving? What melancholy of a ſudden?

Mrs. *Sul.* Happy, happy Siſter! Your Angel has been watchful for your Happineſs, *whilſt mine has* ſlept regardleſs of his Charge - Long ſmiling Years of Life, Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weeps.*

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of ſomething elſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* O *Dorinda*, I own my ſelf a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul, —— eaſy and yielding to ſoft Deſires, a ſpacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge: And muſt the fair Apartment of my Breaſt be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. *Sul.* Husband! No, — Even Husband is too ſoft a Name for him — But come, I expect my Brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my Father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me eaſy.

Dor. Will you promiſe not to make your ſelf eaſy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. *Sul.* You miſtake me, Siſter — It happens with us, as among the Men, the greateſt Talkers are the greateſt Cowards: and there's a Reaſon for it; thoſe Spirits evaporate in Prattle, which might do more Miſchief if

they took another Courſe —— Tho', to confeſs the Truth, I do love that Fellow; —— And if I met him dreſt as he ſhould be, and I undreſt as I ſhou'd be—— Look'e, Sifter, I have no ſupernatural Gifts; —— I can't ſwear I cou'd reſiſt the Temptation, —— though I can ſafely promiſe to avoid it; and that's as much as the beſt of us can do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Archer *laughing.*

Arch. And the awkard Kindneſs of the good motherly old Gentlewoman. ——

Aim. And the coming Eaſineſs of the young one —— 'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to thoſe Principles, ſtop where you are.

Aim. I can't ſtop; for I love her to Diſtraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's breadth beyond Diſcretion, you muſt go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from ſauntering away our idle Evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be ſtinted to bear looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, becauſe our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to ſome Purſe-proud Coxcomb for a ſcandalous Bottle, where we muſt not pretend to our ſhare of the Diſcourſe, becauſe we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning: —— Damn it, I had rather ſpunge upon *Morris*, and ſup upon a Diſh of Bohee ſcor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expoſe our want of Senſe by talking Criticiſms, as we ſhould our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be obliged to ſneak into the Side-box, and between both Houſes ſteal two Acts of a Play; and becauſe we ha'n't Money to ſee the other three, we come away diſcontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thouſand ſuch raſcally Tricks —— had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance. —— But now ——

Arch.

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this — Strike while the Iron is hot —— This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure; he ſhall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I ſhould not like a Woman that can be ſo fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Neceſſity has no Law; the Lady may be in Diſtreſs; perhaps ſhe has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love —— Egad, I have ſo good an Opinion of her, and of myſelf, that I begin to fancy ſtrange things; and we muſt ſay this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of our ſelves, that they do ſtick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*. —— If the Plot lies as I ſuſpect — I muſt put on the Gentleman —— But here comes the Doctor: I ſhall be ready.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Sauve you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. Foigard! A very good Name for a Clergyman! Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland?*

Foig. Ireland! No, Joy; — Fat ſort of Plaace is dat ſaam *Ireland?* Dey ſay de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And ſome of 'em here when they are old; —— as for Example — [*Takes* Foigard *by the Shoulder.*] Sir, I arreſt you as a Traytor againſt the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning ſhew'd me a Commiſſion by which you ſerv'd as Chaplain in the *French* Army: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence muſt hang for't.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, noble Friend, dis is ſtrange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England!* de Son of a *Burgomaſter* of *Bruſſels* a Subject of *England!* Ubooboo ——

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig.

Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidenſh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never ſpake *Engliſh* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence — Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue*] Saave you, my dear Cuſſen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aſide.*] *Mynhere, Ick weet neat watt hey dacht, Ick Univerſton ewe neat, ſacramant.*

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Perſon, and will ſwear to your Face.

Foig. Faaſh? Fey, is dere Brogue upon my Faaſh too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere iſh Joy —— But, Cuſſen *Mackſhane*, vil you not put a Remembrance upon me?

Foig. Mackſhane! By S. *Paatrick*, dat is my Naame ſhure enough. [*Aſide.*

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy. —— By fat Acquaintance are you my Cuſſen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your ſhelf, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foſter-Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurſe's Chiſter, Joy, and ſo we are *Iriſh* Cuſſens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I think it vas — Aay. — 'twas *Tipperary.*

Foig. Now, upon my Shoul, Joy, it was *Kilkenny.*

Aim. That's enough for us — Self-Confeſſion —— Come, Sir, we muſt deliver you into the Hands of the next Magiſtrate.

Arch. He ſends you to Gaol, you're try'd next Aſſizes, and away you go ſwing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it ſo wid you, Cuſſen?

Arch. It vil be ſho wid you, Cuſſen, if you don't immediately confeſs the Secret between you and Mrs

Gipſey——Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! Upon my Shoul I hate that ſhame Gallows, for it is a Diſeaſh dat is fatal to our Family —— Vel, den, there is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* wou'd ſpaak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight, and dere is no harm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plaſh my ſelf.

Arch. As I gueſs'd — Have you communicated the Matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not ſheen him ſince.

Arch. Right agen; why then, Doctor; —you ſhall conduct me to the Lady inſtead of the Count.

Foig. Fat my Cuſſen to the Lady! Upon my Shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor; conſider we have got a Rope about your Neck; and if you offer to ſqueak, we'll ſtop your Wind-pipe, moſt certainly; we ſhall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this Way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cuſſen, come along. [*Exeunt.*

Foig. Arra the Devil taake our Relaſhion.

Enter Boniface, Hounſlow, *and* Bagſhot *at one Door*, Gibbet *at the oppoſite.*

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprize.

Hounſ. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has ſhew'd us the Window where we muſt break in, and tells us the Plate ſtands in the Winſcoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Aye aye, Mr. *Bagſhot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, Cups and Cans, Tumblers and Tankards — There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a Preſent to the 'Squire from his God-mother, and ſmells of Nutmeg and Toaſt, like an *Eaſt India* Ship.

Hounſ. Then you ſay we muſt divide at the Stair-head.

Bon.

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the Saying is —— At one end of the Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her Daughter, and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*. —— As for the Squire. ——

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half Seas over already —— But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him there, that, I gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is —— Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Hounsl. and *Bag.* We will. [*Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is — You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady; I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travelled the Road —— But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Business —— I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels and Money, as the Saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee; I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy my self some pretty Employment in the Law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long Gown of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny* — Cherry *is the Goddess Isadore*, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man and Wife should never have it in their Power to hang one another; for if they shou'd, the Lord have mercy upon 'em both. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *continues. Knocking without.*

Enter Boniface.

Bon. COming, coming — A Coach and ſix ſoaming Horſes at this time o' Night! Some great Man, as the Saying is, for he ſcorns to travel with other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir *Ch.* What, Fellow! A publick Houſe, and a-bed when other People ſleep?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a-bed, as the Saying is.

Sir *Ch.* I ſee that, as the Saying is! Is Mr. *Sullen*'s Family a-bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the 'Squire himſelf, Sir, as the Saying is, he's in the Houſe.

Sir *Ch.* What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Conſtable, Mr. *Gage* the Exciſeman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir *Ch.* I find my Siſter's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouſe.

Enter Sullen *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the 'Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me a-ſleep — Sir.

Sir *Ch.* Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man — I have three thouſand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir *Ch.* That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir, — And unleſs you have pity upon me, and ſmoke one Pipe with me, I muſt e'en go home

to

to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir *Cb.* But I presume, Sir, you wo'n't see your Wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed —— you don't use to lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist, or a Rake?

Sir *Cb.* If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, Friend —— But I am a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir *Cb.* Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Gaol, you must lie there, my Friend.

Sir *Cb.* Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I marry'd?

Sir *Cb.* Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh! —— I must be acquainted with you, Sir — But, Sir, I should be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

Sir *Cb.* Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the Bottom on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the County.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one Question: Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir *Cb.* You and your Wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one Flesh, because you are nothing else —— But rational Creatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir *Ch.* Ay, Mynds, Sir, don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

Sul. In ſome People.

Sir *Ch.* Then the Intereſt of the Maſter muſt be conſulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you ſhall dine with me to-morrow —— Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir *Ch.* Sir, I know that my two Hands are naturally one, becauſe they love one another, kiſs one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I cou'd not ſay ſo much if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir *Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* With all my Heart.

Sul. You ſhall have her to morrow Morning, and a Veniſon-Paſty into the Bargain.

Sir *Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune ——.

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel to her Fortune——I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman ſhall go.

Sir *Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir——

Sul. Can you play at Whiſt, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir *Ch.* Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aſide.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but Two a Clock.

Sir *Ch.* For Half an Hour, Sir, if you pleaſe — But you muſt conſider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reaſon I can't go to Bed —— Come, Sir—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cherry, *runs acroſs the Stage, and knocks at* Aimwell's *Chamber-door.* *Enter* Aimwell *in his Night-Cap and Gown.*

Aim. What's the Matter? You tremble, Child, you're frighted!

Cher. No wonder, Sir—But in ſhort, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady *Bountiful's* Houſe.

Aim.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body elſe with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have diſcover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other Things, to your Man *Martin*; but I have ſearch'd the whole Houſe, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the Houſe?

Cher. With all my Heart, Sir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* ſo well —

Aim. Dorinda! The Name inſpires me, the Glory and the Dangers ſhall be all my own — Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Bed-chamber in Lady* Bountiful's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, *and* Dorinda, *undreſs'd; a Table and Lights.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, Siſter, no News of your Spouſe yet?

Mrs. *Sul.* No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards Four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Reſt; you'll go directly to Bed, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

Dor. That's a deſiring Sigh, Siſter.

Mrs. *Sul.* This is a languiſhing Hour, Siſter.

Dor. And might prove a critical Minute if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here! what in my Bed-chamber, at two a Clock i'th' Morning, I undreſs'd, the Family aſleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet —— O gad, Siſter.

Dor. Thoughts are free, Siſter, and them I allow you — So, my Dear, good Night. [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* A good Bed to it, my dear *Dorinda* —— Thoughts free! are they ſo? Why then ſuppoſe him here, dreſs'd like a youthful, gay, and burning Bridegroom, [*Here* Archer *peals out of the Cloſet*] with Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one ſide, and ſees* Archer *in the Poſture ſhe deſcribes.* Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other ſide of the Stage.*] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit? — What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [*Riſing.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How ſhall I be ſure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonſtration this Minute. [*Takes her Hand.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* In the Name of Wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam — I'm a *Jupiter* in Love, and you ſhall be my *Alcmena.*

Mrs. *Sul.* How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam; your Couſin *Cupid* lent me his Wings, and your Siſter *Venus* open'd the Caſement.

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm ſtruck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks paſſionately at her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful ſhe looks! —— the teeming jolly Spring ſmiles in her blooming Face, and when ſhe was conceiv'd, her Mother ſmelt to Roſes, look'd on Lillies ——

Lillies unfold their White, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms.
[*Runs to her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll raiſe the Houſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this. —— What! Approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper! I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be Impudence, [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial ſelf; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, pain-

ful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. *Sul.* Now, now, I'm undone if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Riſe thou proſtrate Ingineer, not all thy undermining Skill ſhall reach my Heart — Riſe, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the Tenderneſs of Wiſhes, Sighs and Tears — but go no farther — Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can ſpeak my Frailty, confeſs my Weakneſs even for you —— But ——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Sir, build not upon that — for my moſt mortal Hatred follows, if you diſobey what I command you now —— leave me this Minute —— If he denies, I'm loſt. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promiſe ——

Mrs. *Sul.* Any thing another time.

Arch. When ſhall I come?

Mrs. *Sul.* To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips muſt ſeal the Promiſe.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pſhaw!

Arch. They muſt, they muſt, [*Kiſſes her.*] Raptures and Paradiſe! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secrecy, all conſpire — And the now conſcious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happineſs. [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs. *Sul.* You will not, cannot, ſure.

Arch. If the Sun rides faſt, and diſappoints not Mortals of to-morrow's Dawn, this Night ſhall crown my Joys.

Mrs. *Sul.* My Sex's Pride aſſiſt me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. *Sul.* You ſhall kill me firſt.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Thieves, Thieves, Murther ——

Enter Scrub *in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time. [*Draws and offers to ſtab* Scrub.

Scrub.

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pox, Sir, ſpare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. *Sul.* [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What does the Fellow mean?

Scrub. O Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones —— he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues —— I beg your Pardon, one of the honeſt Gentlemen that juſt now are broke into the Houſe.

Arch. How!

Mrs. *Sul.* I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have ſpar'd; but your crying Thieves, has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and ſo he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. *Sul.* The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam*.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke into the Houſe with Fire and Sword; I ſaw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under Favour, Sir, I think ſo.

Mrs. *Sul.* What ſhall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wiſh your Ladyſhip a good Night.

Mrs. *Sul.* Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone juſt now, upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. *Sul.* Nay, but pray, Sir ——

[*Takes hold of him.*

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be raviſh'd—You ſee now, Madam, you muſt uſe Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good, Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the Benefit of his Courage, unleſs you'll take his Love along with it.—How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Piſtol, Sir.

Arch.

Arch. Hush! — I ſee a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery — Madam, be aſſur'd I will protect you, or loſe my Life.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Life! no Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half ſo much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll conſult my own Safety, for the ſake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to ſtand the Appearance of 'em?

Mrs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, ſince I have 'ſcap'd your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiſs thee. [*Kiſſes* Archer.

Arch. This way——Here——

Archer *and* Scrub *hide behind the Bed.*

Enter Gibbet, *with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Piſtol in t'other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. *Sul.* Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and ſo, Madam, if you make a Noiſe, I'll ſhoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lanthorn and Piſtol upon the Table.*] Theſe Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Reſpect for you, Madam, your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam, I am the moſt of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady! — I have a Veneration——for this Necklace — [*Here* Archer *having come round, and ſeiz'd the Piſtol, takes* Gibbet *by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub?*

Scrub.

Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I muſt kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! Sir; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to ſecure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipſey*'s Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither preſently.

[*Exit* Scrub, *running.*

Come, Rogue, if you have a ſhort Prayer, ſay it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to ſay Prayers for us on theſe Occaſions.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Sir, don't kill him——You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog ſhall die, Madam, for being the occaſion of my Diſappointment—— Sirrah, this Moment is your laſt.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pounds to ſpare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Raſcal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred; but I muſt reſerve two of 'em to ſave my Life at the Seſſions.

Enter Scrub *and* Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor; I ſuppoſe *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him:——Lay hold of him,

[Foigard *lays hold of* Gibbet.

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Prieſt already——Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my Dear Joy, I vil ſecure your Body and your Shoul too; I will make you a good Catholick, and give you an Abſolution.

Gib. Abſolution! Can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy.——

Gib. Then you and your Abſolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him: ——Take the Piſtol, and if he offers to reſiſt, ſhoot him thro' the Head, —— and come back to us with all the Speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him faſt, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. *Sul.* But how came the Do[illegible]?

Arch. In ſhort, Madam —— [*Shrieking without.*] 'Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies: —— I'm vex'd I parted with the Piſtol; but I muſt fly to their Aſſiſtance — Will you ſtay here, Madam, or venture your ſelf with me?

Mrs. *Sul.* Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and* Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Hounſlow *dragging in Lady* Bountiful, *and* Bagſhot *halling in* Dorinda; *the Rogues with Swords drawn.*

Houn. Come, come, your Jewels, Miſtreſs.

Bag. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell *and* Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durſt engage all Army in ſuch a Cauſe. [*He engages 'em both*

Dor. O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the brave Man!

L. *Boun.* There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however. [*Exit.*

Enter Archer *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird, pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown down and diſarm'd.*

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father! I muſt give him timely Notice. [*Runs out.*

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter. [*To Mrs.* Sullen, *who ſtands by him.*

Mrs. *Sul.* The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath: Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I ſuppoſe.

Arch. Right, right, the Rogue's Deſtiny, a Rope to hang himſelf—— Come, my Lord,—— this is but a ſcandalous ſort of an Office, [*Binding the Rogues together*] if our Adventures ſhould end in this ſort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is ſomething in proſpect than— [*Enter* Scrub.] Well, *Scrub*, have you ſecured your *Tartar?*

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Prieſt and him diſputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry theſe Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controverſy. [*Delivers the Priſoners to* Scrub, *who leads 'em out.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Siſter, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. *Sul.* I'll tell you the greateſt piece of Villany— [*They talk in dumb Shew.*

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more ſucceſsful in your Adventures than the Houſe-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the Principal. —— Preſs her this Minute to marry you, —— now while ſhe's hurry'd between the Palpitation of her Fear, and the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood; —— throw your ſelf at her Feet, ſpeak ſome *Romantick* Nonſenſe or other; — addreſs her, like *Alexander*, in the height of his Victory, confound her Senſes, bear down her Reaſon, and away with her: —— The Prieſt is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuſe to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how ſhall I get off without being obſerv'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off —— Let me ſee.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer.*

Arch.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Business — I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs. *Sullen* about dressing my Wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

L. *Boun.* Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services —

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Complements; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. *Boun.* And Mrs. *Sul.* How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have received no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure ——

[*Makes Love in dumb shew.*

L. *Boun.* Let me see your Arm, Sir — I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood —— O me! an ugly Gash, upon my word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well —— Madam, [*To Mrs.* Sullen] will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. *Boun.* Do, do, Daughter, —— while I get the Lint, and the Probe, and Plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way,* Aimwell *carries off* Dorinda *another.*

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands?

Mrs. *Sul.* How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me? —— Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection? — Look'e, Madam, I'm none of your Romantick Fools, that fight Giants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is downright *Swiss*. I am a Soldier of Fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. *Sul.* How! at the Expence of my Honour.

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like

like a Man of Honour: D'ye think I wou'd deny you in ſuch a Caſe?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you, that your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs. *Sul.* My Brother! Heavens be prais'd: — Sir, he ſhall thank you for your Services; he has it in his Power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir *Ch. Freeman:* —— You'll excuſe me, Sir; I muſt go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman!* 'Sdeath and Hell! —— My old Acquaintance. Now, unleſs *Aimwell* has made good uſe of his Time, all our fair Machine goes ſouze into the Sea, like an *Ediſtone.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Gallery in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Aimwell *and* Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my eaſy yielding; tho' I muſt own, your Lordſhip had a Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue ——Here, Doctor ——

Enter Foigard *with a Book.*

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But firſt, my Lord, one Word —— I have a frightful Example of a haſty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it ſhocks me. Pray, my Lord, conſider a little ——

Aim. Conſider! Do you doubt my Honour, or my Love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally Juſt as Brave ——And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuſe, I ſhou'd not caſt a Look upon the Multitude if you were abſent—But, my Lord, I'm a Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thouſand Faults in me—

ſhe —— Therefore know me better firſt; I hardly dare affirm I knew my ſelf in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodneſs who cou'd injure! I find my ſelf unequal to the Task of Villain; ſhe has gain'd my Soul, and made it honeſt like her own — I cannot hurt her. [*Aſide.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit* Foigard.] Madam, behold your Lover and your Proſelyte, and judge of my Paſſion by my Converſion —— I'm all a Lye, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms; I'm all a Counterfeit, except my Paſſion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven! A Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a ſcandalous Deſign to prey upon your Fortune: —— But the Beauties of your Mind and Perſon have ſo won me from my ſelf, that, like a truſty Servant, I prefer the Intereſt of my Miſtreſs to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the Dream of ſome poor Mariner, a ſleeping Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms. —— Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whoſe Title I uſurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchleſs Honeſty! — Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can ſhew, my Love was juſtly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard *at one Door*, Gipſey *at another, who whiſpers* Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir; we ſha'n't want you now, Sir. You muſt excuſe me —— I'll wait on you preſently.

[*Exit with* Gipſey.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is fooliſh. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! and bid the Prieſt depart —— It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, *Tom* — Shall I wiſh you Joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O *Archer*, my Honeſty, I fear, has ruin'd me

Arch. How!

Aim

Aim. I have diſcover'd my ſelf.

Arch. Diſcover'd! And without my Conſent? What! Have I embark'd my ſmall Remains in the ſame Bottom with yours, and you diſpoſe of all without my Partnerſhip?

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction — 'Tis then too late for Pardon — You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly — As you begun, ſo end it — Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune ſingle — So farewell.

Aim. Stay my dear *Archer*, but a Minute.

Arch. Stay! What to be deſpis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at! — No, I wou'd ſooner change Conditions with the worſt of the Rogues we juſt now bound, than bear one ſcornful Smile from the proud Knight that once I treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almoſt — But no matter for that, 'tis a curſed Night's Work, and ſo I leave you to make the beſt on't.

Aim. *Freeman!* — One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought ſhe receiv'd my Confeſſion with pleaſure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She conſented after to the Match; and ſtill I dare believe ſhe will be juſt.

Arch. To her ſelf, I warrant her, as you ſhou'd have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes ſhe comes, and ſmiling comes.

Enter Dorinda *mighty gay.*

Dor. Come, my dear Lord — I fly with Impatience to your Arms — The Minutes of my Abſence was a tedious Year. Where's this Prieſt?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave Girl!

Dor. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor. Come, Prieſt, do your Office.

Arch. Make haſte, make haſte; couple 'em any way. [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you ——

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh ——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and ſo is my ſhelf.

Arch. What's the Matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deſerves another. —— This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Juſtice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In ſhort, Sir, you are the Perſon that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viſcount *Aimwell*, and I wiſh your Lordſhip Joy. Now, Prieſt, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, let his Lordſhip marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. Archer, What does ſhe mean?

Dor. Here's a Witneſs for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles *and Mrs.* Sullen.

Sir *Ch.* My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wiſh you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir *Ch.* Of your Honour and Eſtate. Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Bruſſels*; among the reſt I did my ſelf the Honour.

Arch. Hear'e, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir *Ch.* 'Tis Truth, upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize —— [*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble Sir *Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wiſh you Joy. My Lady, I wiſh you Joy. —— I gad, Sir *Freeman*, you're the honeſteſt Fellow living. —— 'Sdeath, I'm grown ſtrangely

airy upon this Matter—— My Lord, how d'ye?—— A Word, my Lord: Don't you remember ſomething of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moiety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will amount, to five thouſand Pound?

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer:* You wou'd ha' cut my Throat juſt now, becauſe I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat ſtill, if you ſhou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the Diſpute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thouſand Pound, we'll divide Stakes; take the Ten thouſand Pound, or the Lady.

Dor. How! is your Lordſhip ſo indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordſhip knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordſhip, and ſo we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de People do ſay you be all robb'd, Joy.

Aim. The Ladies have been in ſome Danger, Sir, as you ſaw.

Foig. Upon my Shoul our Inn be rob too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my Shalwation, our Landlord has robb'd himſelf, and run away wid da Money.

Arch. Robb'd himſelf!

Foig. Ay fait! and me too of a hundred Pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred Pound!

Foig. Yes fait Honny, that I did owe to him

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank.*

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone. *Scavez vous quelque choſe de Madamoiſelle* Cherry

Enter a Fellow with a ſtrong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay—— who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here and a Letter for him.

Aim. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* By this Light, my Lord, our Money again? But this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum — O, 'tis for the publick Good, and muſt be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Diſcoveries that may be uſeful to the Country: Cou'd I have met you inſtead of your Maſter to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd my ſelf into your Hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your ſtrong Box, which I have ſent you, with an Aſſurance to my dear Martin, *that I ſhall ever be his moſt faithful Friend till Death,*

Cherry Boniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you — As for the Father, I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter — Pray, my Lord, perſuade your Bride to take her into her Service inſtead of *Gipſey*.

Aim. I can aſſure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Diſcovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir *Ch.* This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Deſign I have in behalf of my unfortunate Siſter: I intend to part her from her Husband — Gentlemen, will you aſſiſt me?

Arch. Aſſiſt you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Foig. Ay, upon my Shoul, we'll all aſshiſt.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this? — They tell me, Spouſe, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. *Sul.* Truly, Spouſe, I was pretty near it — Had not theſe two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came theſe Gentlemen here?

Mrs. *Sul.* That's his way of returning Thanks, you muſt know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my Conſhience de Queſtion be apropo for all dat.

Sir *Ch.* You promis'd laſt Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir you ſhall deliver her:——In ſhort, Sir, we have ſav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'em, and ſet fire to your Houſe—— What does the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your Wife! Upon my Shoul de Man doſh not underſtand common Shivility.

Sul. Hold, Gentlemen, all things here muſt move by Conſent; Compulſion would ſpoil us. Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you ſhall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know firſt who are to be our Judges:——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. Charles Viſcount *Aimwell*, come to take away your Siſter.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Eſq; come——

Sul. To take away my Mother, I hope—Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome; I never met with three more obliging People ſince I was born——And now, my Dear, if you pleaſe, you ſhall have the firſt Word.

Arch. And the laſt for five Pound. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Spouſe.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. *Sul.* How long have you been marry'd?

Sul. By the Almanack, fourteen Months;—but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Foig. Upon my Conſhience dere Accounts wil agree.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Spouſe, what did you marry for?
Sul. To get an Heir to my Eſtate.
Sir *Ch.* And have you ſucceeded?
Sul. No.
Arch. The Condition fails of his Side. —— Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?
Mrs. *Sul.* To ſupport the Weakneſs of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleaſures of an agreeable Society.
Sir *Ch.* Are your Expectations anſwer'd?
Mrs. *Sul.* No.
Foig. Arra Honeys, a clear Caaſe, a clear Caaſe!
Sir *Ch.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?
Mrs. *Sul.* In the firſt place, I can't drink Ale with him.
Sul. Nor can I drink Tea with her.
Mrs. *Sul.* I can't hunt with you.
Sul. Nor can I dance with you.
Mrs. *Sul.* I hate Cocking and Racing.
Sul. And I abhor Ombre and Picquet.
Mrs. *Sul.* Your Silence is intolerable.
Sul. Your Prating is worſe.
Mrs. *Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence each other —— A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?
Sul. A frightful Gobling to the Sight.
Mrs. *Sul* A Porcupine to the Feeling.
Sul. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taſte.
Mrs. *Sul.* Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?
Sul. Yes —— to part.
Mrs. *Sul.* With all my Heart.
Sul. Your Hand.
Mrs. *Sul.* Here.
Sul. Theſe Hands join'd us, theſe ſhall part us —— away ——
Mrs. *Sul.* North.
Sul. South.
Mrs. *Sul.* Eaſt.
Sul. Weſt far as the Poles aſunder.
Foig. Upon my Shoul, a very pretty Sheremony

Sir *Ch.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir *Charles*, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a Stiver.

Arch. What is her Portion?

Sir *Ch.* Ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my Lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and if the Lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This Night's Adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all — For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walks, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escritore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts, to [illegible] Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

[*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*

Sul. How, my Writings! my Head akes confumedly.—Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce; you may command my House! but my Head akes confumedly:—*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam [*To Mrs.* Sull.] there's a Country-Dance to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

Both happy in their several States, we find:
Those parted by Consent, and these conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee
Consent is Law enough to set you free.

The End of the Fifth ACT.

EPILOGUE

Deſign'd to be ſpoke in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

IF to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find:
Survey its mournful Caſe with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies:
Forbear you Fair, on his laſt Scene to frown,
But his true Exit *with a Plaudit crown;*
Then ſhall the dying Poet ceaſe to fear
The dreadful Knell, while your applauſe he hears.
At Leuctra *ſo the Conqu'ring* Theban *dy'd,*
Claim'd his Friends Praiſes, but their Tears deny'd
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death, he greatly thought
Conqueſt with Loſs of Life but cheaply bought.
The Difference this, the Greek *was one wou'd fight,*
As brave, tho' not ſo gay, as Serjeant Kite:
Ye Sons of Will's, *what's that to thoſe who write!*
To Thebes *alone the* Grecian *ow'd his Bays,*
You may the Bard above the Hero raiſe,
Since yours is greater than Athenian *Praiſe.*

SONG of a TRIFLE.

Sung by Archer *in the Third Act.*

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Triſle and ended
All Trifling People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Triflers, a few,
That lately have come into Play;
The Men wou'd want ſomething to do,
And the Women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes Men triſle in Dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies (they know)
Admire, by often Poſſeſſing,
That eminent Triſle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has triſled
The Triſle of Triſles to gain:
No ſooner the Virgin is Rifled,
But a Triſle ſhall part 'em again.

What mortal Man wou'd be able
At White's *Half an Hour to ſit?*
Or who wou'd bear a Tea Table,
Without talking of Triſles for Wit?

The Court is from Triſles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Triflers, we ſee:
White Rods are no Triſles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Triſtles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhow you his Grace
Makes Promiſes Triſtles indeed.

A Coach with ſix Footmen behind,
I count neither Triſtle nor Sin:
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous Triſtle within?

A Flask of Champaign, People think
A Triſtle, or ſomething as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink i
You'll find it no Triſtle egad.

A Parſon's a Triſtle at Sea,
A Widow's a Triſtle in Sorrow:
A Peace is a Triſtle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to mor

A Black Coat a Triſtle may cloak,
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavo
But if once the Army is broke,
We ſhall have more Triſtles than eve

The Stage is a Triſtle, they ſay,
The Reaſon, pray carry along,
Becauſe at ev'ry new Play,
The Houſe they with Triſtles ſo throng

But with People's Malice to Triſtle,
And to ſet us all on a Foot,
The Author of this is a Triſtle,
And his Song is a Triſtle to boot.

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